CHOICE

AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE

Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

BEING

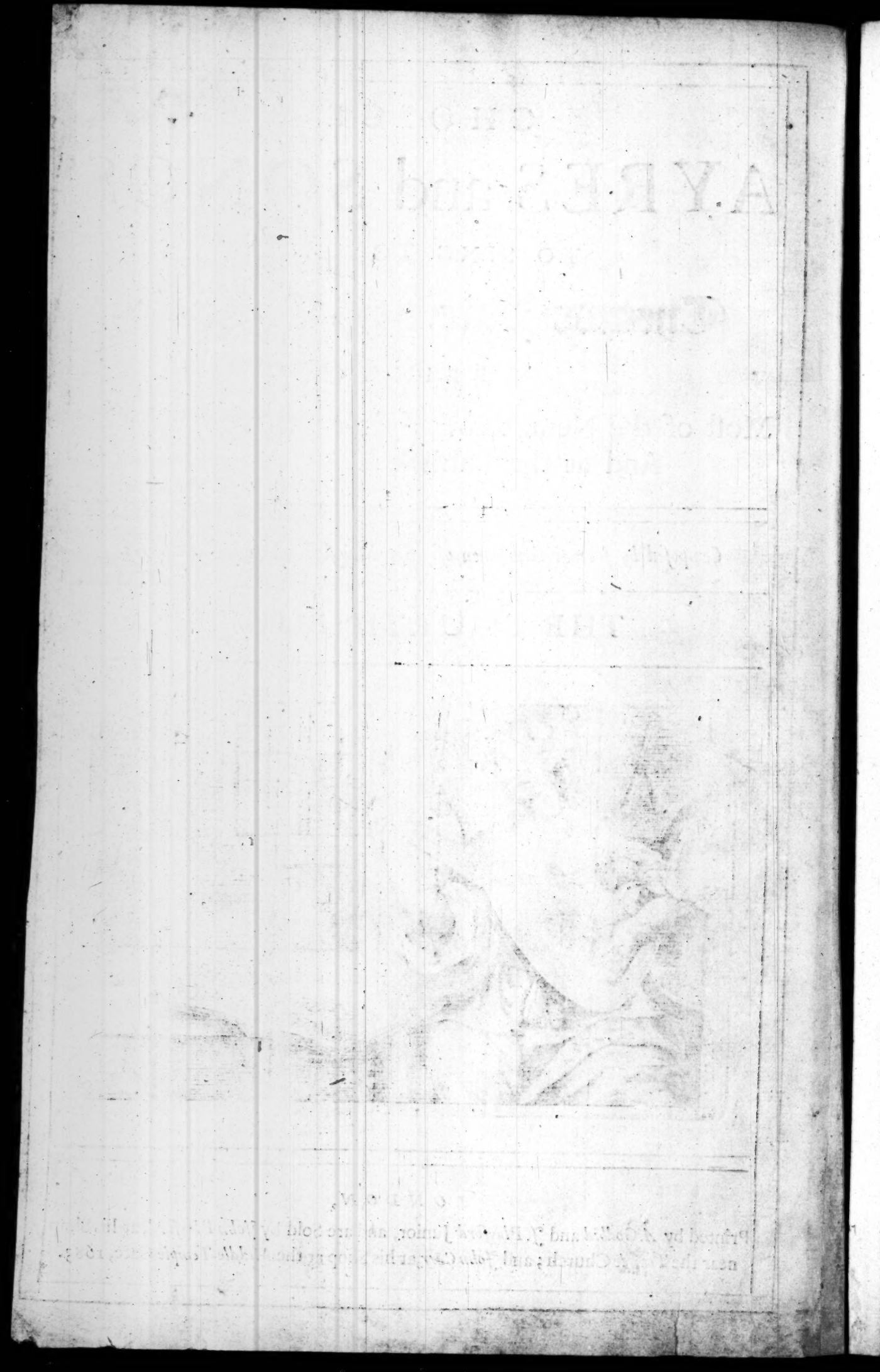
Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs* sung at COURT, And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, *and others.*

THE FOURTH BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford* Junior, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple* Church; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple* Gate, 1683.



TO ALL LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS OF MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Fourth Book has met with the ſame Fate as my former, not to come abroad at the time propoſed; but the fault is not altogether mine; for I have met with great Diſappointments in this Collection, large Promiſes, and but ſlender Performances; and had it not been for the aſſiſtance of ſome worthy Gentlemen, my very good Friends, (whoſe kindneſs I ſhall always acknowledge) I might have deſpair'd of my Undertaking. Moſt of the Songs have had the Approbation of (and are compoſed by) the beſt Maſters in *Muſick*, ſo that my Commendation can add little to their Value: However it is probable ſome ignorant Perſons may unjuſtly cenſure them, like a certain Pretender to Muſick, (who boaſted himſelf a Scholar of Mr. *Birchenſhaw's*) who publickly declar'd, That in my laſt Book there was but three good Songs, the reſt being worſe than common Ballads ſung about Streets by Foot-boys and Link-boys; but (as *Solomon*, the wiſeſt of Men, has it) the *way* of a Fool is *right* in his own Eyes, and he that *deſpiſeth* his Neighbour is *void* of *Wiſdom*. As for ſuch Gentlemen who really underſtand Muſick, I doubt not but they will give this, as they have done the former, a better reception; and that to them it will appear, that my Deſign is more the public Good, than my own private Gain. I have with no ſmall pains and care printed the Songs as true as poſſible from the beſt Copies, and have not impoſed Traſh upon the Buyer, like the Publiſhers of the late Collection of Songs in Octavo, wherein (beſides the bad Collection) there is ſcarce one line of Muſick true in the whole Book. There has been a great deal of care to do this Book well, and therefore I hope it will be ſo accepted, which will oblige,

GENTLEMEN,

Your Servant

JOHN PLAYFORD.

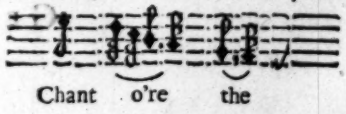
An *Alphabetical Table* of the Songs contain'd in this Book.

	Folio
A	
Ah what means that eager Joy	25
A pox on this needless Scorn	24
All other Blessings are but Toys. Mr. *Turner.*	35
All joy to fair Psyche	40
At length in musing what to do	38
Amintor *on the River side*	71
After the fiercest pangs of hot Desire	64
B	
Bless, Mortals, bless the chearing	19
Bear witness now you silver	32
Bess of Bedlam	44
C	
Close by a silver Rivolet	2
Clorillo *having long in vain*	4
Could Man his wish obtain. Mr. *Peaseable.*	5
Cease fruitless hopes	34
Coridon *met* Phillis *fair*	38
Come dear Companion	49
D	
Draw out the Minutes twice	26
Damon *turn thine Eyes on me*	51
Daphne *and* Amintas: *A Dialogue.*	58
F	
Fain would I Cloris *e're I dye*	69
G	
Go Phillis, *go, be peevish still*	6
Gone are my happy days. Mr. *Hart.*	13
Go on, true Heart, pursue the prize	18
Go, perjur'd Man	78
H	
How wretched am I when Clarinda	10
High State and Honour to others impart	21
Happy is the Country life	36
How long d'ye mean to torture me	41
Hero's *Complaint to* Leander.	82
I	
I spend my sad Life	1
In vain brisk God of Love. Dr. *Blow.*	11
In Phillis *all vile Jilts.* Mr. *Baptist.*	14
Isis *on the Bank of* Thames	62
L	
Lovely Selina *innocent and free*	28
Lucinda *by a secret Art*	43
Let each gallant Heart	50
Let Equipage and Dress despair	72
M	
Must poor Lovers still be wooing	33
N	
No more on my knees to a Beauty	3
Now every place fresh pleasure	36
O	
On the Bank of a River close under	17
Oh! do not wrong that Face	22
Oh Love! how just	52
P	
Philida *whilst our tender Age*	7
Philander *once a merry Swain*	20
Phillis *accept a broken Heart*	27
Phillis *whose Heart was unconfin'd*	29
Prophanely I swore by the Powers	57
Phillis *in your absence I sad and*	62
R	
Ranging the Plain one Summer's night	7
Remov'd from Noise and Tumults	54
Rashly I swore I would disown	76
Retir'd from Mortals sight	77
S	
Since other Beauties charm your heart	56
She loves, and she confesses	42
She who my poor heart possesses	48
See what a conquest Love has made	63
Sleep Adam, *sleep, and take thy rest*	68
T	
The Night her blackest Sables wore	8
That beautious Creature for whom	18
The bright Laurinda, *whose hard fate*	23
Though Sylvia *lov'd too well*	67
Tell my Strephon *that I dye*	70
Tell my Thirsis, *tell your Anguish*	79
To love and like, and not succeed	31
Then we'l joyn hand in hand	39
Think not my Soul's delight	74
W	
When Phillis *watch'd her harmless Sheep*	9
Whilst I in Shades was musing. Mr. *Snow.*	12
What Woman was ever. Mr. *Hart.*	16
When first Celinda *blest mine Eyes*	34
With brightest Beams let the Sun shine	30
Whilst our Flocks feed upon the Plains	61
When Damon *saw fair* Sylvia's *Face*	66
Why does the Morn in blushes rise	73
When Strephon *found his Passion*	65
Y	
You I love by all that's true	53

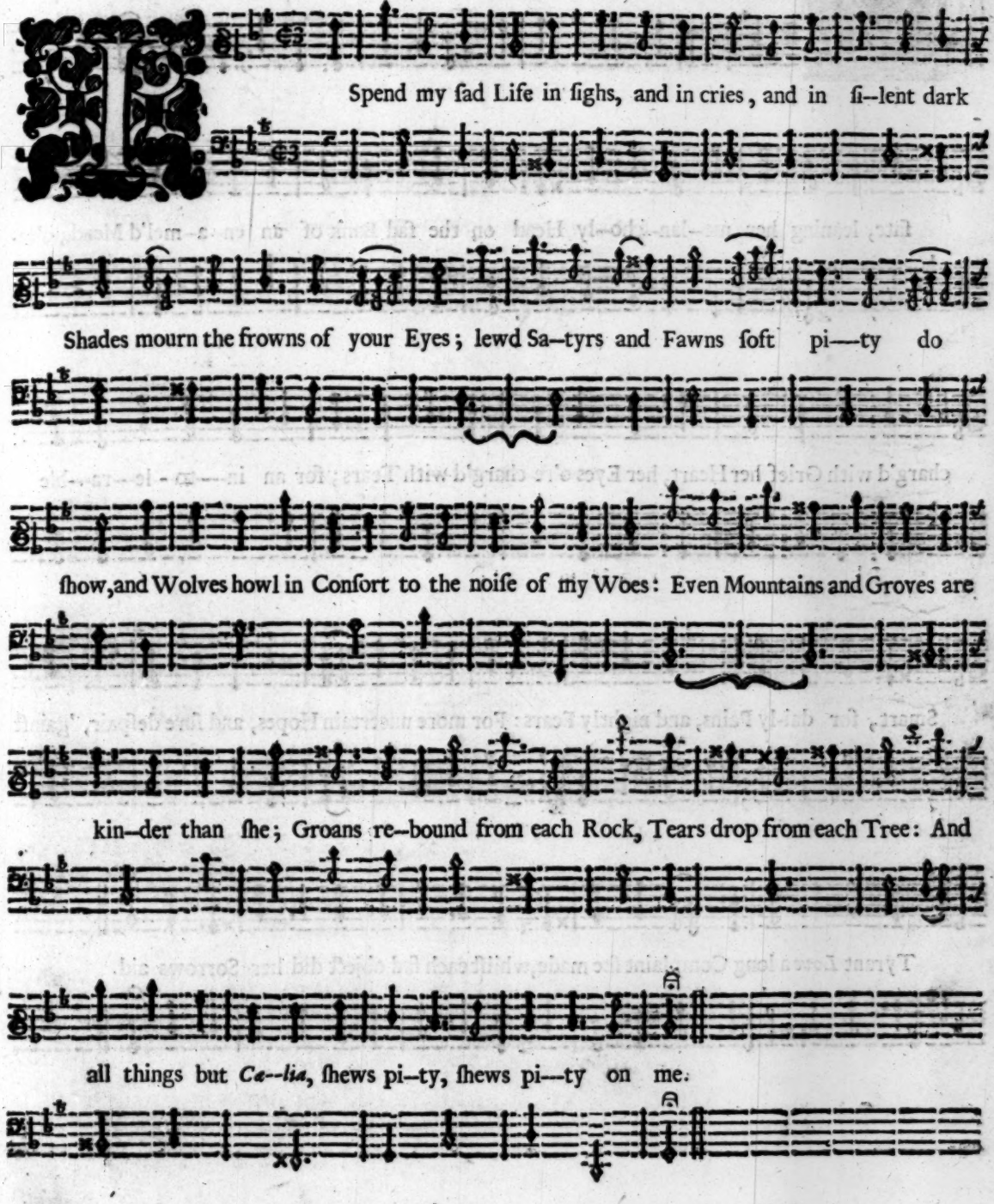
These small *ERRATA's* I desire those who buy the Book, to correct with a Pen.

Folio 21. *line* 3. Frequent, *put* Fervent.

Folio 61. *line* 4. *In the Bass the Notes are not placed right, they must be thus:*



Folio 75. *last line, A* B flat *is wanting to the Note over* Love *in the Treble.*



II.

Come *Celia*, come learn of theſe Shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I ſigh, Trees bend with the Wind;
When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep to repent.
Kind Joys does ne're from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.

Loſe by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*

ſate, leaning her me--lan--cho--ly Head on the ſad Bank of an en--a--mel'd Mead; o're-

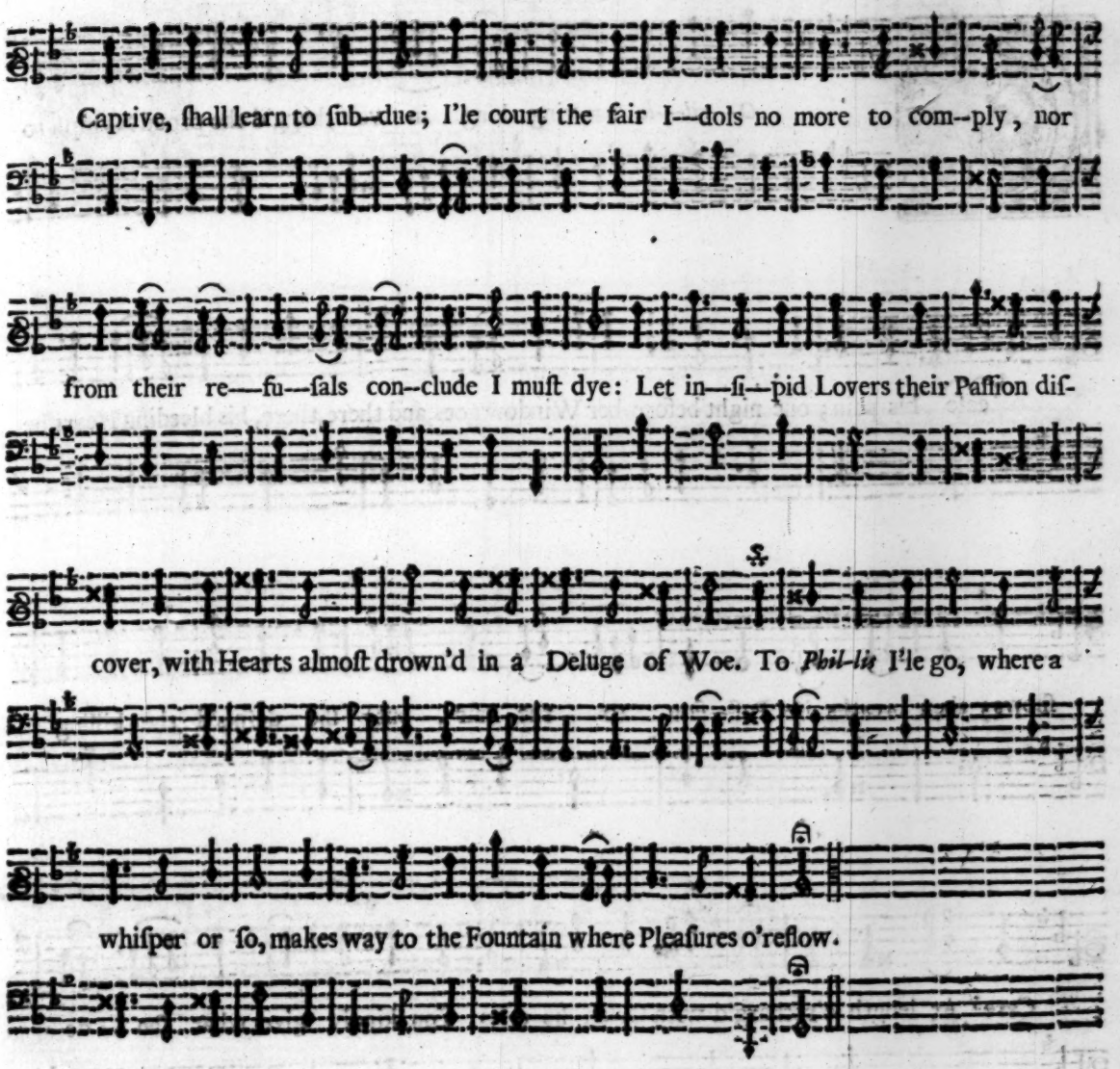
charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charg'd with Tears; for an in——to--le—ra—ble

Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and ſure deſpair, 'gainſt

Tyrant *Love* a long Complaint ſhe made, whilſt each ſad object did her Sorrows aid.

A. 2. voc.

O more on my Knees to a Beau--ty I'le ſue, my Heart that was



II.

There in Loves Garden I'le riſle each Flower,
Contemning young *Cupid*, and ſcoffing at's Power,
'Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to purſue
Thoſe petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every motion, or amorous notion,
The riſings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot ſpy,
My *Phillis* and I moſt pleaſingly ſtray.

III.

Where whilſt I enfold the ſoft Dear in my Arms,
I wallow in Joy, 'till diſſolv'd by the Charms
Of her ſoft melting Kiſſes, I gaſp for freſh Breath,
Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.
Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliſs
We conſume the ſwift Minutes of troubleſome Life,
'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,
And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.

O---ril---lo ha--ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to

eaſe his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he

ſhows; then breaths his Paſ--ſion to the Fair, but ſhe deſpis'd the killing

Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what ſhe de-

nies, and then the fain——————————ting Shepherd dies, and then the fain——

——ting Shepherd dies.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

Ould Man his Wiſh obtain, how happy would he be? But Wiſhes ſeldom

Could Man, &c. *But*

gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For--tune diſ--a--gree: Pi--ty ye Pow'rs of

wiſhes, &c.

Love our In--fe--li--ci--ty. Why ſhould the Fates conſpire to fruſtrate my de-

Why ſhould, &c.

ſire, ſince Love's a gen--tle Fire that keeps the World a--live: But me it puts to

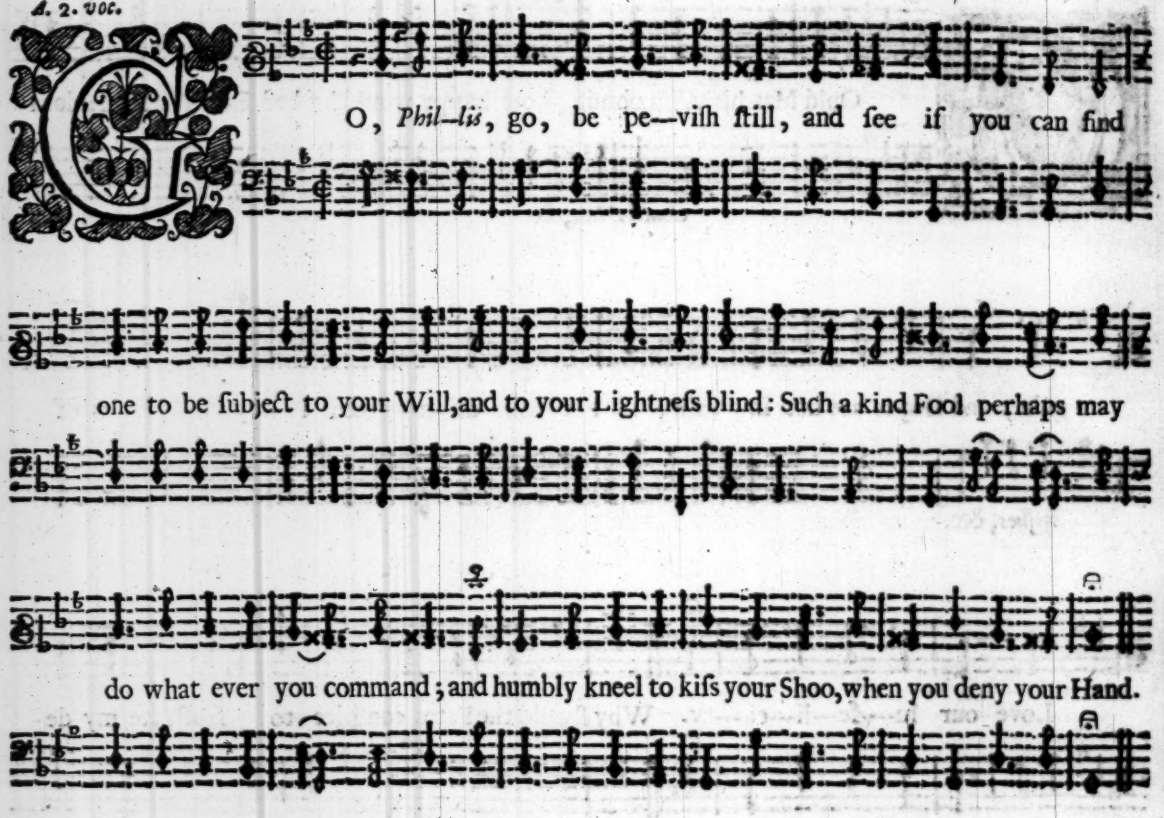
pain; it makes me wiſh in vain, in vain, nor pro--miſe a--ny hope to give.

II.

I love, and ſtill I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames purſue,
It might that Bliſs undo,
Which is for her deſign'd.
A Bleſſing far above,
More laſting, rich, and kind;

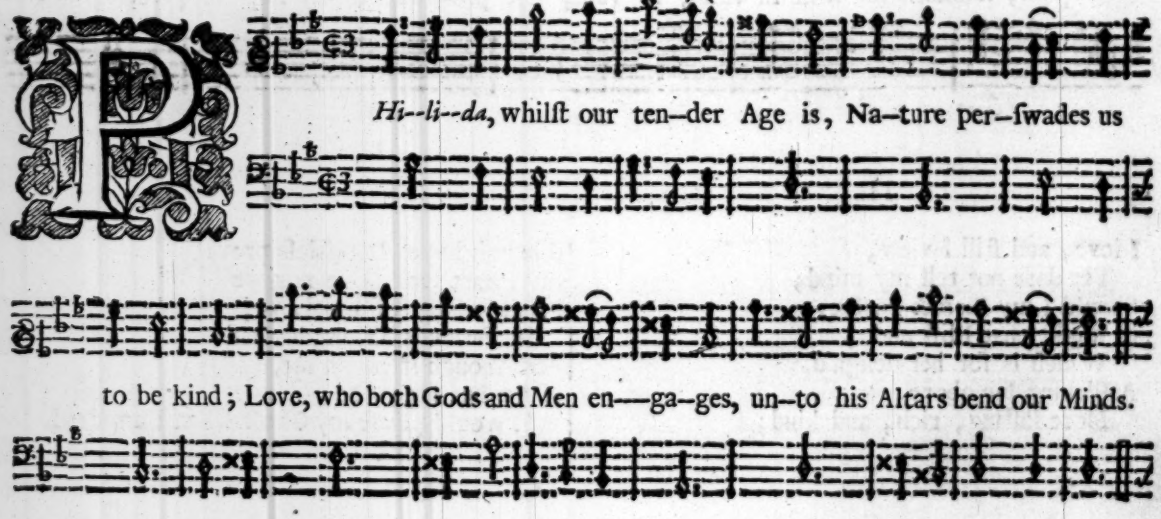
Though hopes ſucceſsleſs prove,
My Heart ſhall ne're remove
From wiſhing of her Love,
In *Fortune*'s Triumphs lead:
And though it baniſh me,
If ſhe but happy be,
'Twould pleaſe my Ghoſt when I am dead.

A. 2. Voc.

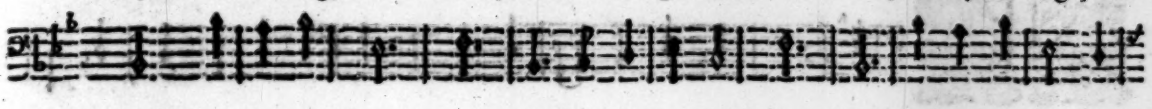


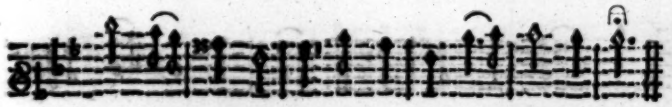
II.

But have a care, for Fools are croſs,
And when you light on one;
I'le joy to ſee you at a loſs,
And not your Fate bemoan:
Your Pride I'le then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to ſee you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will ſay,
Dear *Phillis*, now ſome comfort give.



At your re--ſi--ſting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to Age, who

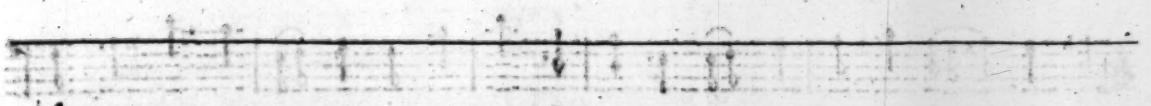




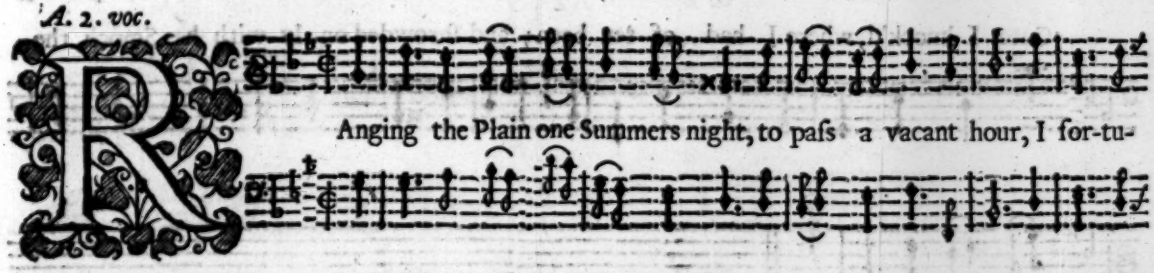
unbefriended leaves you repenting to deſpair.

II.

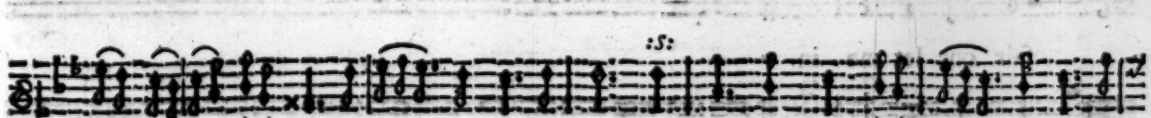
No more in vain then waſt your Beauty,
And thoſe ſweet Treaſures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your duty,
Whilſt I your pleaſing Charms implore.
Kindly embrace your dear *Sylvander*,
Preſs him upon your tender Breaſt;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the bleſt banks of Happineſs.



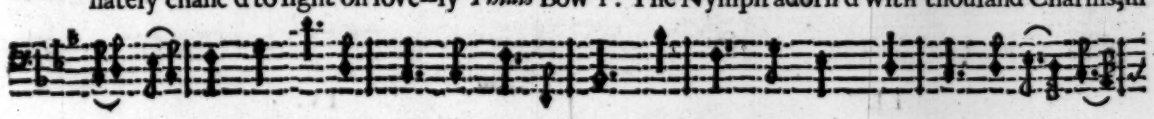
A. 2. voc.



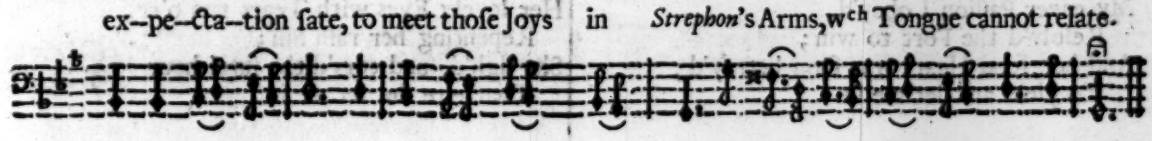
Anging the Plain one Summers night, to paſs a vacant hour, I for-tu-



nately chanc'd to light on love--ly *Phillis* Bow'r: The Nymph adorn'd with thouſand Charms, in



ex--pe--cta--tion ſate, to meet thoſe Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms, wch Tongue cannot relate.

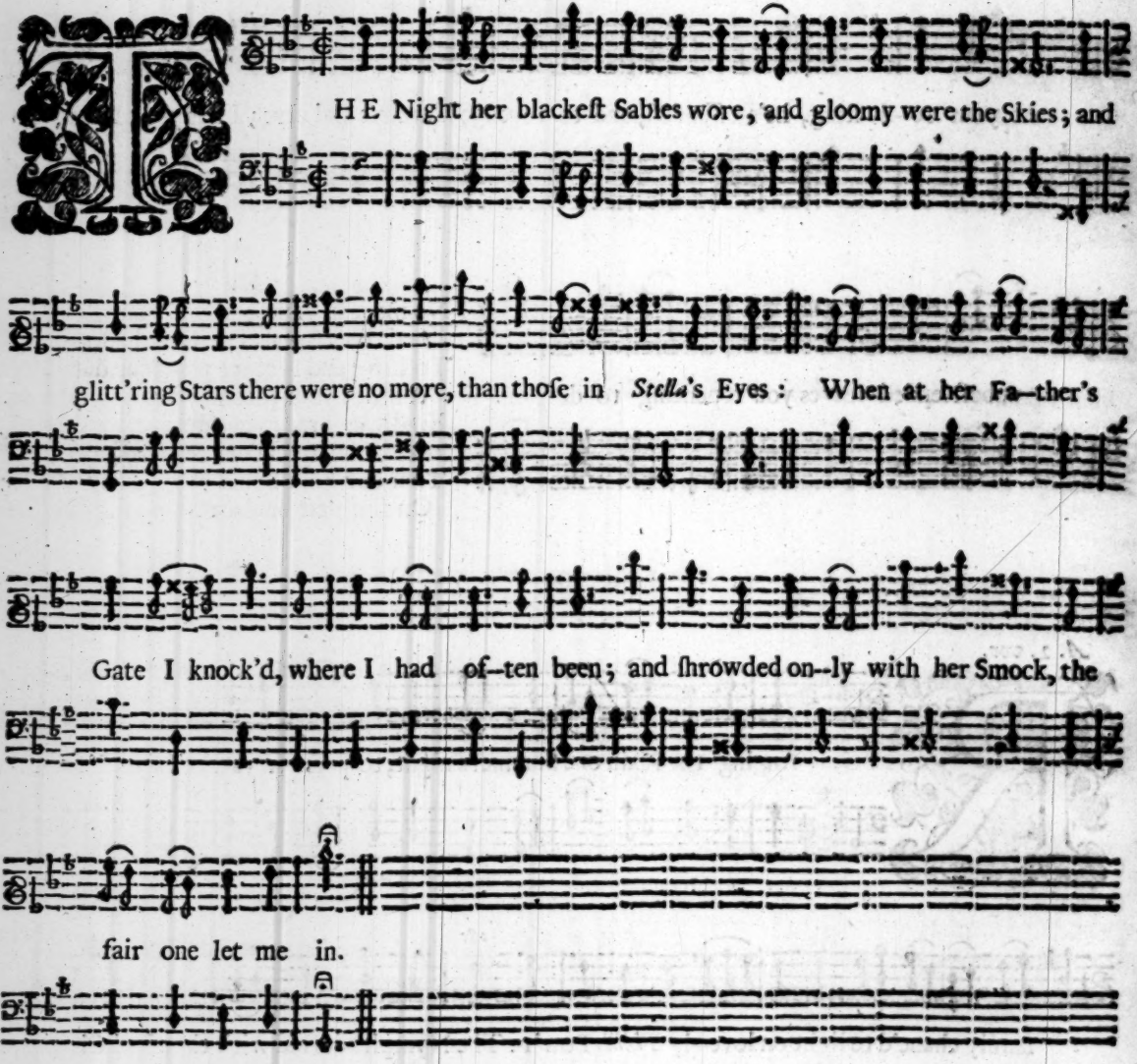


II.

Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,
Her Breaſt did gently riſe;
That e'ry Lover might have read
Her Wiſhes in her Eyes.
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
He ſuddenly would ſtart;
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
Beyond his hour had ſtay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore
He would be here by One;
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.



II.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

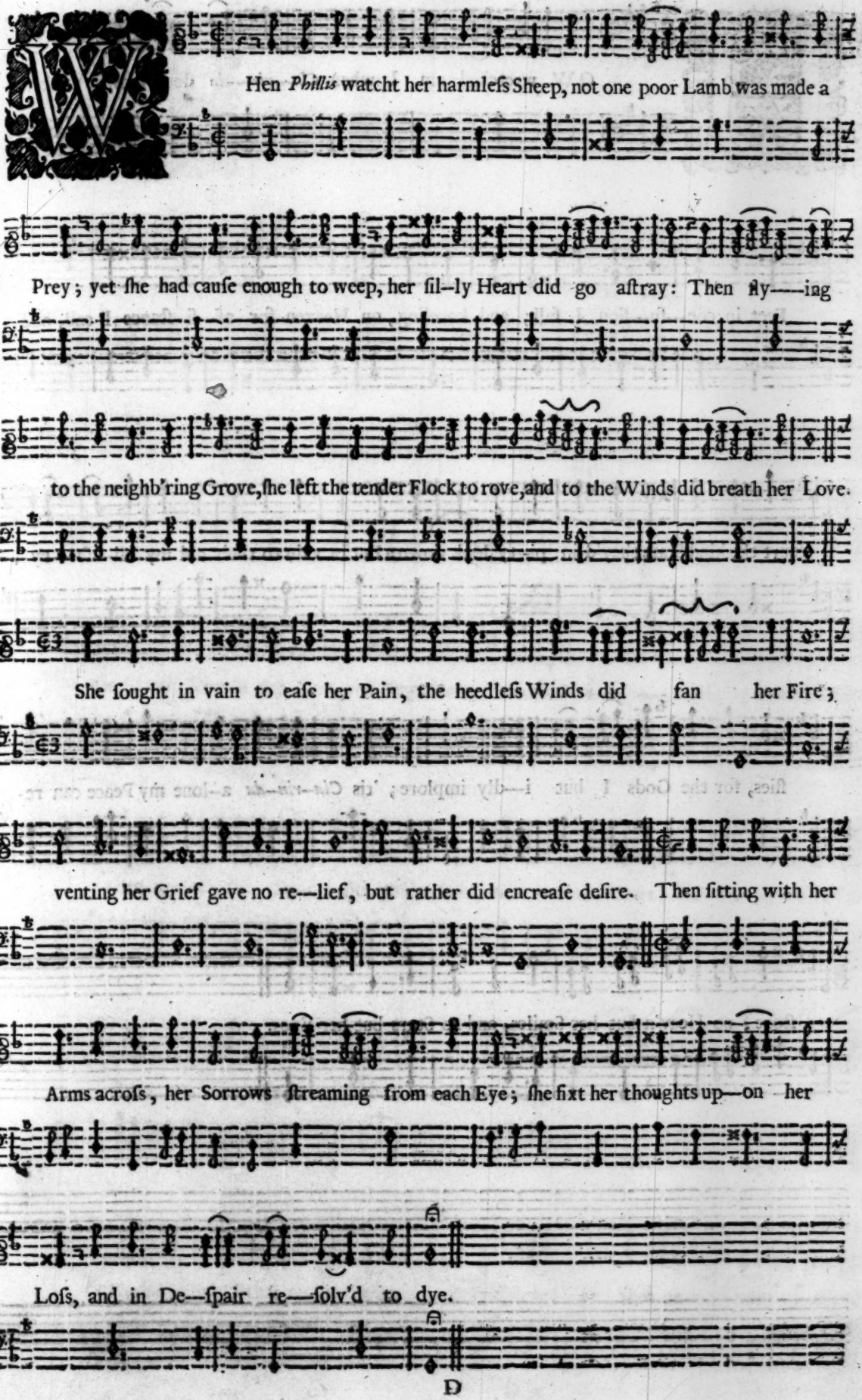
Then! then! beyond expreſſing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So great a God was I.
And ſhe tranſported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd riſe and let me in.

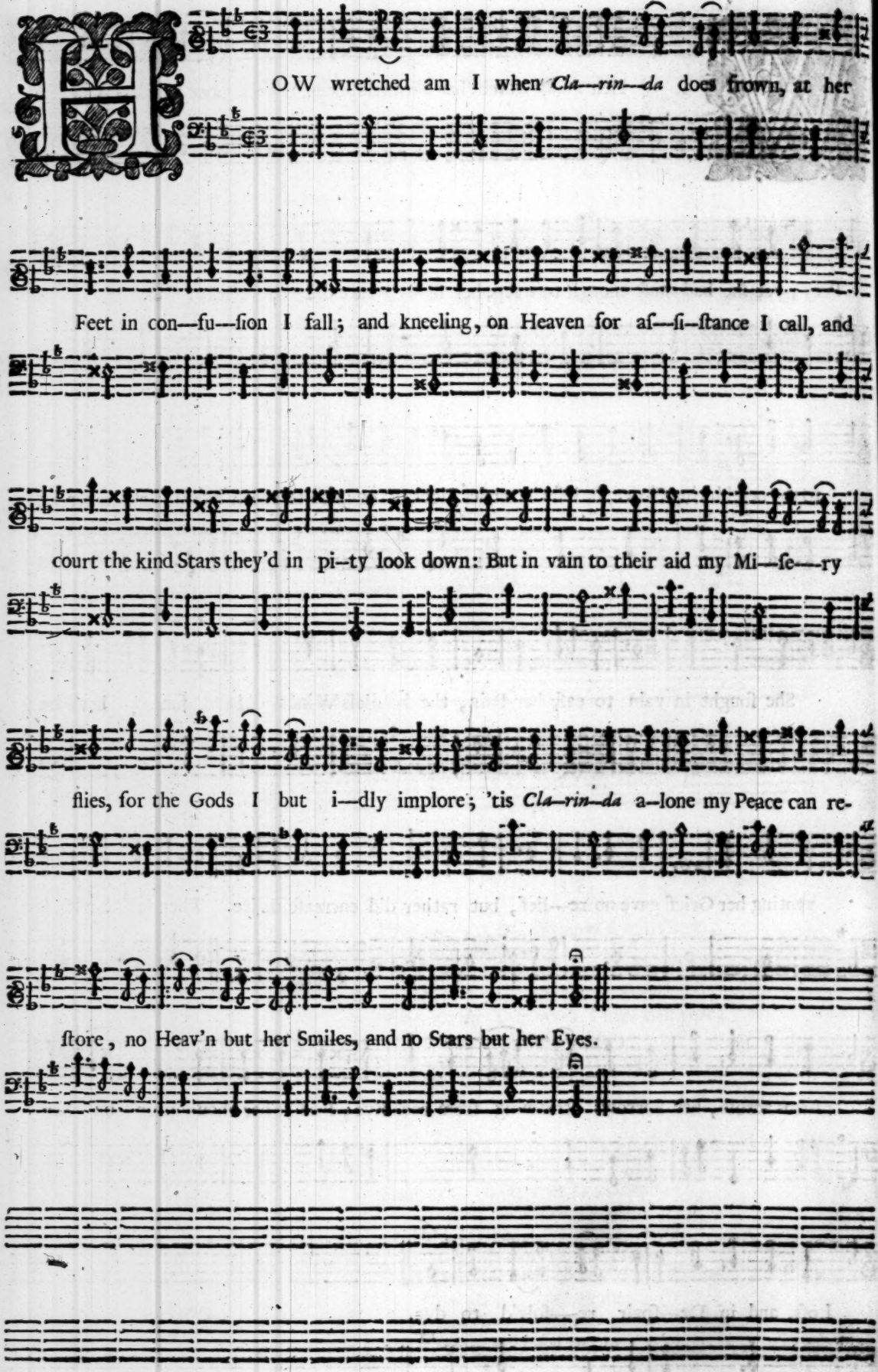
IV.

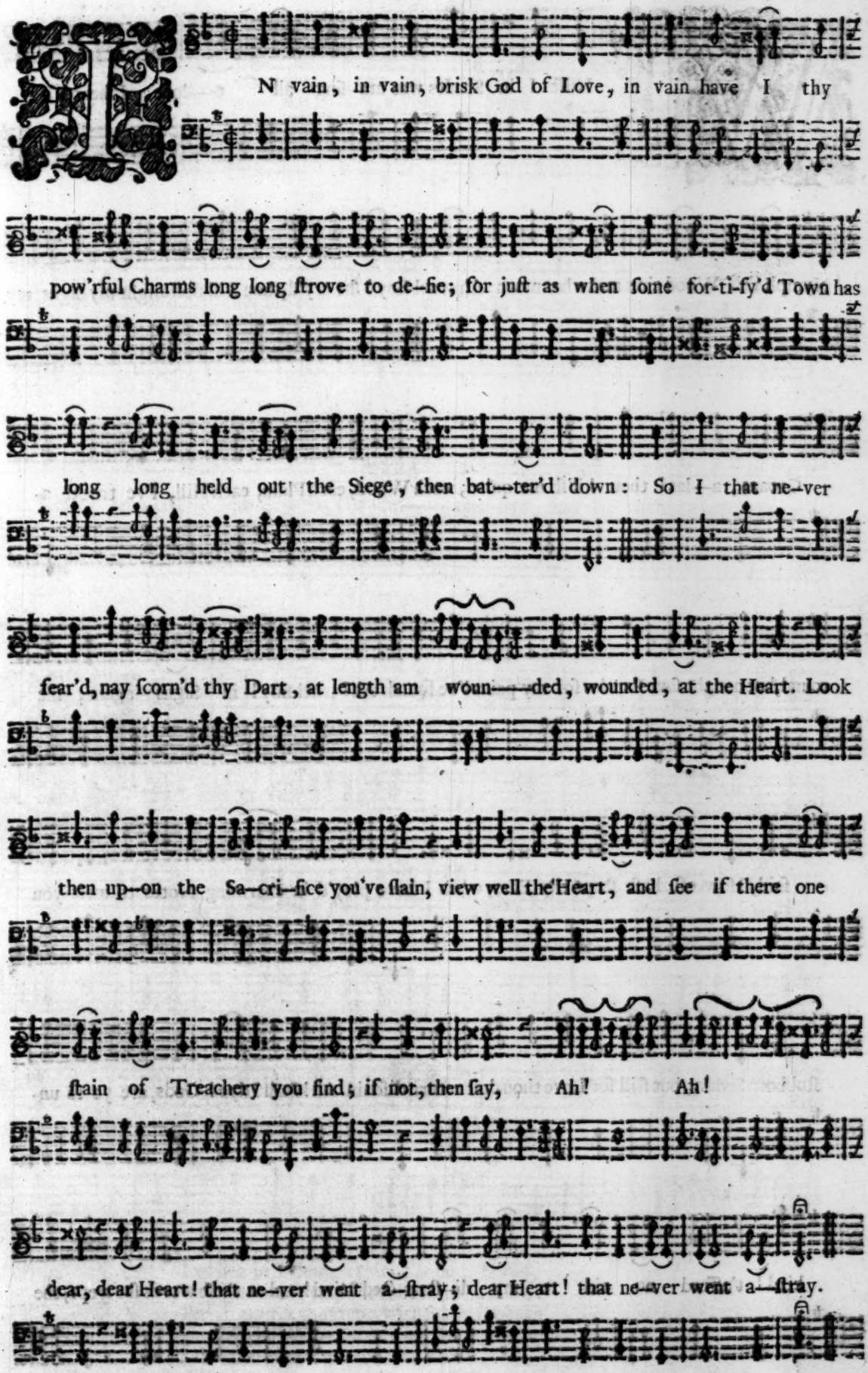
But, oh! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bern,
And ſighing ſate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e're ſhe let me in.

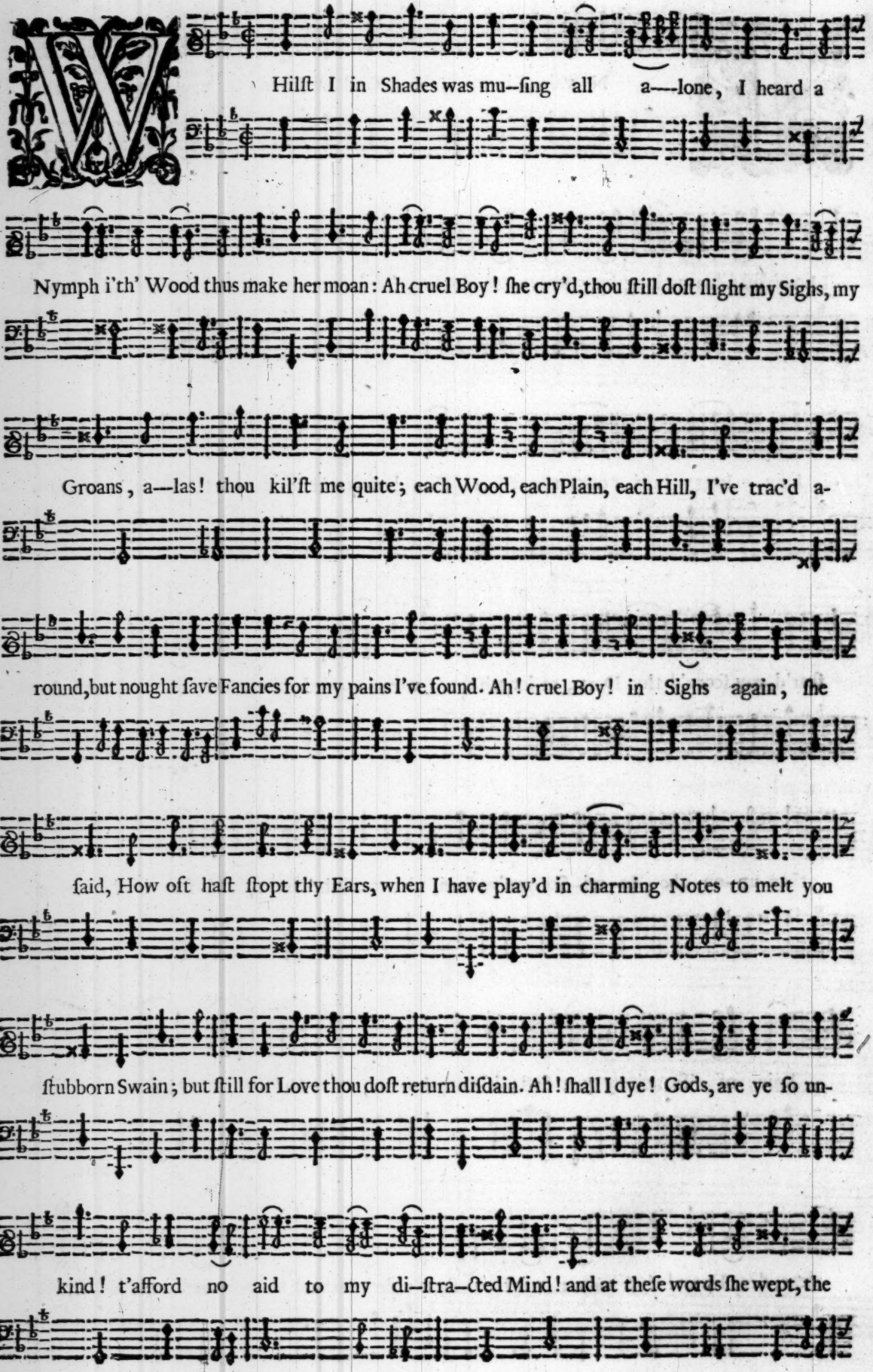
V.

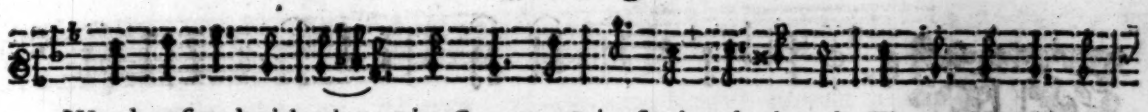
But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed Hour,
That e're ſhe let me in.


When *Phillis* watcht her harmleſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a
Prey; yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep, her ſil--ly Heart did go aſtray: Then fly----ing
to the neighb'ring Grove, ſhe left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love.
She ſought in vain to eaſe her Pain, the heedleſs Winds did fan her Fire;
venting her Grief gave no re---lief, but rather did encreaſe deſire. Then ſitting with her
Arms acroſs, her Sorrows ſtreaming from each Eye; ſhe fixt her thoughts up---on her
Loſs, and in De---ſpair re---ſolv'd to dye.

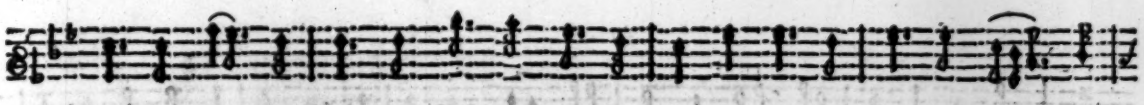

HOW wretched am I when Cla—rin—da does frown, at her
Feet in con—fu—ſion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for aſ—ſi—ſtance I call, and
court the kind Stars they'd in pi—ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi—ſe—ry
flies, for the Gods I but i—dly implore; 'tis Cla—rin—da a—lone my Peace can re-
ſtore, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.


IN vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy
pow'rful Charms long long ſtrove to de--fie; for juſt as when ſome for-ti-fy'd Town has
long long held out the Siege, then bat--ter'd down: So I that ne--ver
fear'd, nay ſcorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun----ded, wounded, at the Heart. Look
then up--on the Sa--cri--fice you've ſlain, view well the Heart, and ſee if there one
ſtain of Treachery you find; if not, then ſay, Ah! Ah!
dear, dear Heart! that ne--ver went a--ſtray; dear Heart! that ne--ver went a--ſtray.

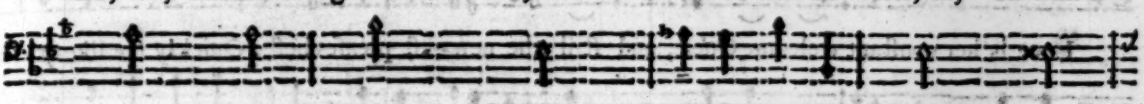

Hilſt I in Shades was mu--ſing all a---lone, I heard a
Nymph i'th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! ſhe cry'd, thou ſtill doſt ſlight my Sighs, my
Groans, a---las! thou kil'ſt me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-
round, but nought ſave Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, ſhe
ſaid, How oft haſt ſtopt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you
ſtubborn Swain; but ſtill for Love thou doſt return diſdain. Ah! ſhall I dye! Gods, are ye ſo un-
kind! t'afford no aid to my di--ſtra--cted Mind! and at theſe words ſhe wept, the



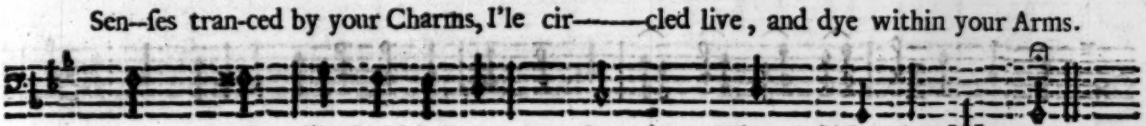
Woods reſound with pier—cing Groans, a voice ſhe heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph it



ſaid, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten-der Flocks to thee In—vites, my ra-viſh'd

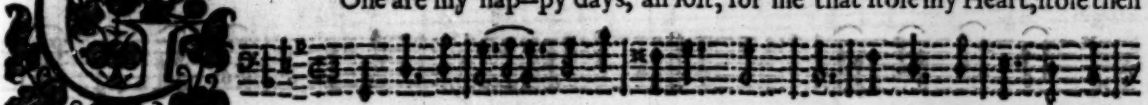


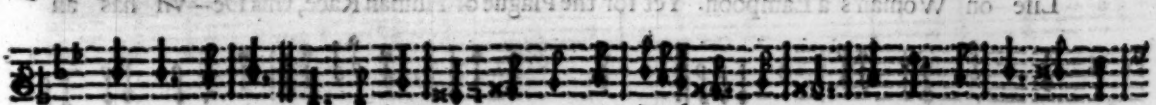
Sen-ſes tran-ced by your Charms, I'le cir———cled live, and dye within your Arms.



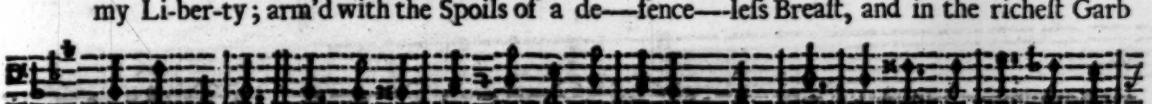
1. 2. vic.

One are my hap-py days, all loſt, for ſhe that ſtole my Heart, ſtole then

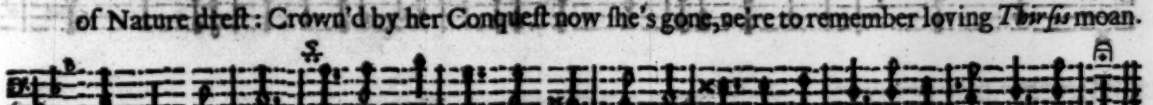




my Li-ber-ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de—fence—leſs Breaſt, and in the richeſt Garb

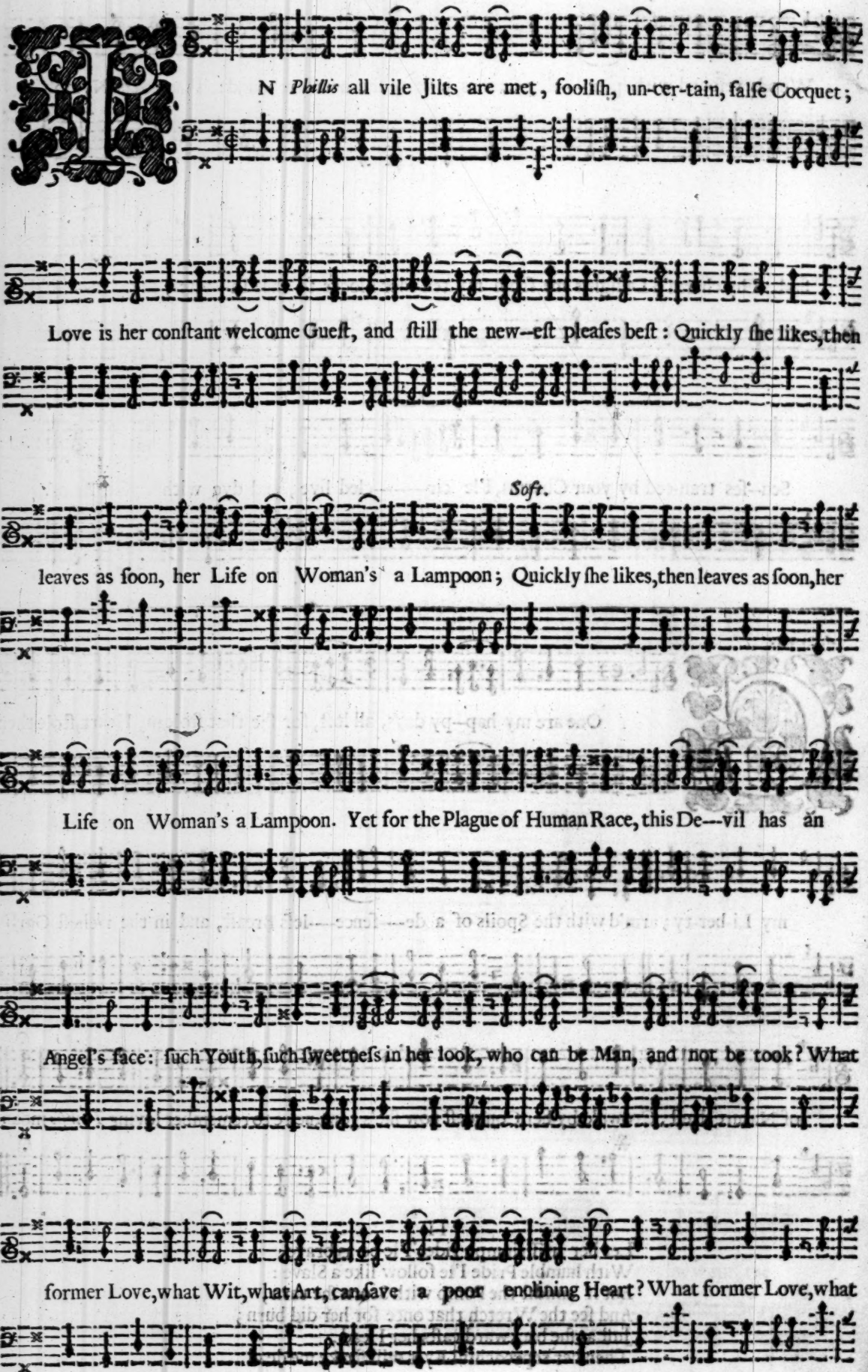


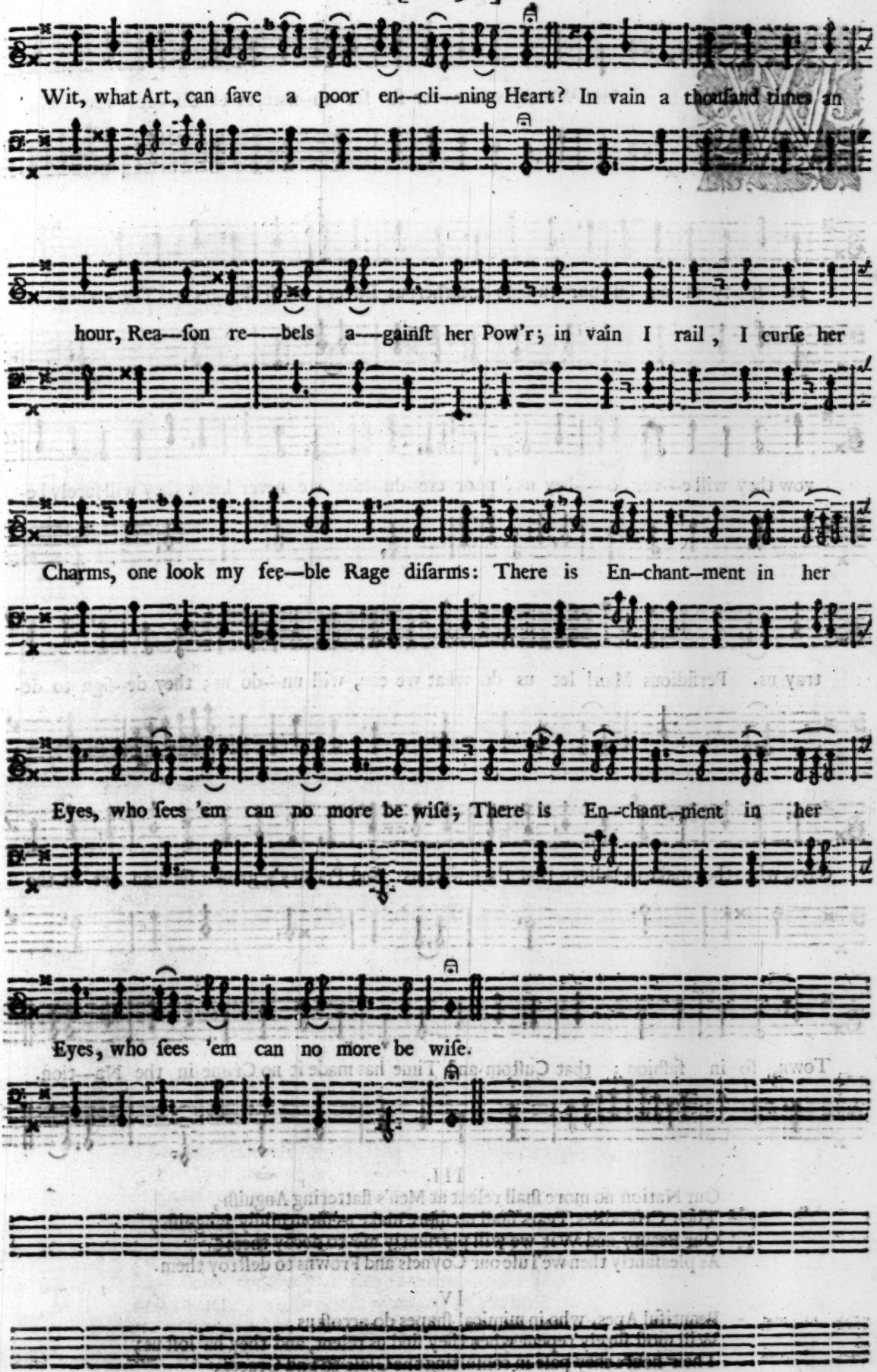
of Nature dreſt: Crown'd by her Conqueſt now ſhe's gone, we're to remember loving *Thirſis* moan.

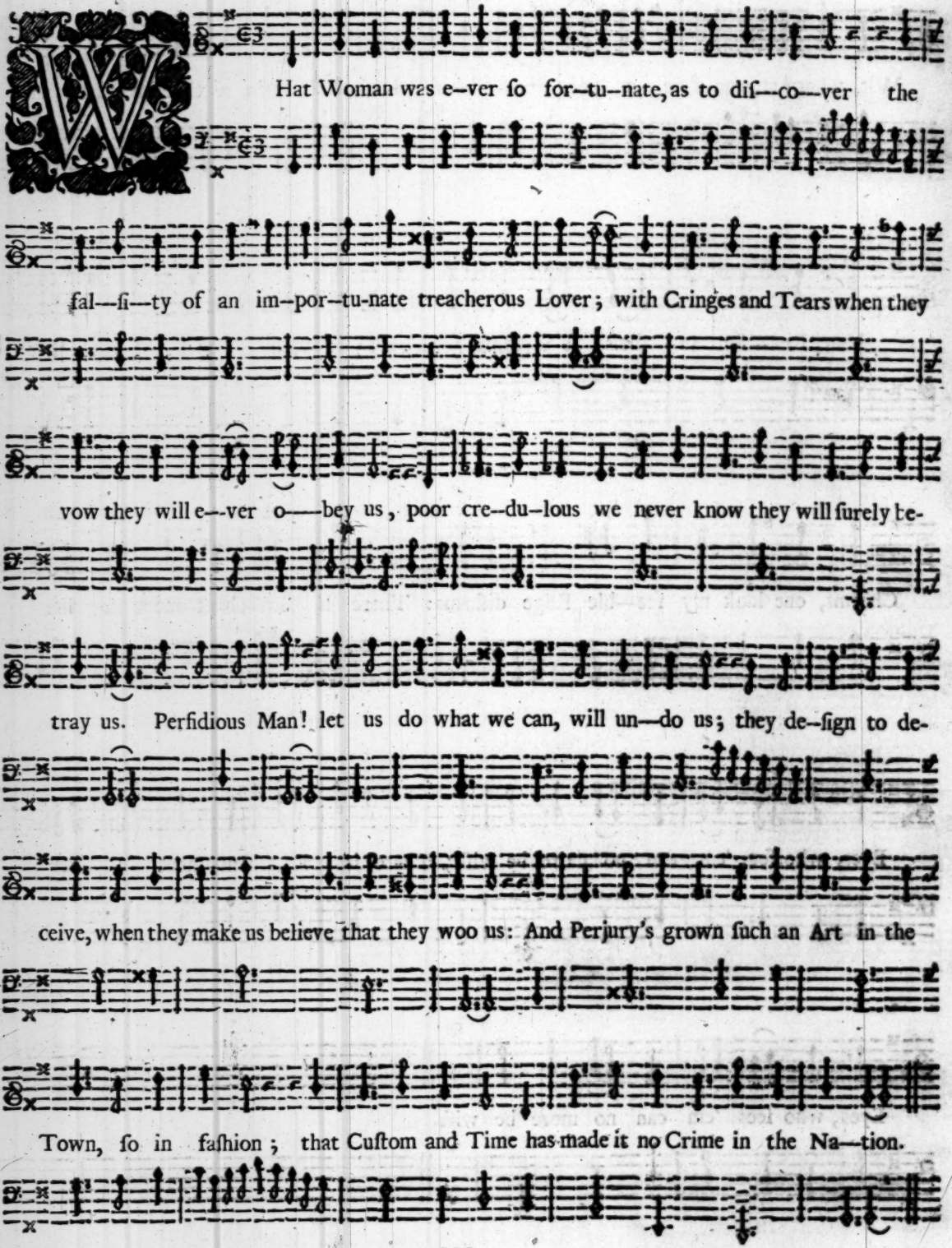


II.

Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave,
With humble Pride I'le follow like a Slave:
But if amidſt the Pomp with Scorn ſhe turn,
And ſee the Wretch that once for her did burn;
Juſt as ſhe backward caſts her Head,
Then her reproachful Eyes will ſtrike me dead.


IN Phillis all vile Jilts are met, fooliſh, un-cer-tain, falſe Cocquet;
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt, and ſtill the new--eſt pleaſes beſt: Quickly ſhe likes, then
Soft.
leaves as ſoon, her Life on Woman's a Lampoon; Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon, her
Life on Woman's a Lampoon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De---vil has an
Angel's face: ſuch Youth, ſuch ſweetneſs in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What
former Love, what Wit, what Art, can ſave a poor enclining Heart? What former Love, what


Wit, what Art, can ſave a poor en--cli--ning Heart? In vain a thouſand times an
hour, Rea--ſon re---bels a---gainſt her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curſe her
Charms, one look my fee--ble Rage diſarms: There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who ſees 'em can no more be wiſe; There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who ſees 'em can no more be wiſe.

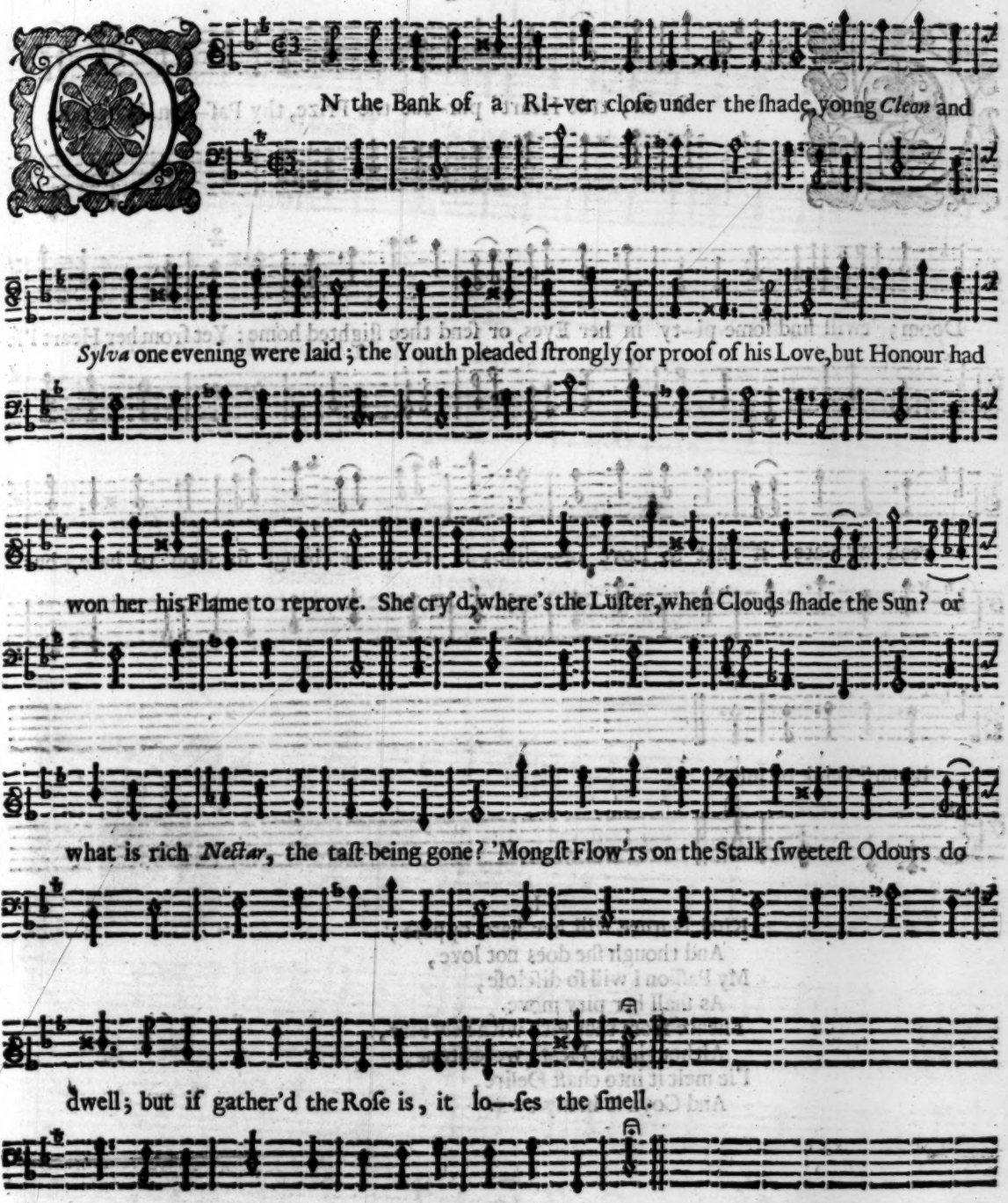


III.

Our Nation no more ſhall relent at Men's flattering Anguiſh,
Their Crocadiles Tears ſhall no more make us mournfully languiſh;
Our Beauty and Wit we will pleaſantly uſe to decoy them,
As pleaſantly then we'l uſe our Coyneſs and Frowns to deſtroy them.

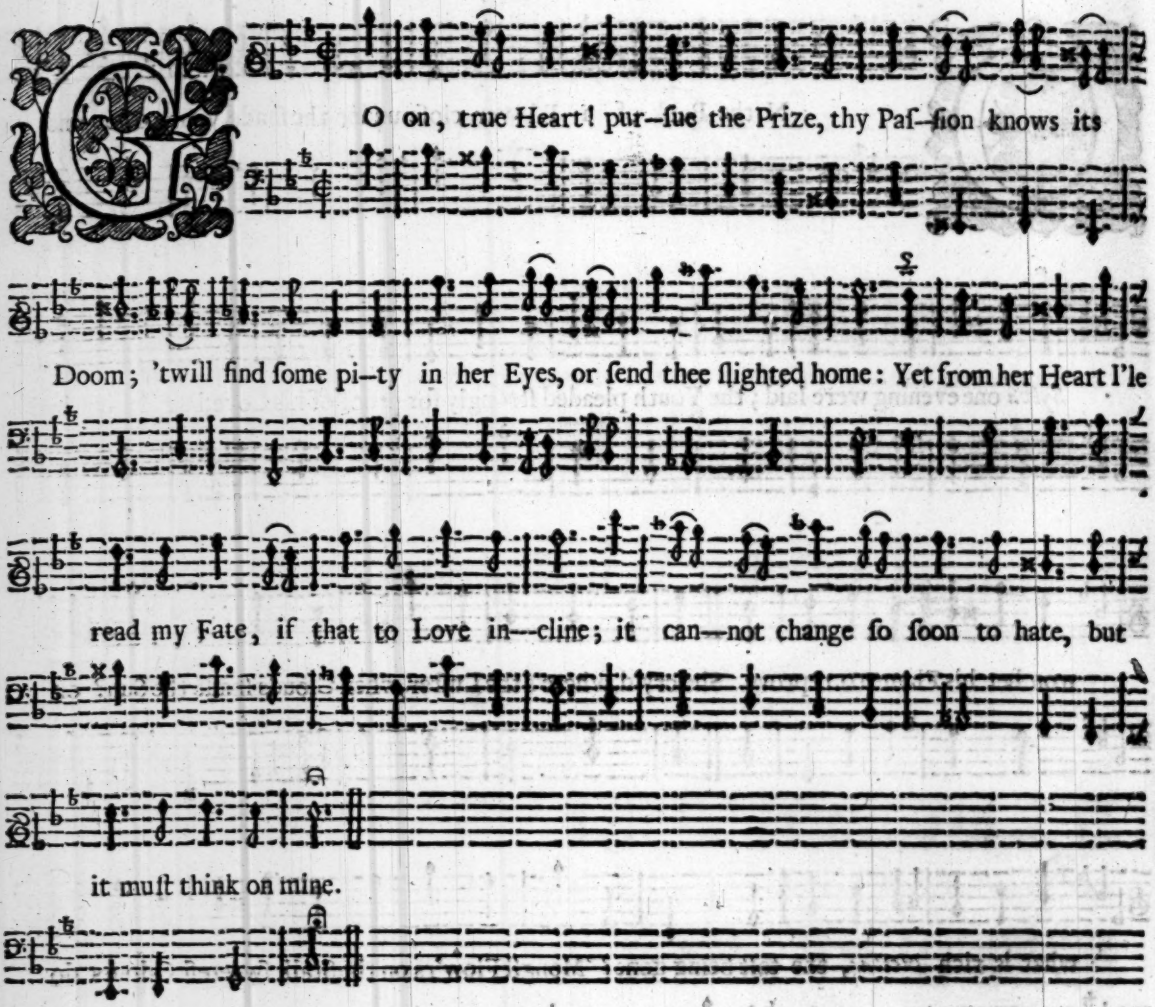
IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical ſhapes do accoſt us,
Will moſt ſurely repent when they find us relent, and they ha' loſt us;
Their hours they paſs in conſulting the Glaſs to find Graces,
May make us approve, and preſently love their Fools faces.



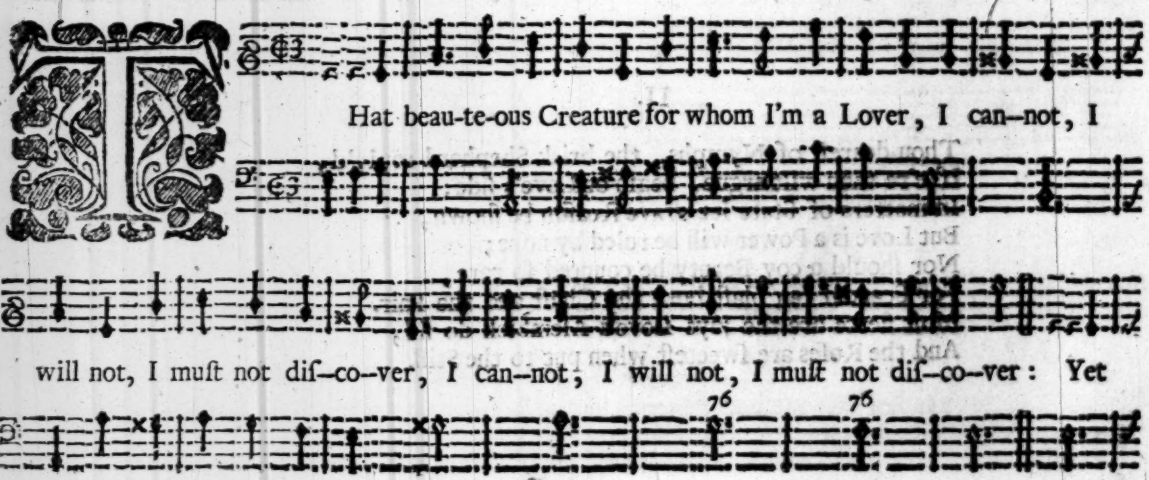
II.

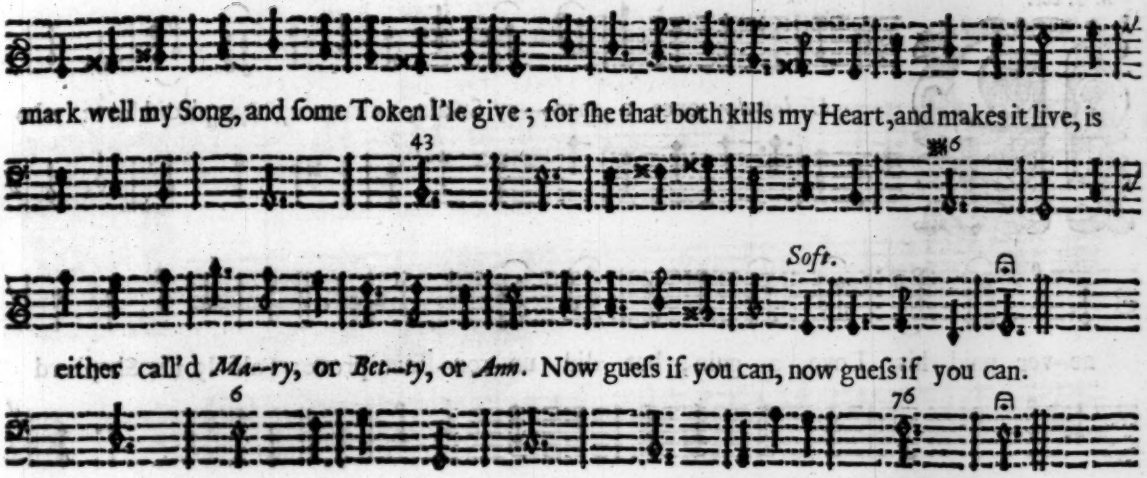
Thou deareſt of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's ſide:
In matters of State let grave Reaſon be ſhown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can blaſt both the Chaſt and the Fair.
Moſt fierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the Still.



II.

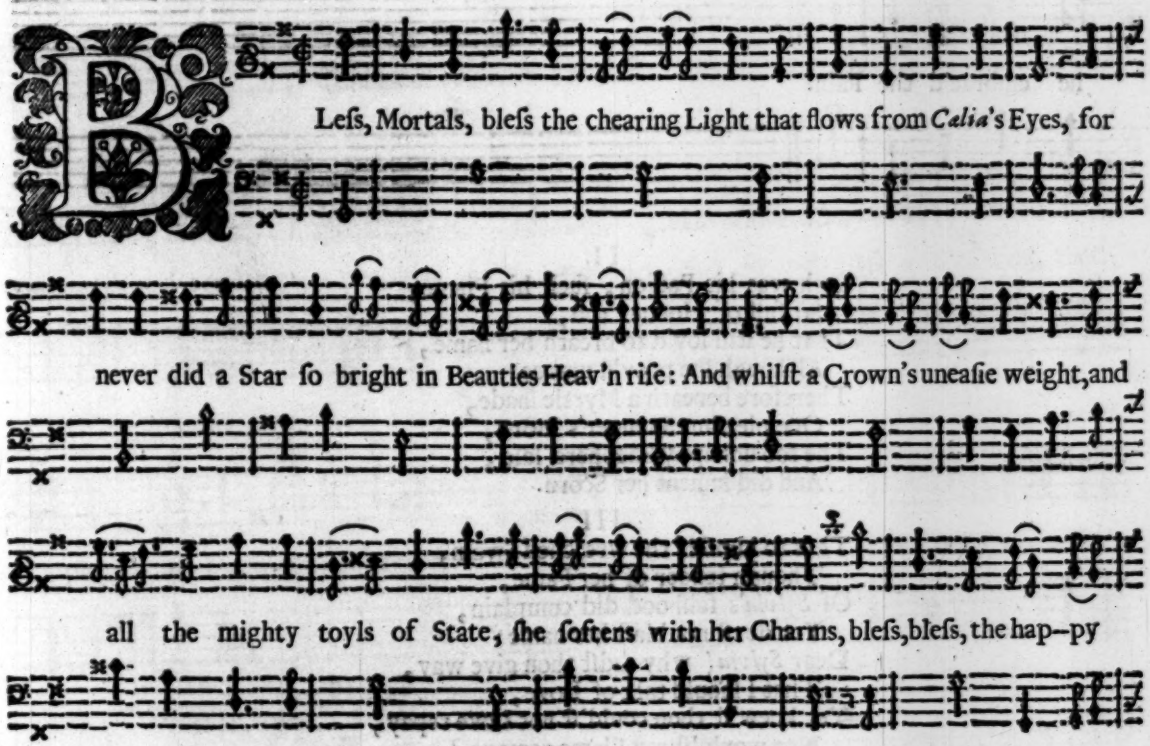
Kind Nature will her hate oppoſe;
And though ſhe does not love,
My Paſſion I will ſo diſcloſe,
As ſhall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'le melt it into chaſt Deſire,
And Coyn it in my own.





II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is ſlender,
Her Eyes are moſt lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I ſay no more, but I ſay no more.

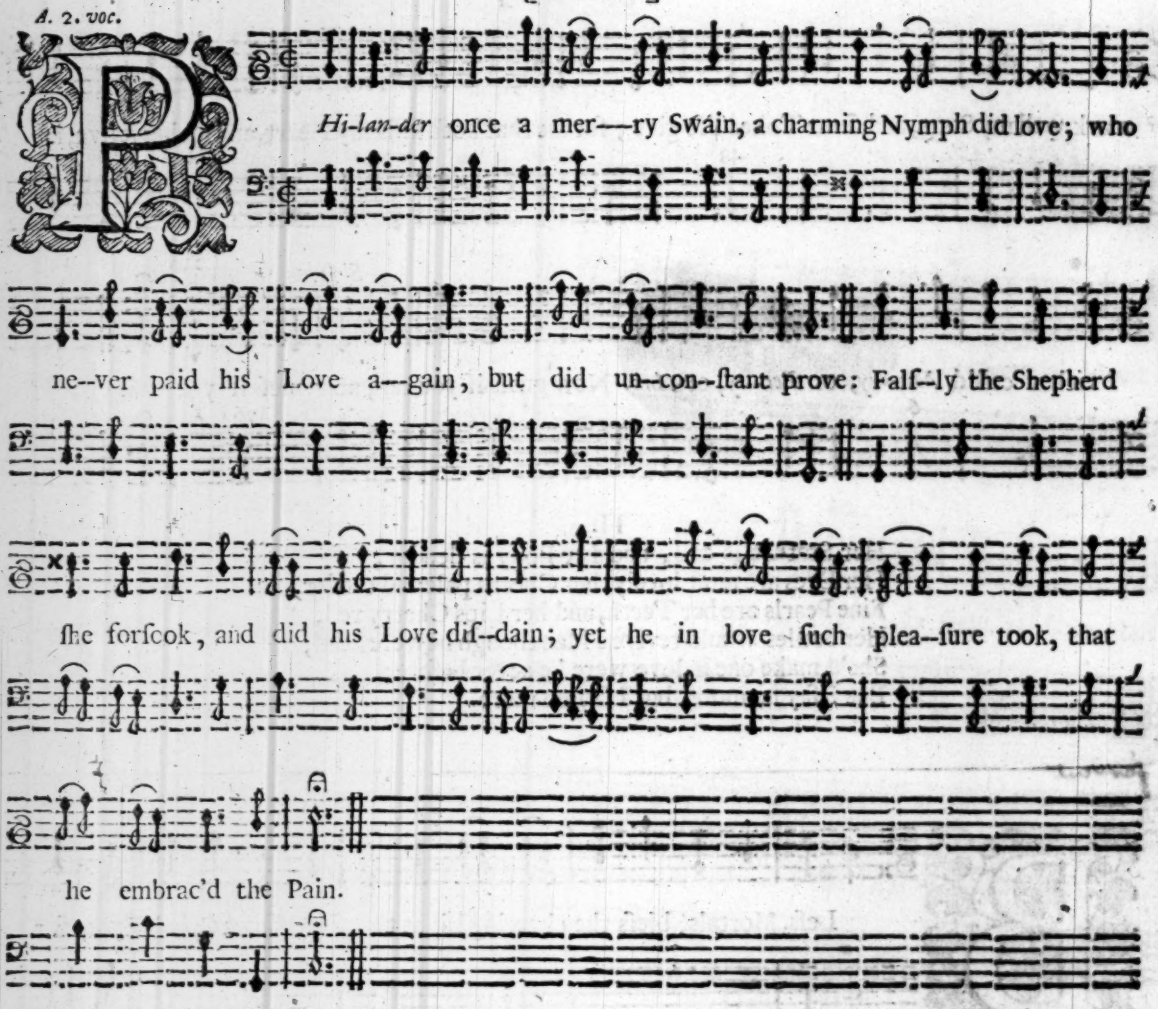


Dr. *Blow.*

II.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew;
And yet how few in Kings approve
What they themſelves purſue.
The murmering Crowd themſelves afford
The Pleaſures they deny their Lord,
Though Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

A. 2. voc.



II.

Such was his Paſſion, ſuch his Flame,
So full of Honour too,
That he ſtill lov'd to breath her name,
Although ſhe prov'd untrue:
Therefore beneath a Myrtle ſhade,
One pleaſant Summer's Morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
And did lament her Scorn.

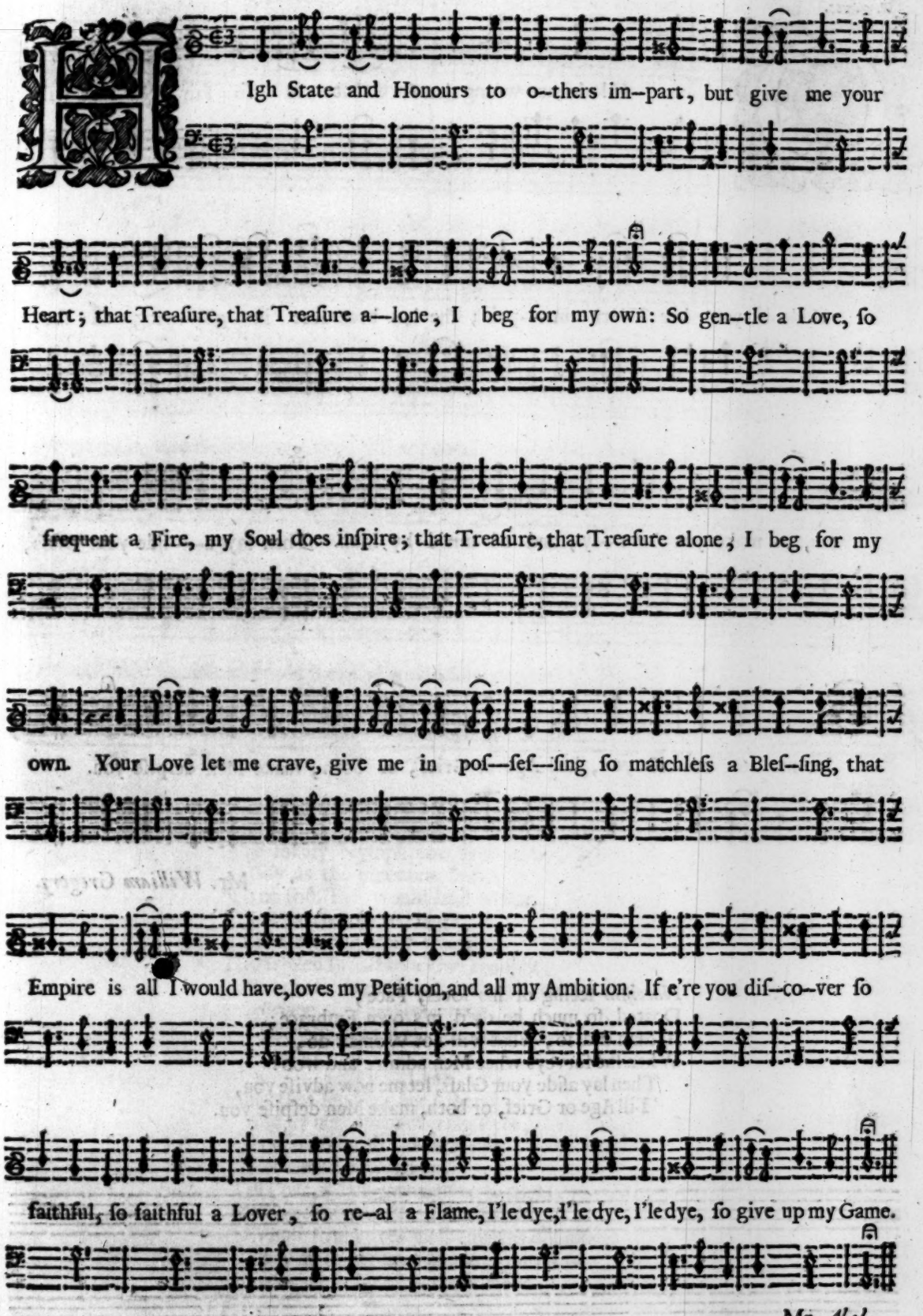
III

Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,
Though tender of her Fame,
Of *Sylvia*'s falſhood did complain,
Yet durſt not blaſt her name:
Dear *Sylvia!* why didſt thou give way,
That I ſhould talk of Love,
Yet knew'ſt thou could'ſt not Love repay,
Nor would'ſt my Flame remove?

IV.

When in its Youth my Paſſion was,
'Twas eaſie to remove;
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,
The Task too hard will prove:
For in my Heart the love of you
Too deeply rooted is;
'Twas the firſt Grief I ever knew,
Yet is my greateſt Bliſs.

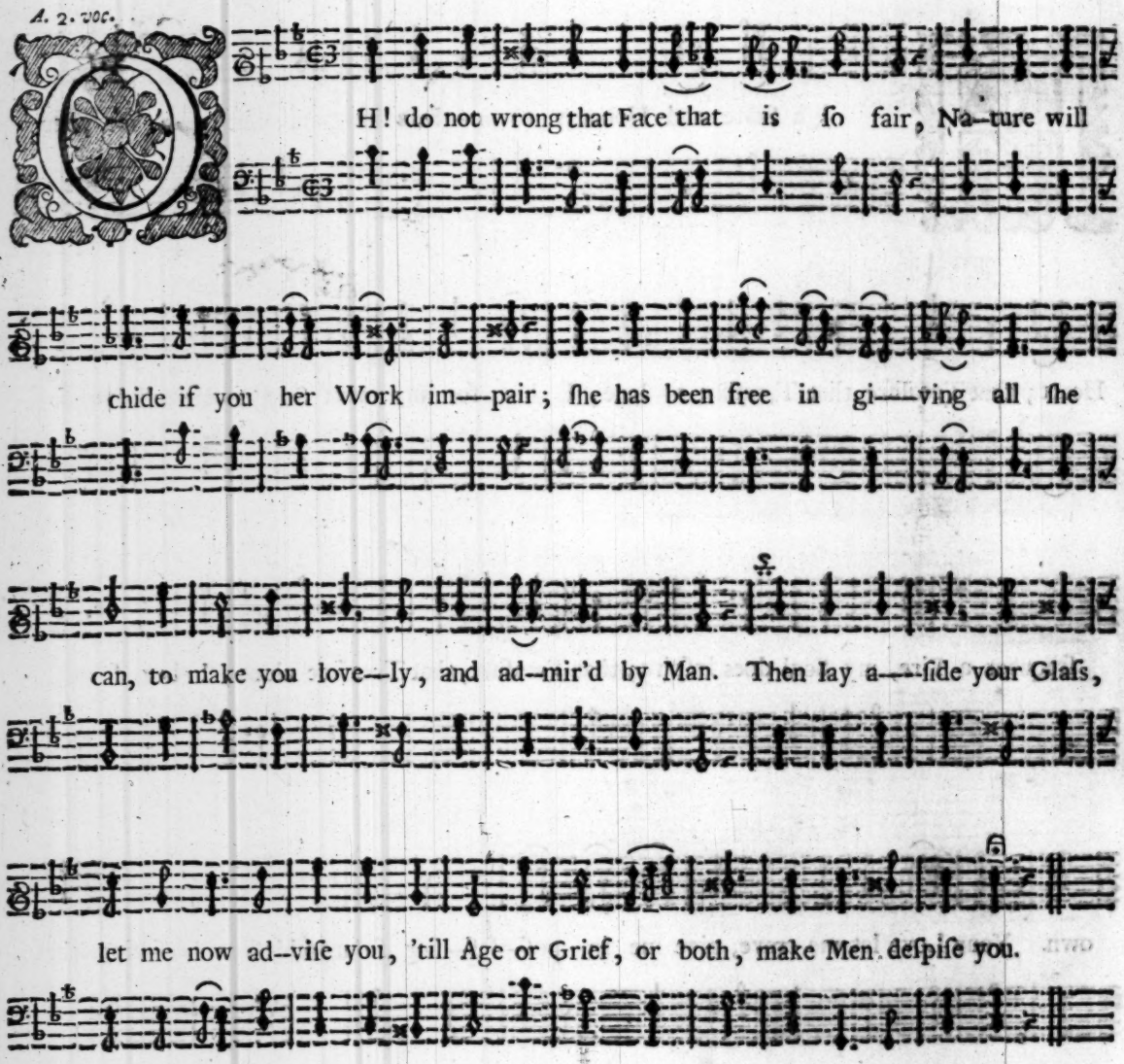
An AYRE *on a Ground.*



Mr. *Abel.*

On a LADY *dreſſing by a Glaſs.*

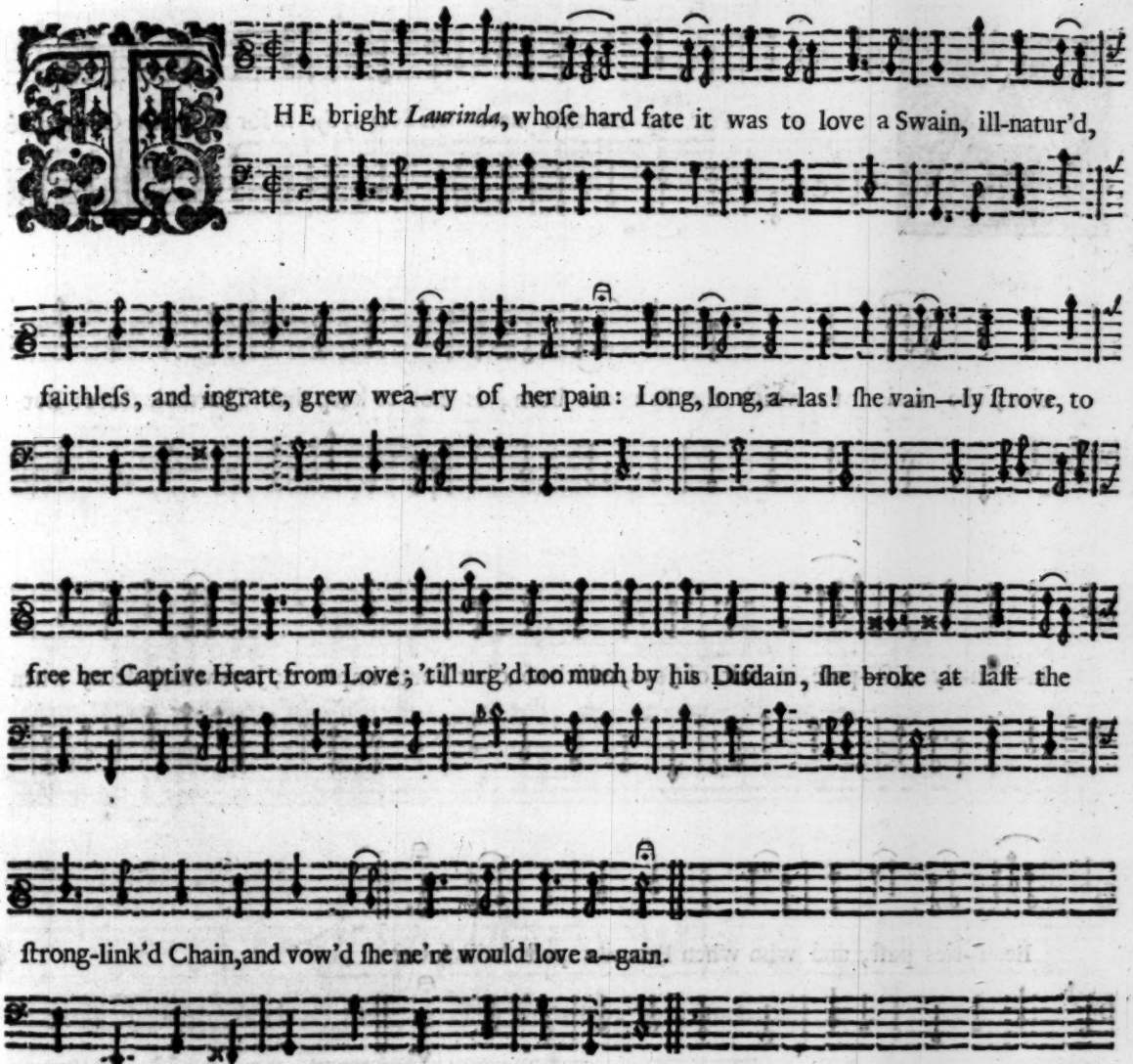
A. 2. voc.



Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Narciſſus ſeeing of his lovely Face,
Doated ſo much he dy'd in's own Embrace;
If Man did ſo, what will not Woman do,
When ſhe ſurveys what Men admire and woo?
Then lay aſide your Glaſs, let me now adviſe you,
'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men deſpiſe you.



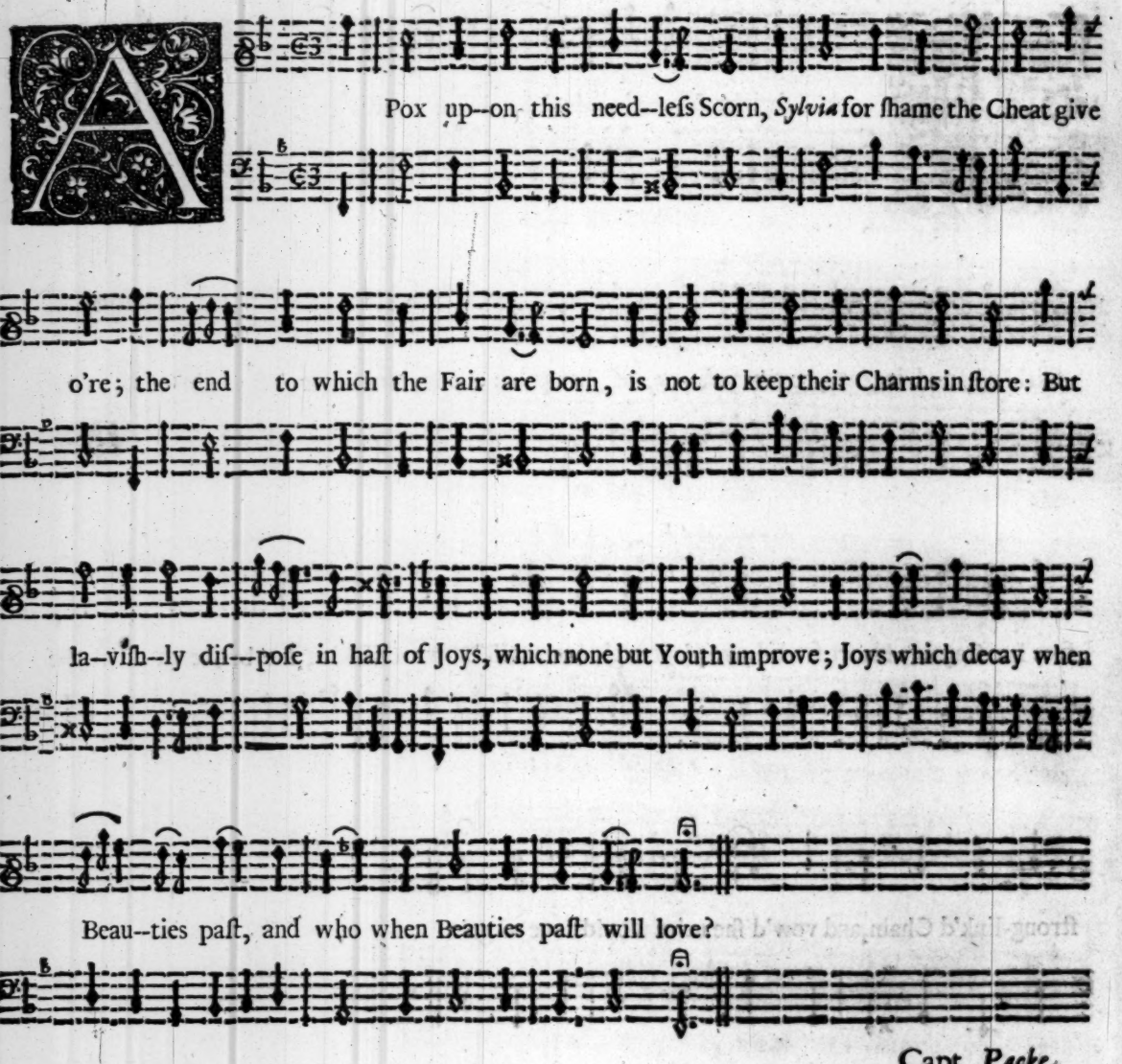
Capt. *Packe.*

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,
But careless sit and sing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breast to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amintor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thousand Youths did daily dye
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
'Till Love at last young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,
Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her blest as those above.



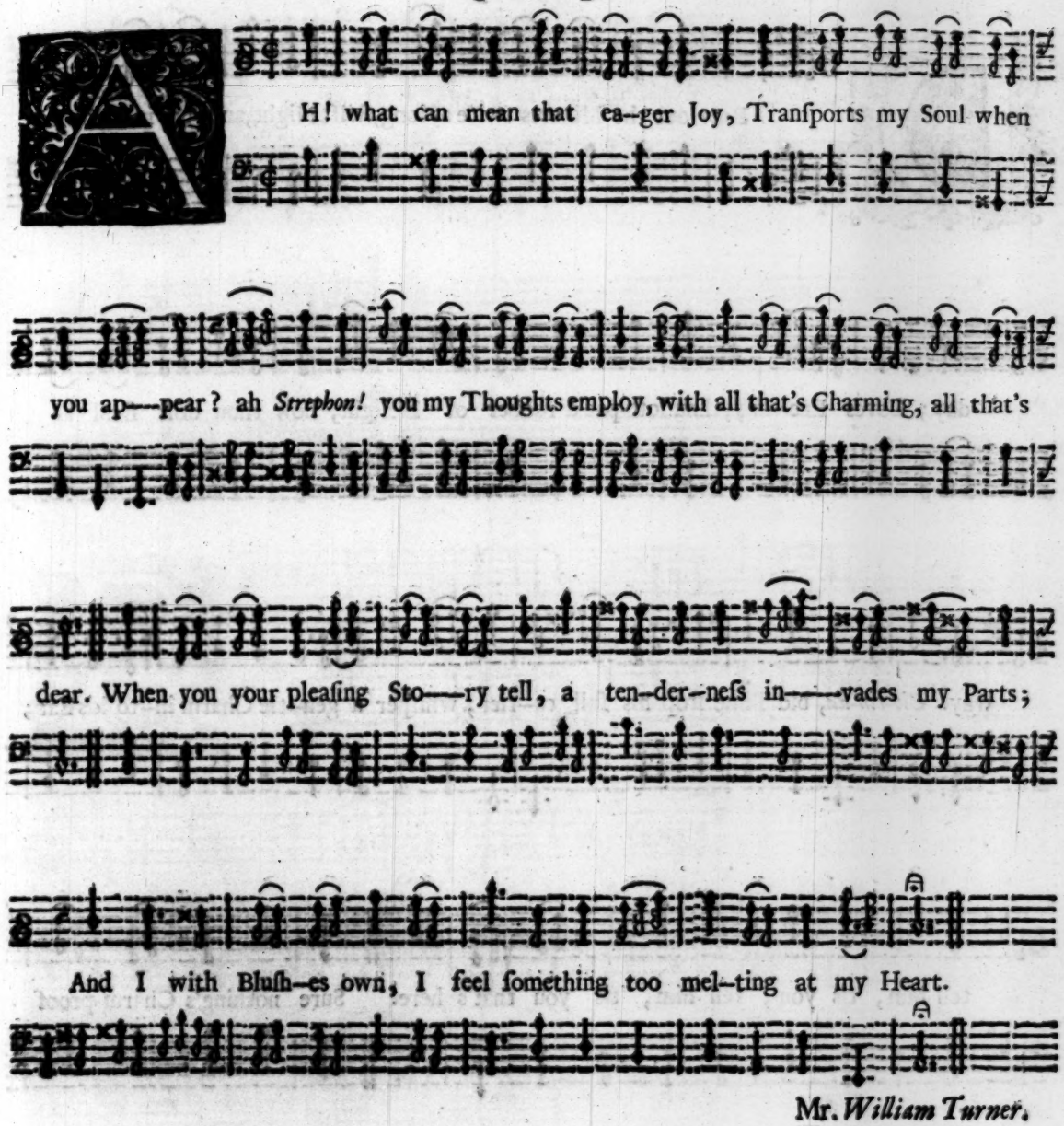
Capt. *Packe.*

II.

When Age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,
Revenging all your cold diſdain,
And *Sylvia* ſhall neglected paſs,
By every one admiring Swain:
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late ſhall burn;
If Love increaſe, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia!* who will make return?

III.

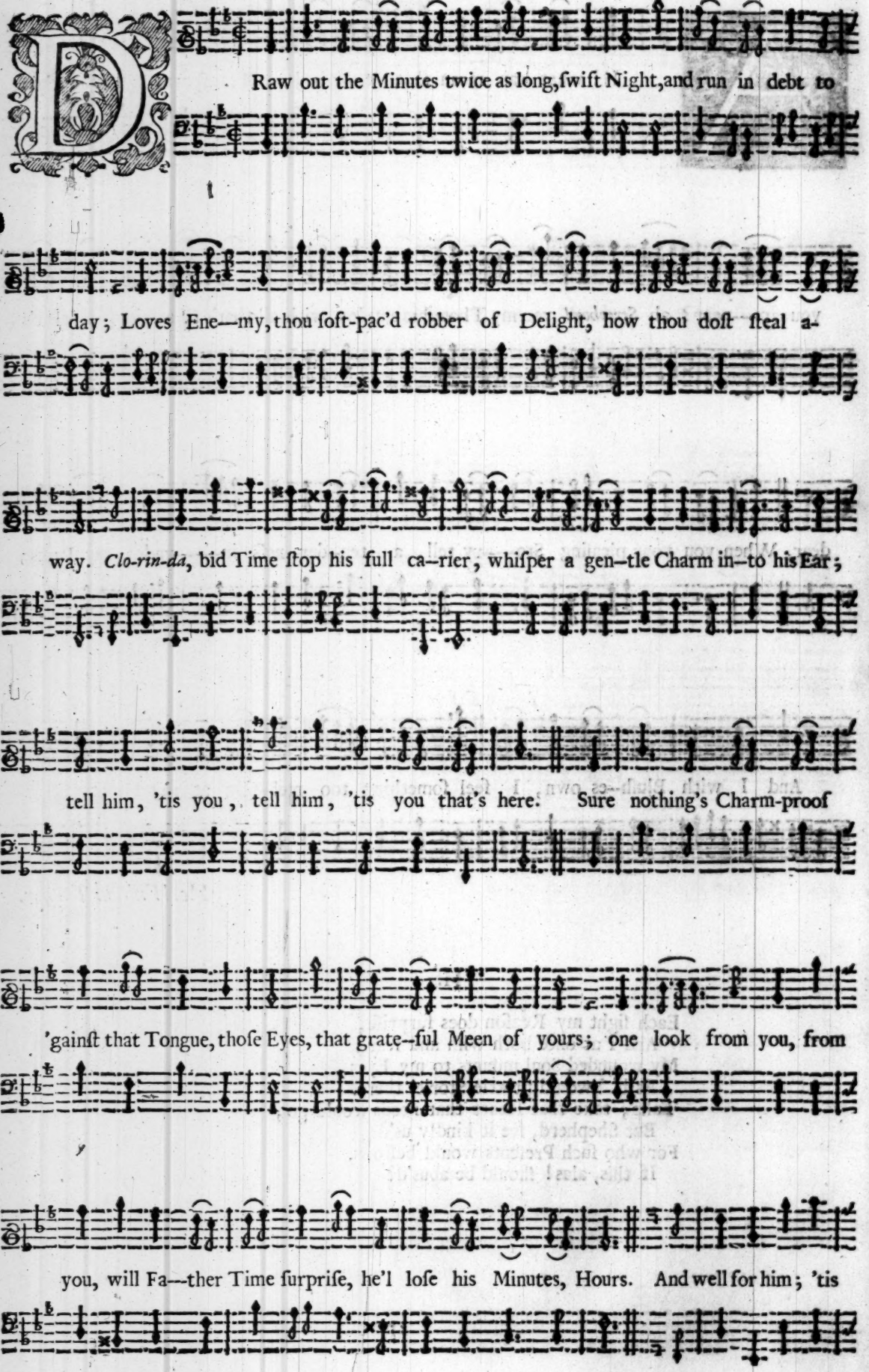
Then haſt my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conſpire;
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher:
And when Embracing we ſhall lye,
Cloſely in ſhades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilſt we deſie,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.

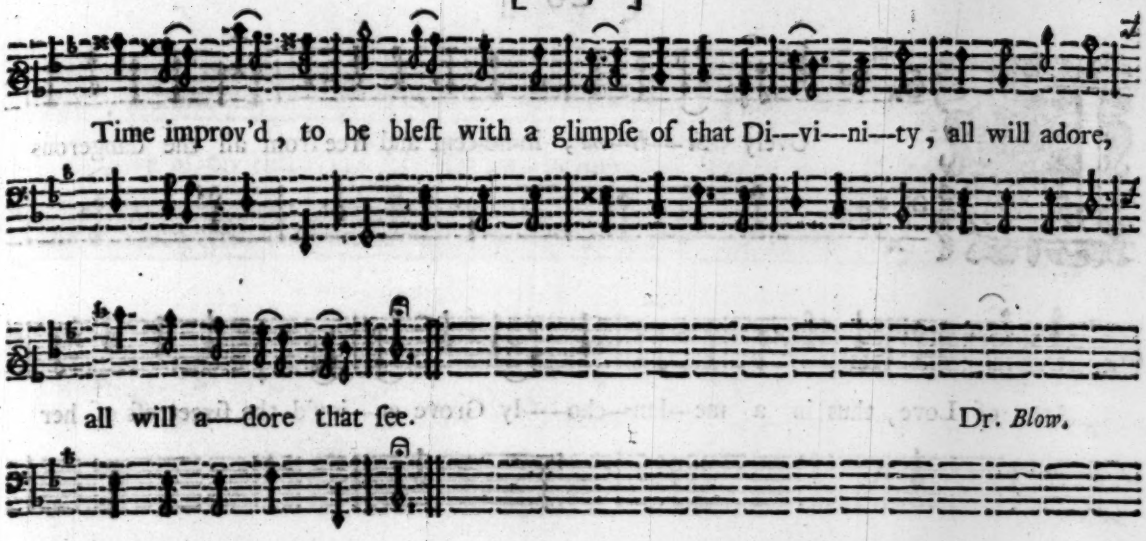


Mr. *William Turner.*

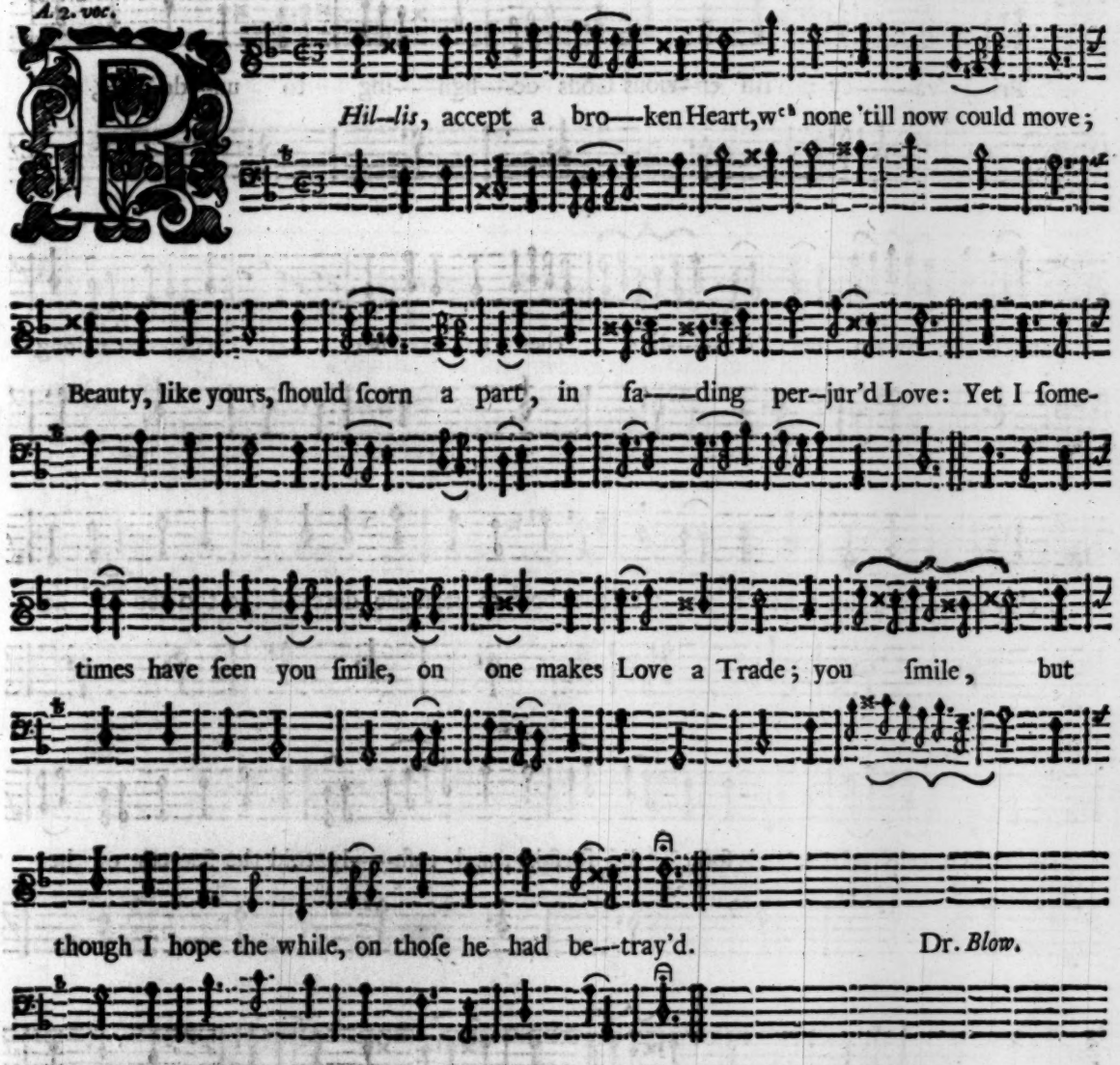
II.

Each ſight my Reaſon does ſurpriſe,
And I at once both wiſh and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there.
Take, take that Heart that needs would go,
But Shepherd, ſee it kindly us'd;
For who ſuch Preſents would beſtow,
If this, alas! ſhould be abus'd?


Draw out the Minutes twice as long, ſwift Night, and run in debt to
day; Loves Ene—my, thou ſoft-pac'd robber of Delight, how thou doſt ſteal a-
way. Clo-rin-da, bid Time ſtop his full ca—rier, whiſper a gen—tle Charm in—to his Ear;
tell him, 'tis you, tell him, 'tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof
'gainſt that Tongue, thoſe Eyes, that grate—ful Meen of yours; one look from you, from
you, will Fa—ther Time ſurpriſe, he'l loſe his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis



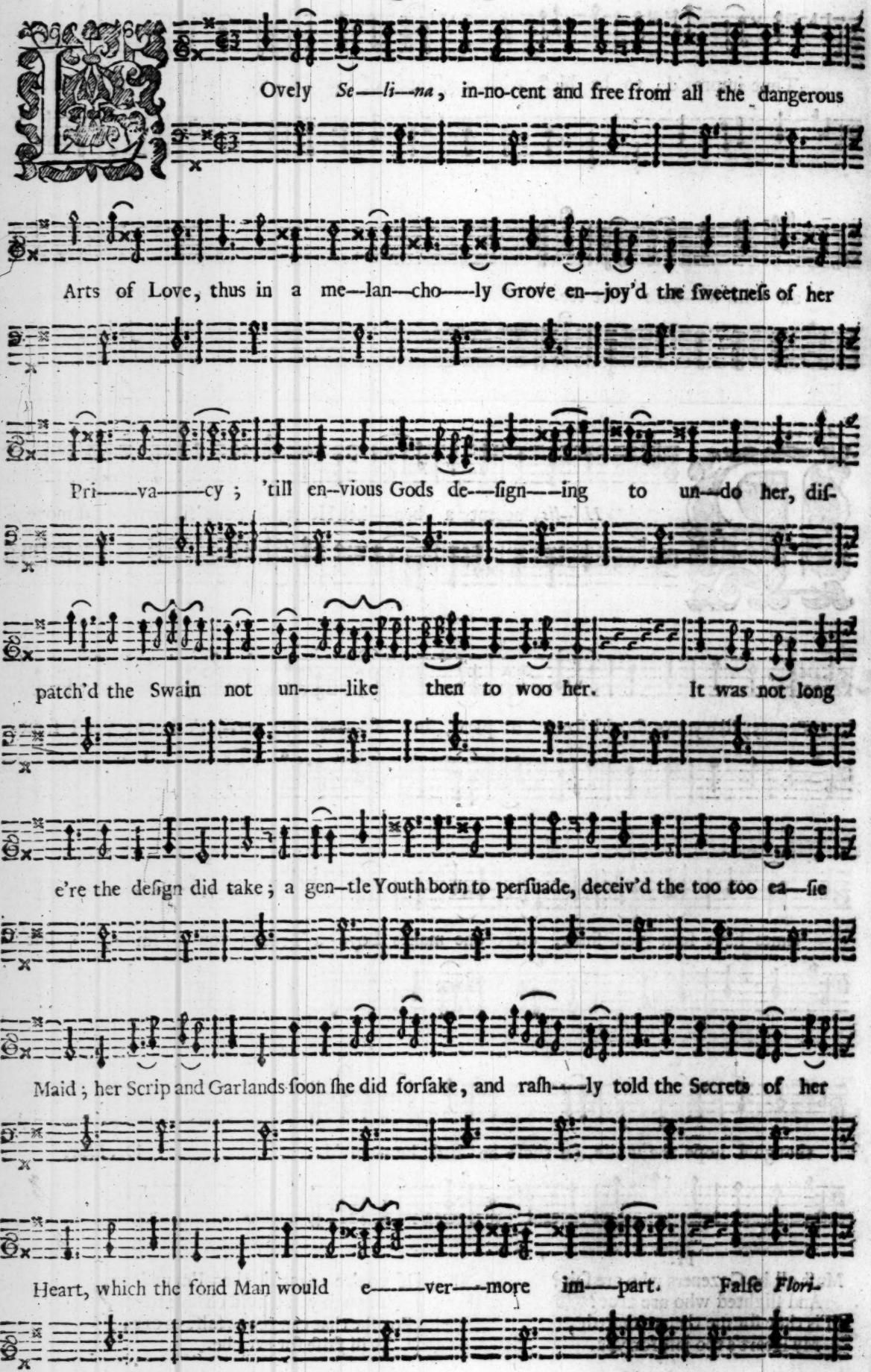
A 2. voc.

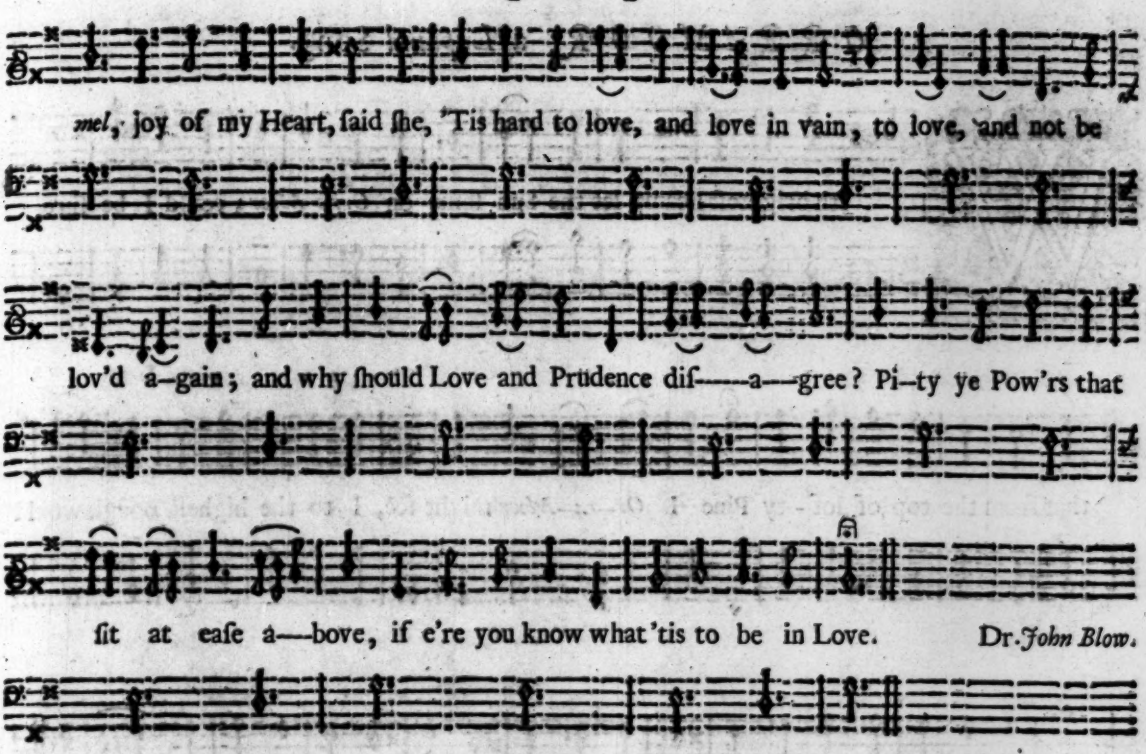


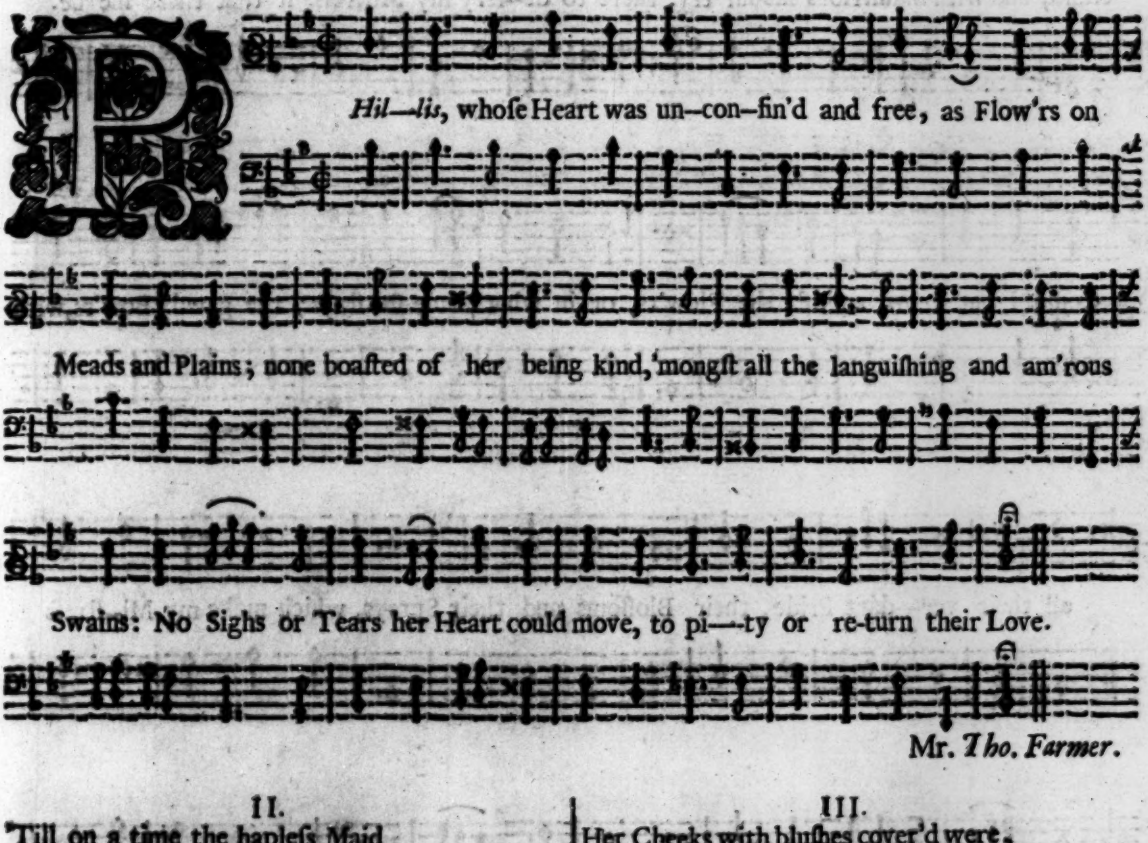
II.

Muſt all be Cozeners who are fair?
And ſlighted who are true?
'Tis time for me then to deſpair,
My Heart's too juſt for you.

If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,
Though you ſhould change to me;
For ſhe that can prove falſe to one,
Will falſe for ever be.


Lovely Se—li—na, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous
Arts of Love, thus in a me—lan—cho—ly Grove en—joy'd the ſweetneſs of her
Pri—va—cy; 'till en—vious Gods de—ſign—ing to un—do her, diſ-
patch'd the Swain not un—like then to woo her. It was not long
e're the deſign did take; a gen—tle Youth born to perſuade, deceiv'd the too too ea—ſie
Maid; her Scrip and Garlands ſoon ſhe did forſake, and raſh—ly told the Secrets of her
Heart, which the fond Man would e—ver—more im—part. False Flori-





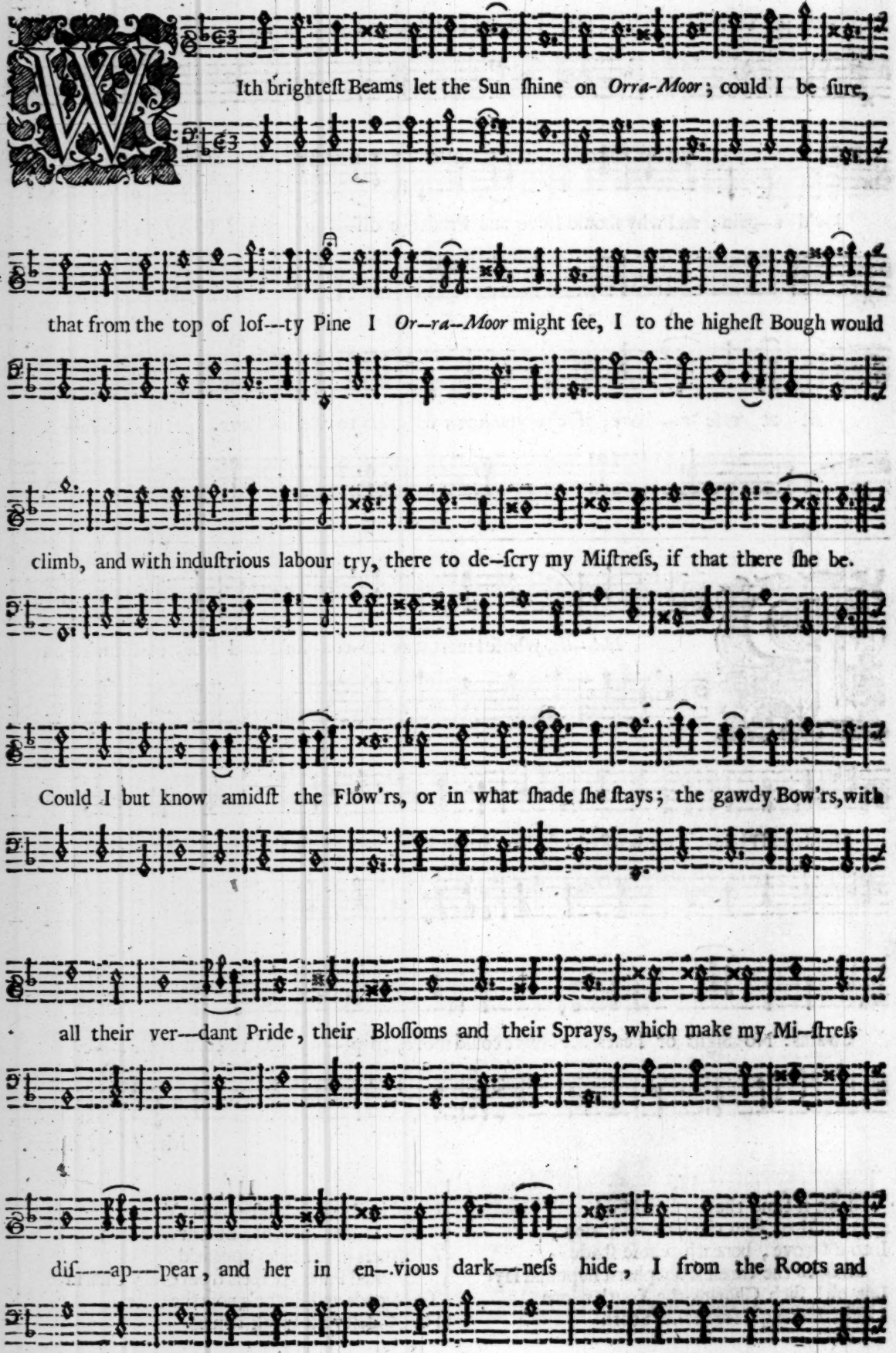
II.

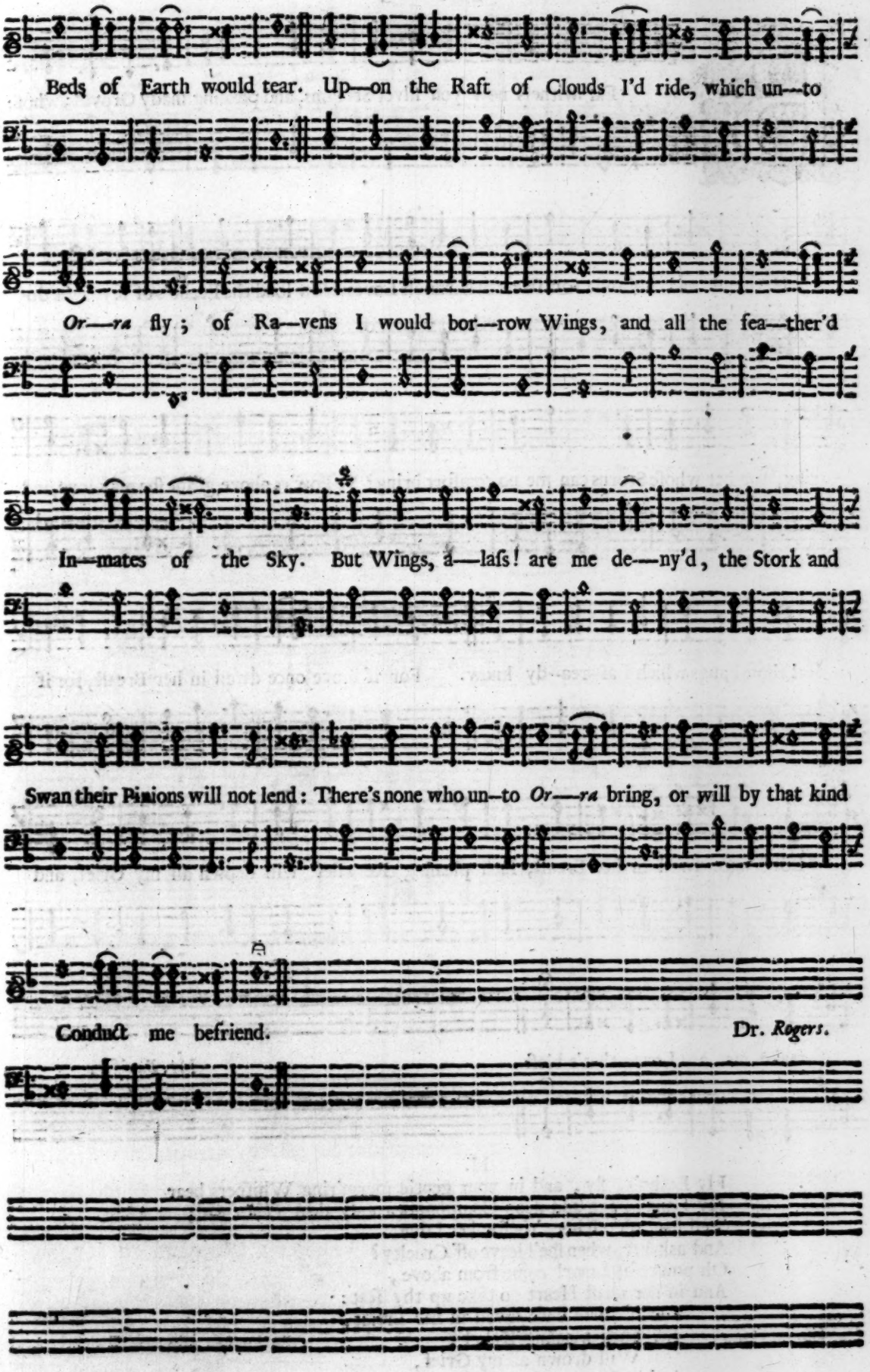
'Till on a time the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Strephon the careless Shepherd slept and lay.
But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

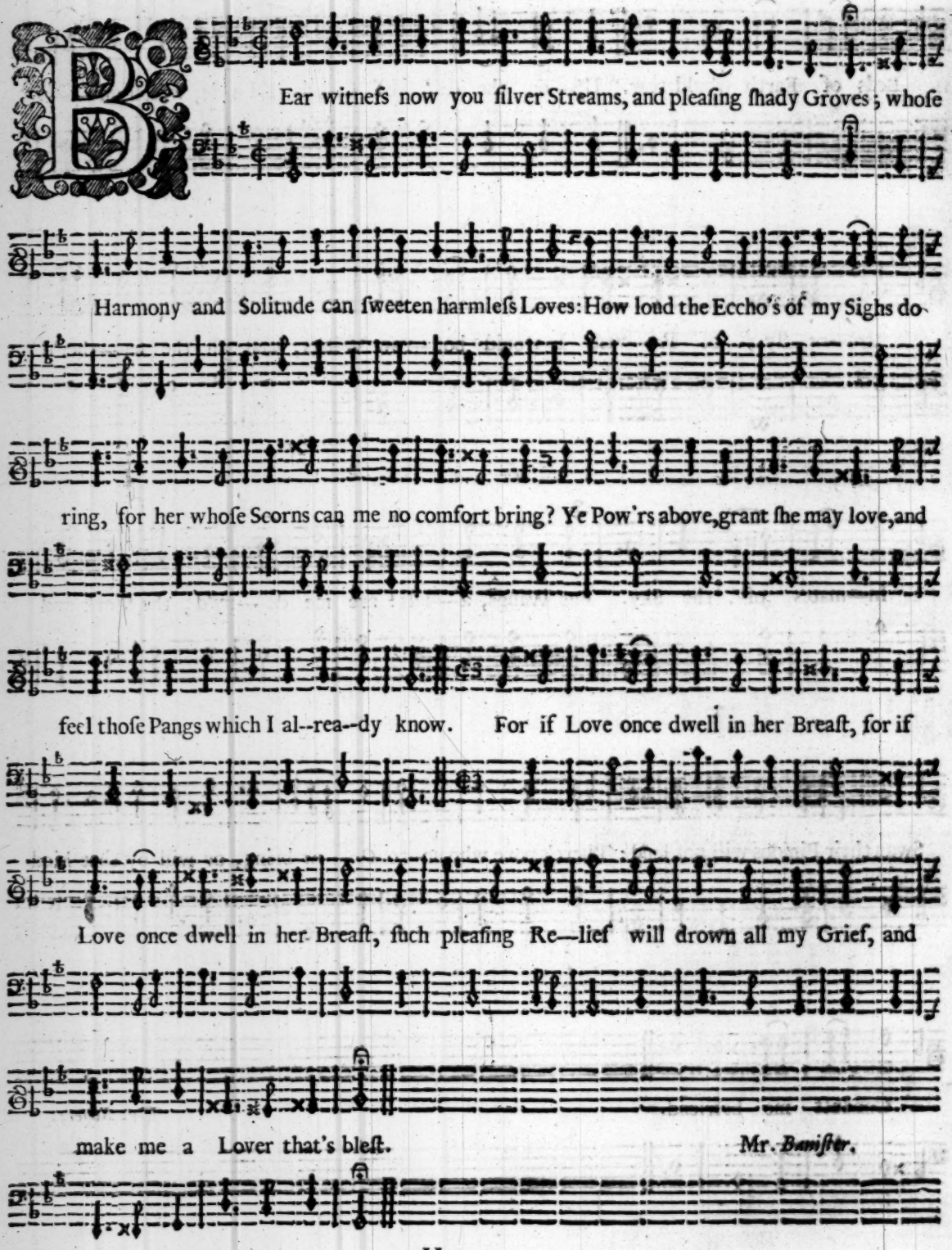
III.

Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm.
To Woods and Eccho's now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

ORRA-MOOR, a *Lapland* Song.

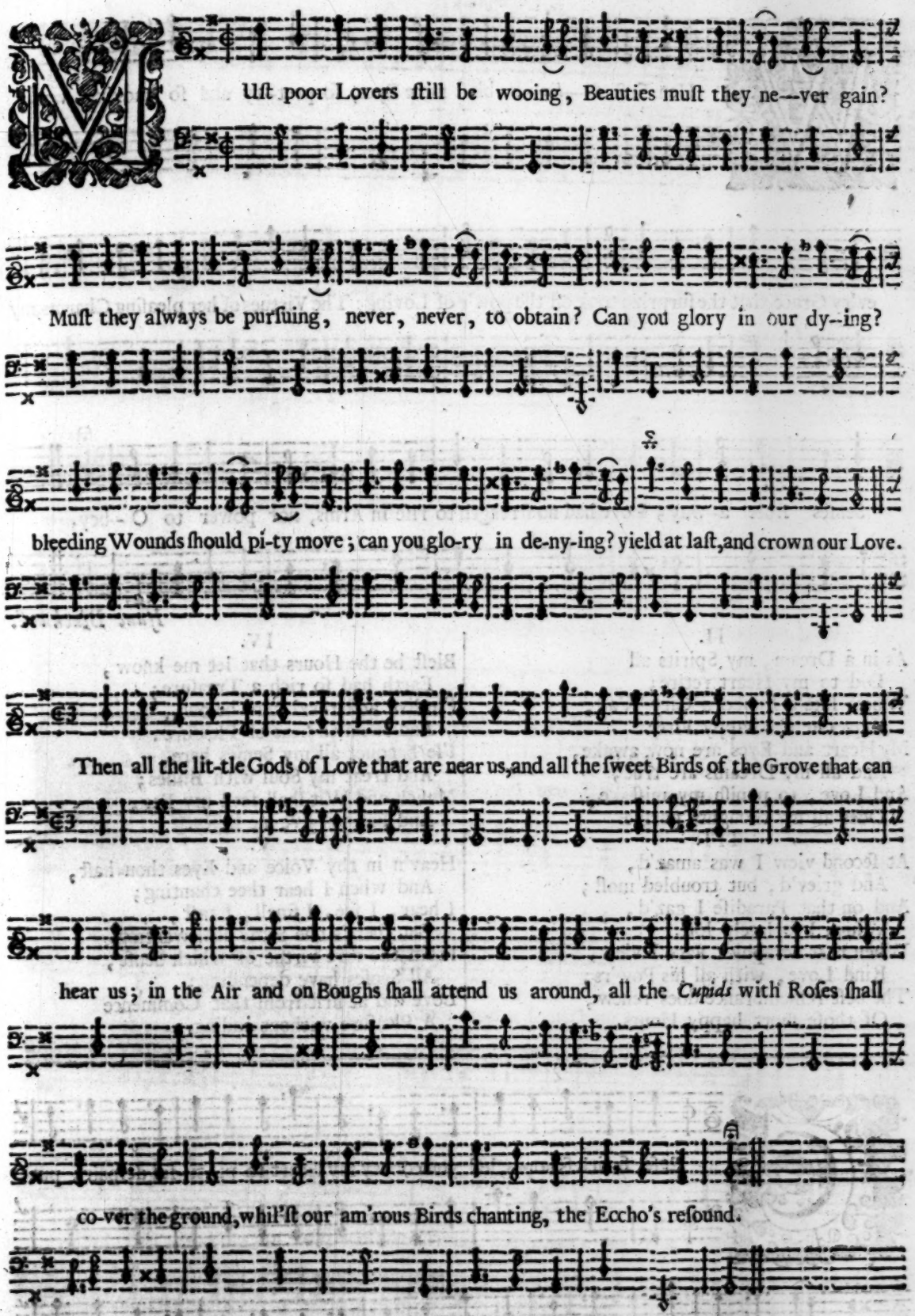



Beds of Earth would tear. Up—on the Raft of Clouds I'd ride, which un—to
Or—ra fly; of Ra—vens I would bor—row Wings, and all the fea—ther'd
In—mates of the Sky. But Wings, a—lafs! are me de—ny'd, the Stork and
Swan their Pinions will not lend: There's none who un—to Or—ra bring, or will by that kind
Conduct me befriend.
Dr. Rogers.



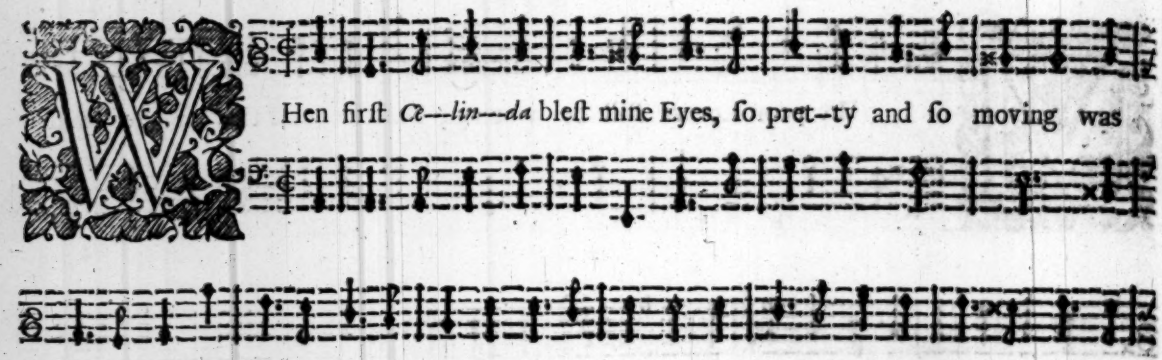
II.

Fly Eccho's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whiſpers bear
My Languiſhing and deep Complaints to my dear *Phillis* ear;
Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye,
And ask her, when ſhe'l leave off Cruelty?
Oh powerful Love! come from above,
And in her chaſt Heart go take up thy ſeat:
For if Love once dwell in her Breaſt,
Such pleaſing Relief
Will drown all my Grief,
And make me a Lover that's bleſt.



II.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths ſurrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we lye;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
There both killing, we'l both dye.
Thy bright Eyes ſhall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inſpire me,
With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods, *&c.*



Iſaac Blackwell.

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all
Did to my Heart retire;
Which like a ſtubborn City Wall,
Kept out the happy Fire:
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,
And all my Dreams are true;
And Love, to puniſh my miſtake,
Does all my thoughts purſue.

III.

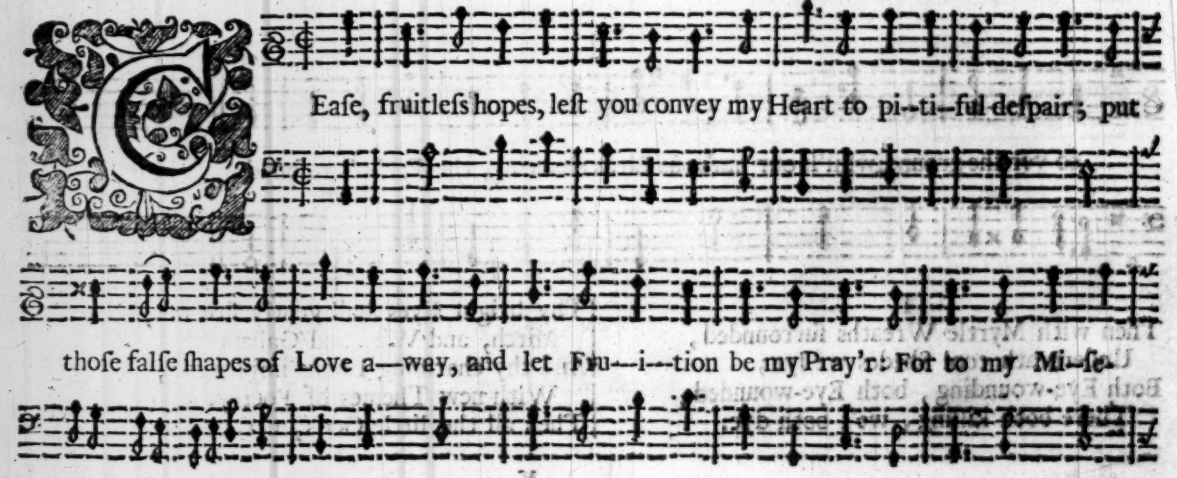
At ſecond view I was amaz'd,
And griev'd, but troubled moſt;
And on that Paradiſe I gaz'd,
Which I ſo lately loſt.
When that Seraphick Face I view,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The beſt remembrance does renew,
Of thoſe ſhort happy Hours.

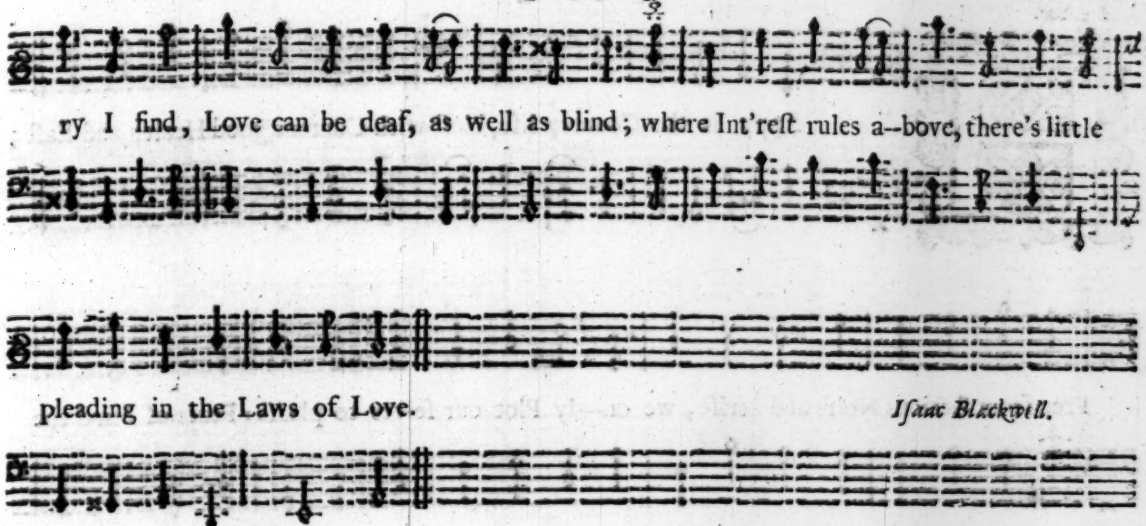
IV.

Bleſt be the Hours that let me know,
Earth had ſo rich a Treaſure;
I'le live and revel here below,
And ſwim in Seas of Pleaſure:
I'le banquet all my Senſes here,
And treat my Soul with Bliſſes;
Muſick and Wit ſhall feed my Ear,
And Beauty give me kiſſes.

V.

Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou haſt,
And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I ſee, I ſmell, I taſt,
But there's one Senſe ſtill wanting.
From the rare virtue of which Senſe,
All Senſes have depending;
Love did at firſt from that Commence
A Pleaſure without ending.



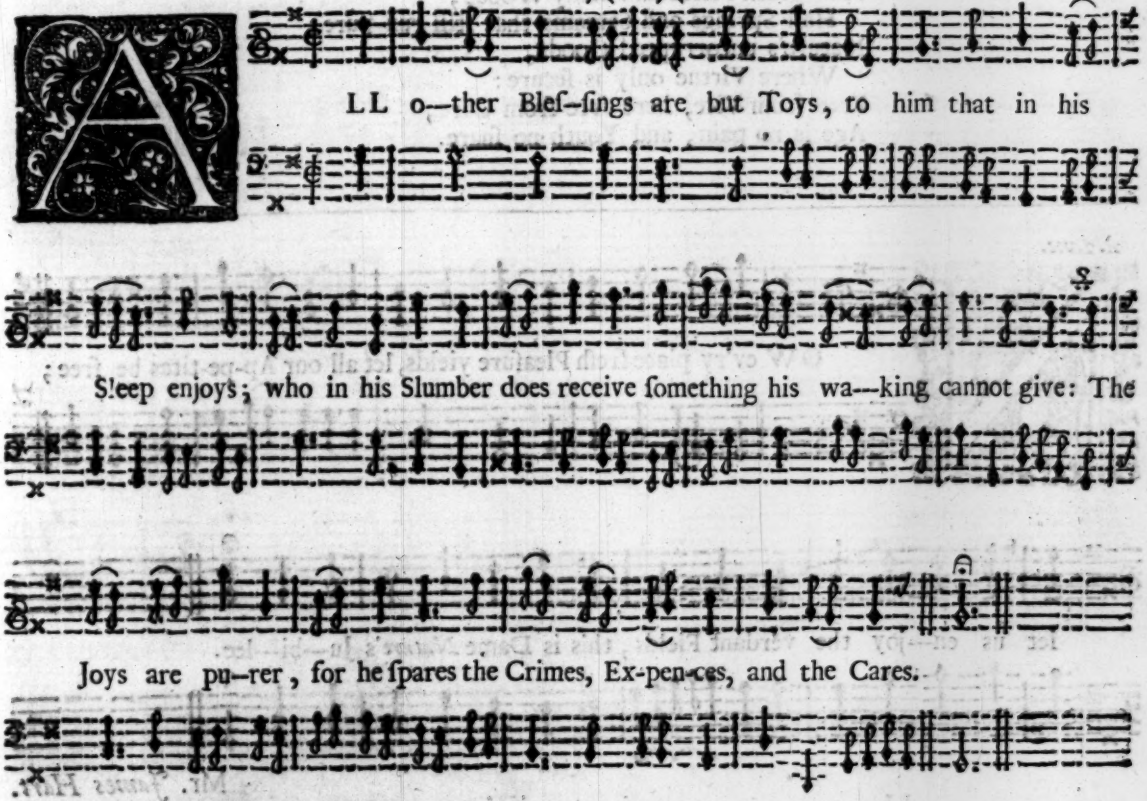


II.

How ſtrange a Vaſſal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's conſtrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'reſt muſt expreſs
The meaſure of true Love and Happineſs.

III.

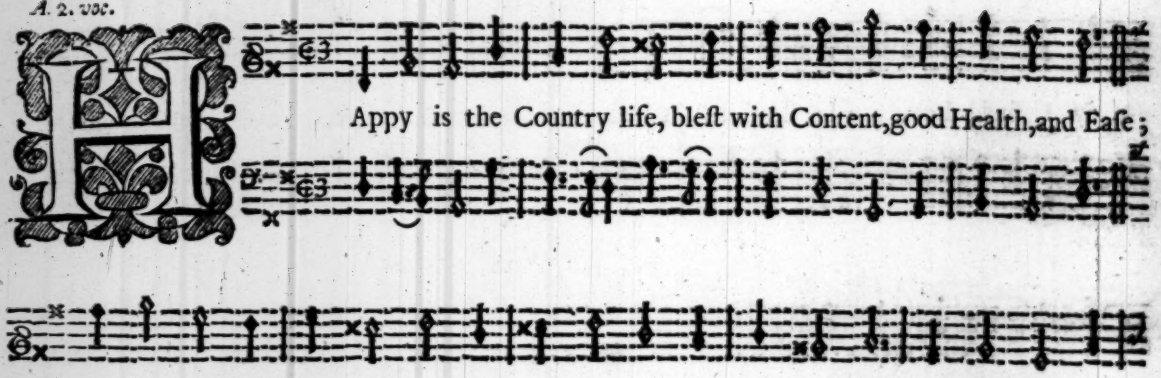
Affection ſhould be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civility,
Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms:
We ſtill obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal in Command
Do often ſtruggle for the upper hand.



II.

Thus when *Adonis* got the Stone,
To Love the Boy ſtill made his moan;
Venus the Queen of Beauty came,
And as he ſlept, ſhe cool'd his Flame:
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

A. 2. voc.

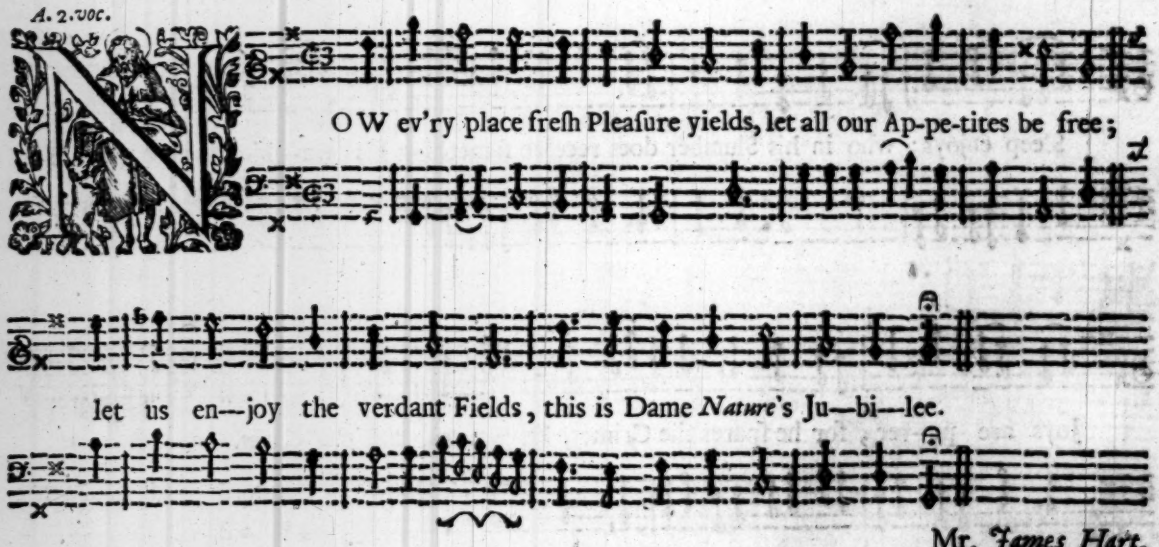


Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A. 2. voc.



Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

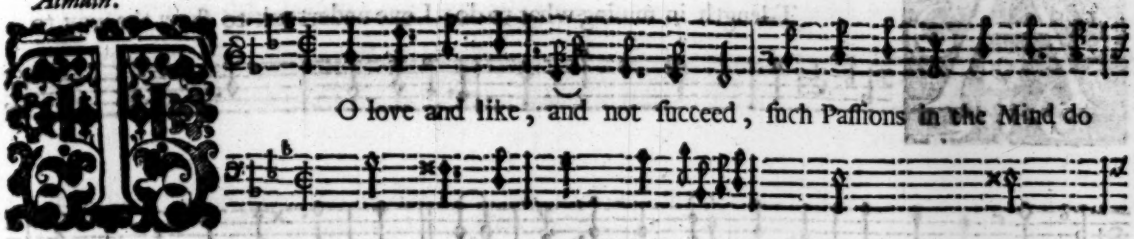
With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'l dance and sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours,
As to promote the growing Spring.

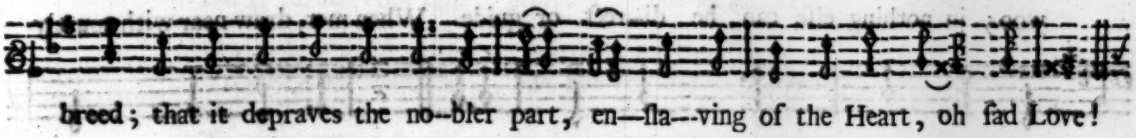
III.

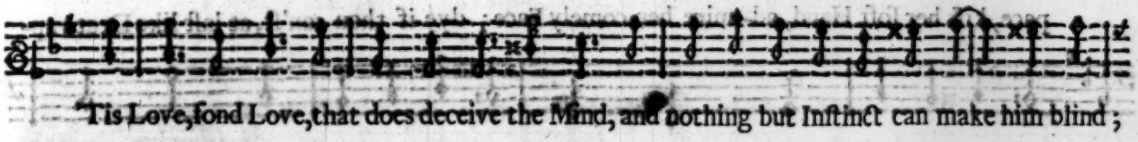
The *Sylvan* Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice;
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawns,
Loudly in Eccho's shall rejoyce.

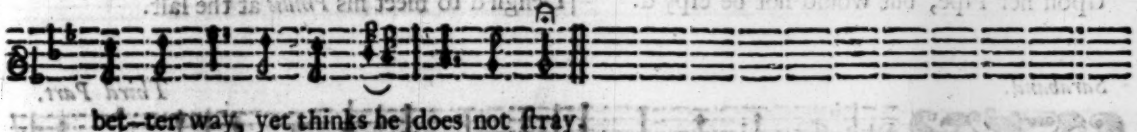
CORIDON *and* PHILLIS, *or the* Cautious Lover.

Almain.









Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Whoſe blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the falſe Dictates of a Foe,
Who like a Friend does ſhow,
Or like *Jove.*
So *Coridon* a harmleſs loving Swain,
Who willingly his *Phillis* would obtain;
But durſt not venture to diſcloſe the ſmart,
That Love, by an unlucky poyſon'd Dart,
Had ſhot into his Heart.

Courant.

Second Part.

T length in muſing what to do, Love undertook to ſhew the way to

woo; in nothing elſe can he di-rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly

pace, kiſs her ſoft Hand, ad-mire her comely Face; dye if thou can'ſt, at laſt like Death ap-

pear, then kiſs a-gain and ſmile, and ne-ver fear. Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

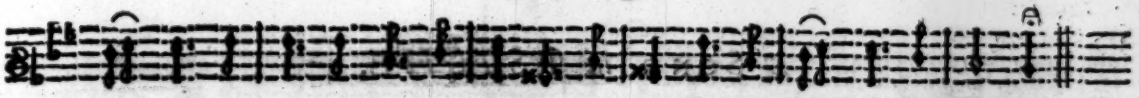
Go Swain, ſays he, and trace the way,
Where *Phillis* is accuſtomed to play
Upon her Pipe, but would not be eſpy'd.
He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;
But in deſpair not fearing Fortune's blaſt,
Deſign'd to meet his *Phillis* at the laſt.

Saraband.

Third Part.

O-ri-don met *Phil-lis* fair cloſe by a Ri-ver ſide,

walking up-on the Bank for to ſee the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! ſhe ſaid,



who e're diſ—co—vers that we walk thus a—lone, will conclude we are Lovers.

Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

She bluſh'd, he ſmiling ſaid, well met my deareſt Dear,
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet ſuch Joys here:
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;
But if Truth once appear, ſure it cannot be aſham'd.

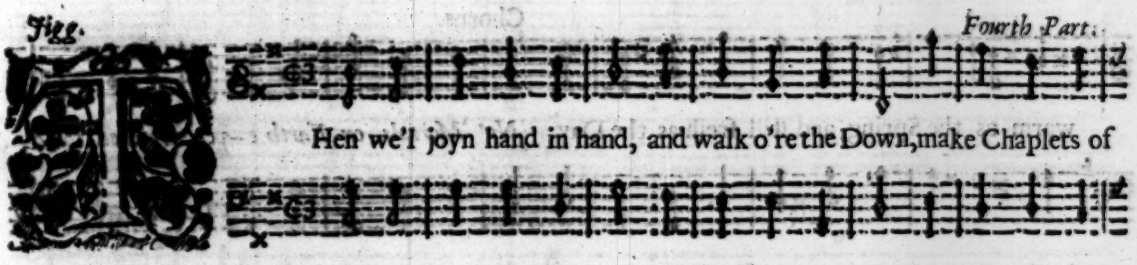
III.

If *Coridon* ſhould prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Paſſions ſhould reveal:
Unhappy ſhe'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beſide,
To yield unto a Swain at the firſt time that ſhe's try'd.

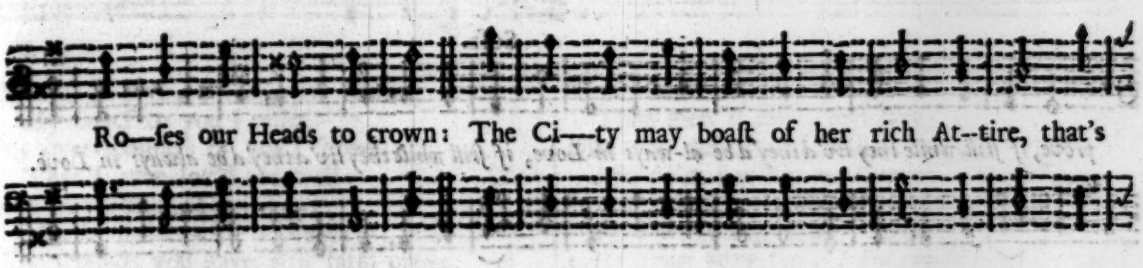
IV.

Let not fair *Phillis* fear, falſe Thoughts dare enter
Into this Breaſt of mine, where true Love has his Center;
For could I ſuſpect any falſe concluſion,---
I would firſt tell my Nymph, that my Ends were deluſion.

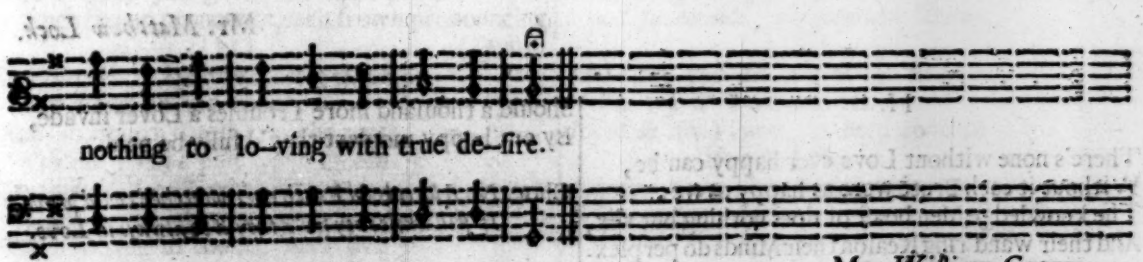
Fig. *Fourth Part.*



Hen we'l joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of



Ro—ſes our Heads to crown: The Ci—ty may boaſt of her rich At—tire, that's



nothing to lo—ving with true de—ſire.

Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,
Our Rural Delights ſhall pleaſe us as well;
No Jealouſie here ſhall diſturb our Minds,
While we ſing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

III.

When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may thergin have ſhare;
But we in our Love from that ſhall be free,
And none ſhall more happily live than we.

IV.

When thou with thy Pipe ſhalt good Muſick make,
Then we with our Feet will true Meaſures take;
And thus will we ſpend the day in Delight,
And be no leſs pleaſant when it is night.

A Song in PSYCHE.

A. 2. voc.

ALL joy to fair *Pſyche* in this hap--py place, and to our great

Maſter who her ſhall embrace; may never his Love nor her Beau--ty de---cay, but be

Chorus.

warm as the Spring, and ſtill freſh as the Day. *No Mortals on Earth e--ver wretched could*

Soft.

prove, if ſtill while they liv'd they'd be al-ways in Love, if ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

Mr. *Matthew Lock.*

II.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we;
The knowledge Men boaſt of does nothing but vex,
And their wand'ring Reaſon their Minds do perplex.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in love.

III.

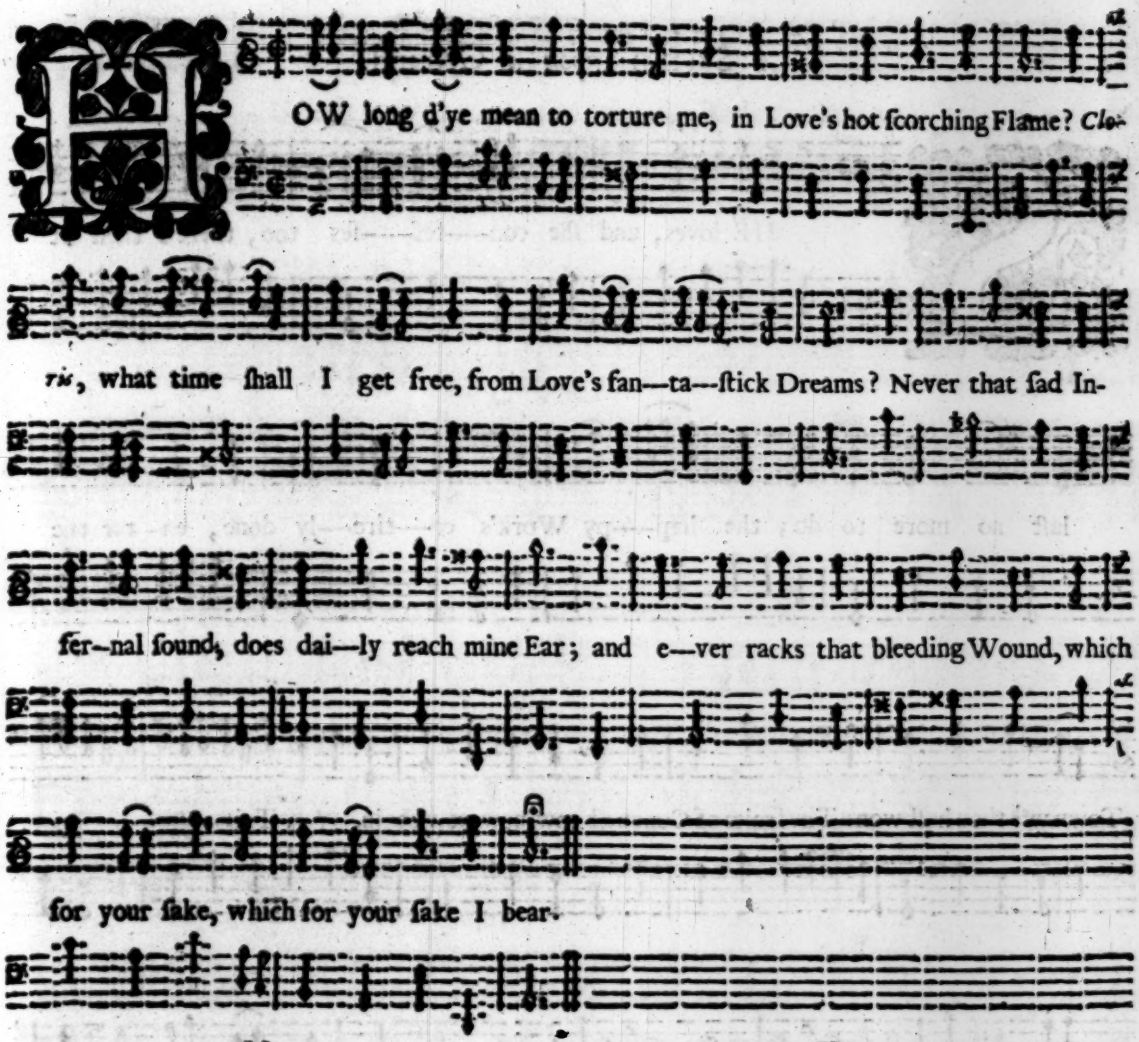
Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights,
But were he ſtill peſter'd with Cares & with Frights;
Should a thouſand more Troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

IV.

Then loſe not a Moment, but in pleaſure employ it,
For a Moment once loſt will always be ſo;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And puſh on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.



II.

That I do love, *Cloris*, you know,
My Grief to you I tell;
My over-fondneſs of you, ſhows
That I have lov'd too well:
And in requital of my Love,
You blaſt me with a breath;
The wounds you gave will fatal prove,
Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing Death.

III.

It grieves my Heart to ſee you chuſe
My Rival in my room;
And unconcern'd tell him the news,
On me you've paſt your Doom.
My injur'd Ghoſt when e're I dye,
Shall never let you reſt;
But hovering in the Air ſhall fly,
And ſteal, and ſteal into your Breaſt.

IV.

Thus I torment my ſelf, and doubt,
That you unconſtant are;
You know true Love is ne're without
Great Jealouſies and Fears.
Then pardon the diſtracted Thoughts,
Of one you know is true;
One Love has in ſubjection brought,
And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you.

V.

If you have any pity left,
Then ſhew it now, and ſave
Him who deſpairs of finding reſt,
And do'nt you dig my Grave:
For if I dye through your neglect,
Pray write this on my Tomb;
My Judge being fair, I did expect
A favourable, a favourable Doom.

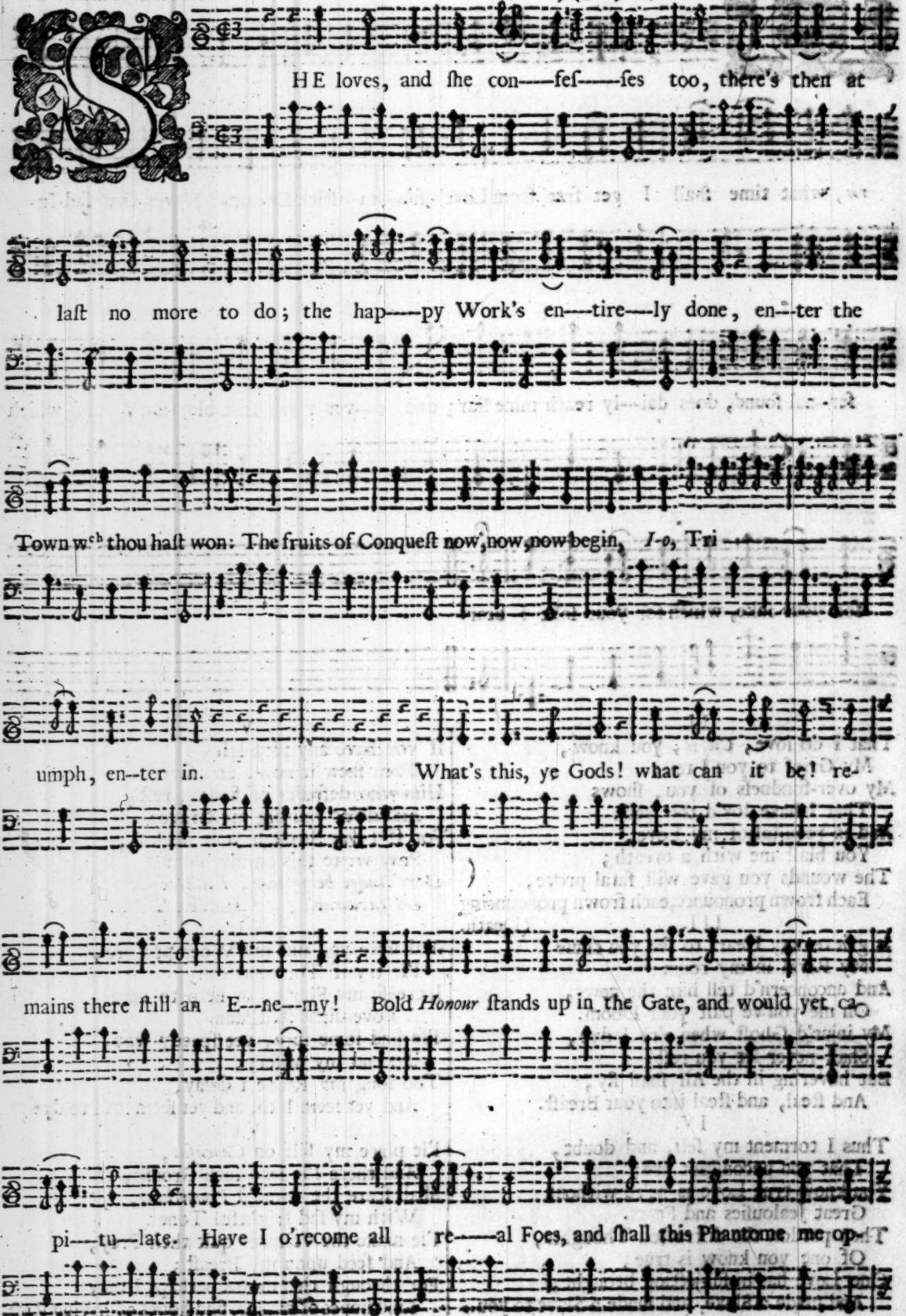
VI.

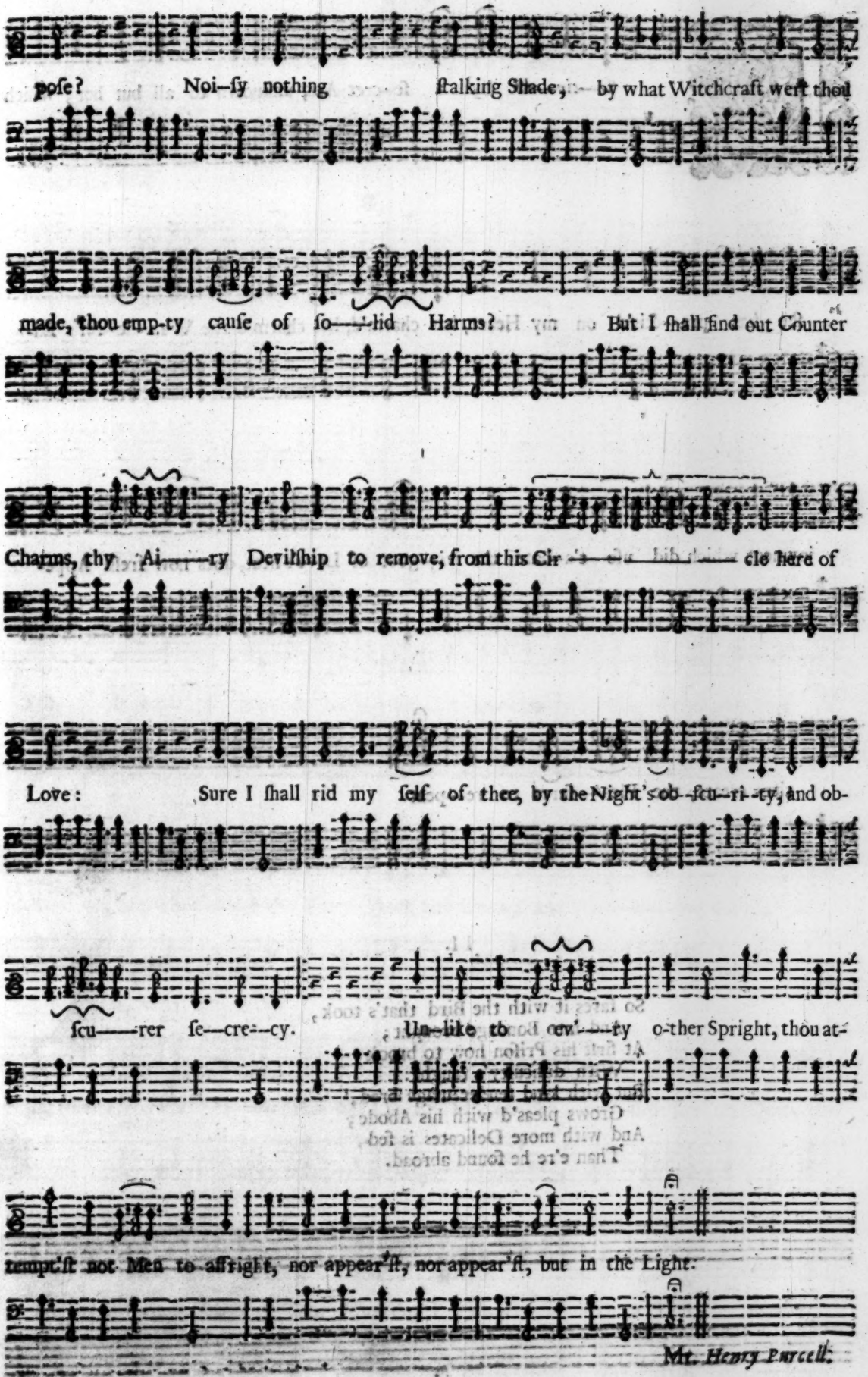
And ſince you did my Woes procure,
I'le try if Torments can
Increaſe my Flame, or help to cure
A Love-diſtracted Man.
I'le find ſome ſure, yet ſpeedy way,
To end my Miſery;
Too long my Ruine I delay,
And yet ſeem loth, and yet ſeem loth to dye.

VII.

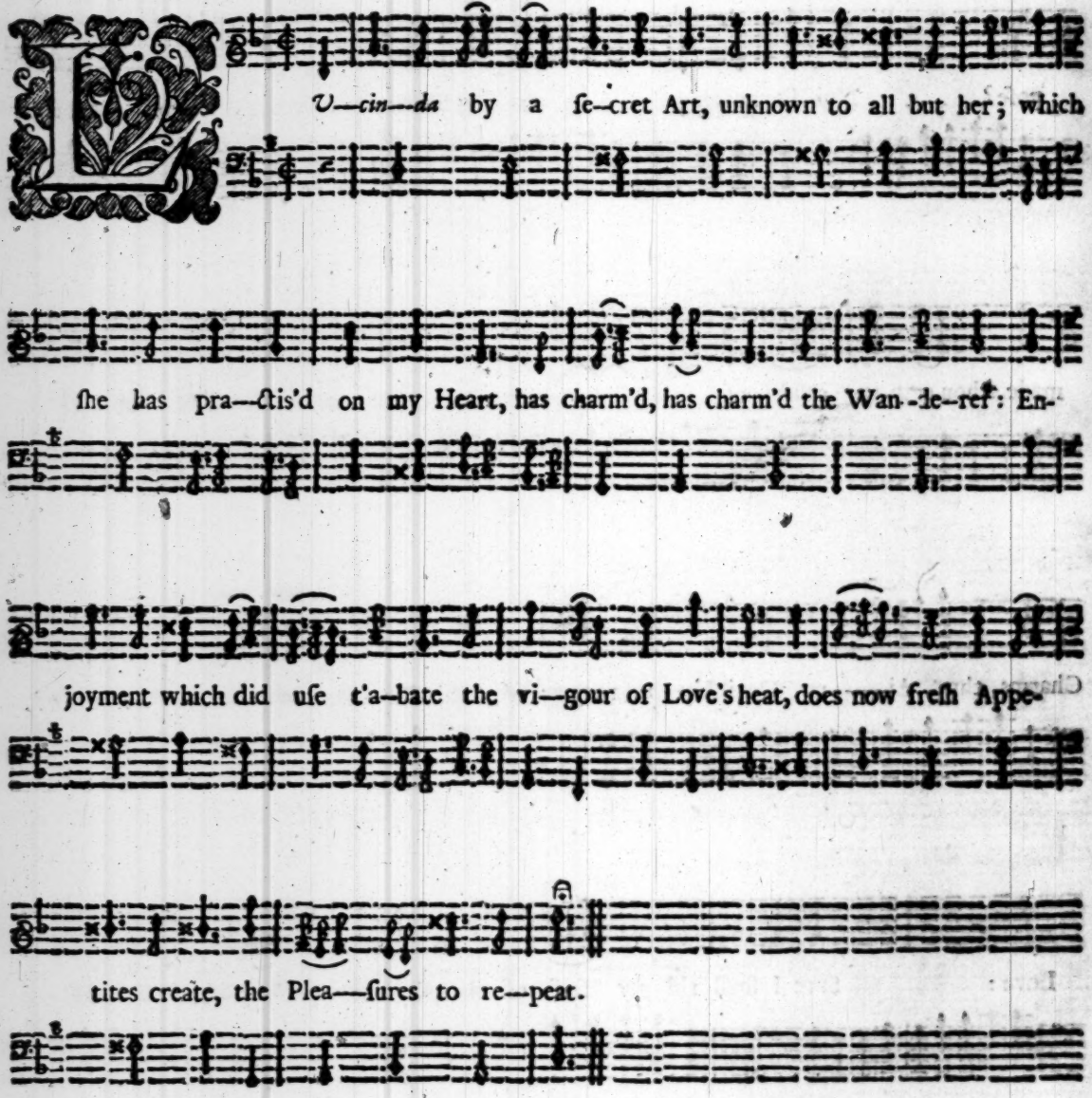
I'le place my ſelf on *Caucaſus*,
And there I'le lend ſuch Groans,
Shall ſcare the damn'd *Prometheus*,
With my ſad frightful Tones.
I'le make the Vultures quit their Prey,
And feed upon my Breaſt;
For through this means perhaps I may
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Reſt.

A SONG *upon a* Ground.



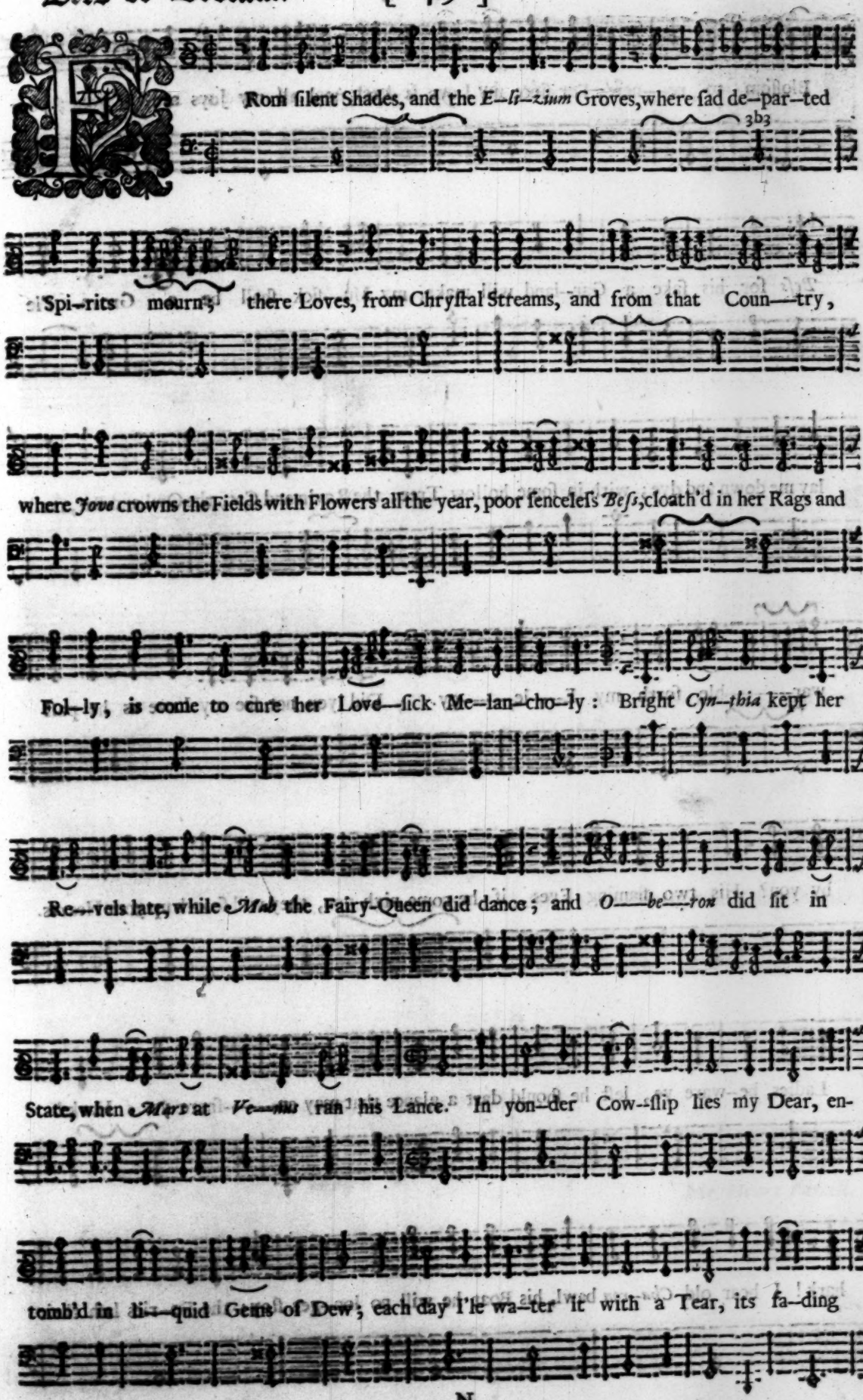


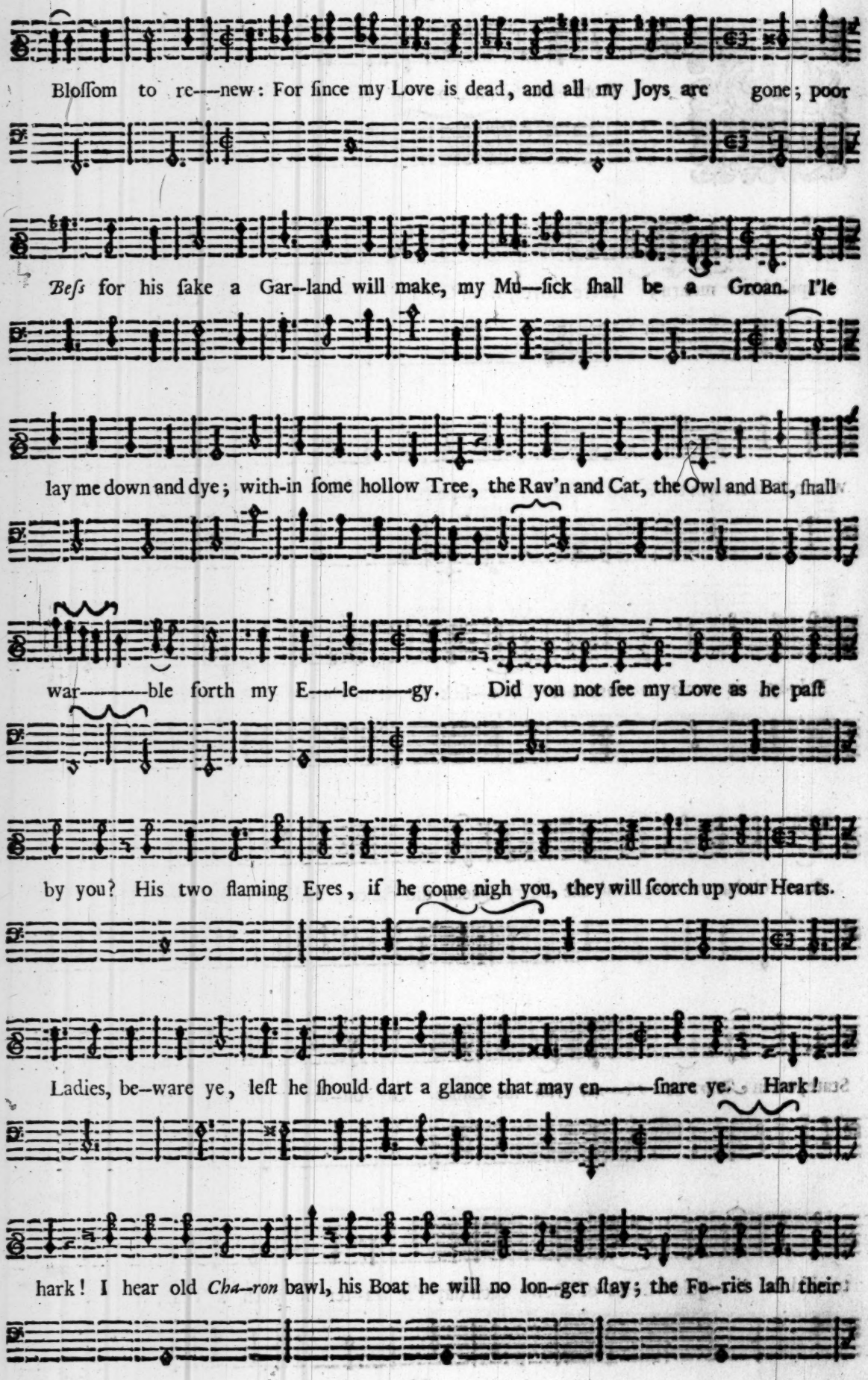
Mr. Henry Purcell.

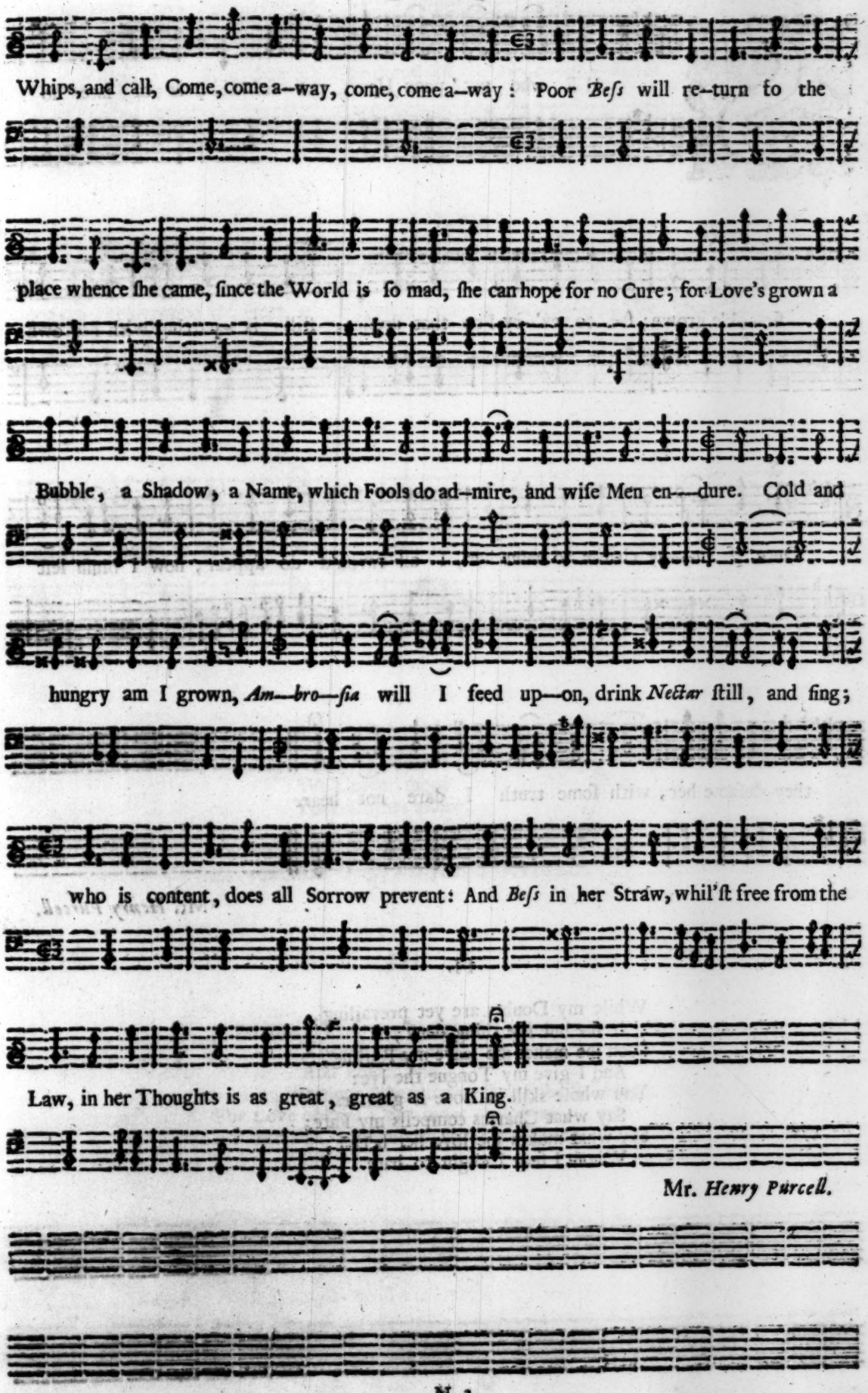


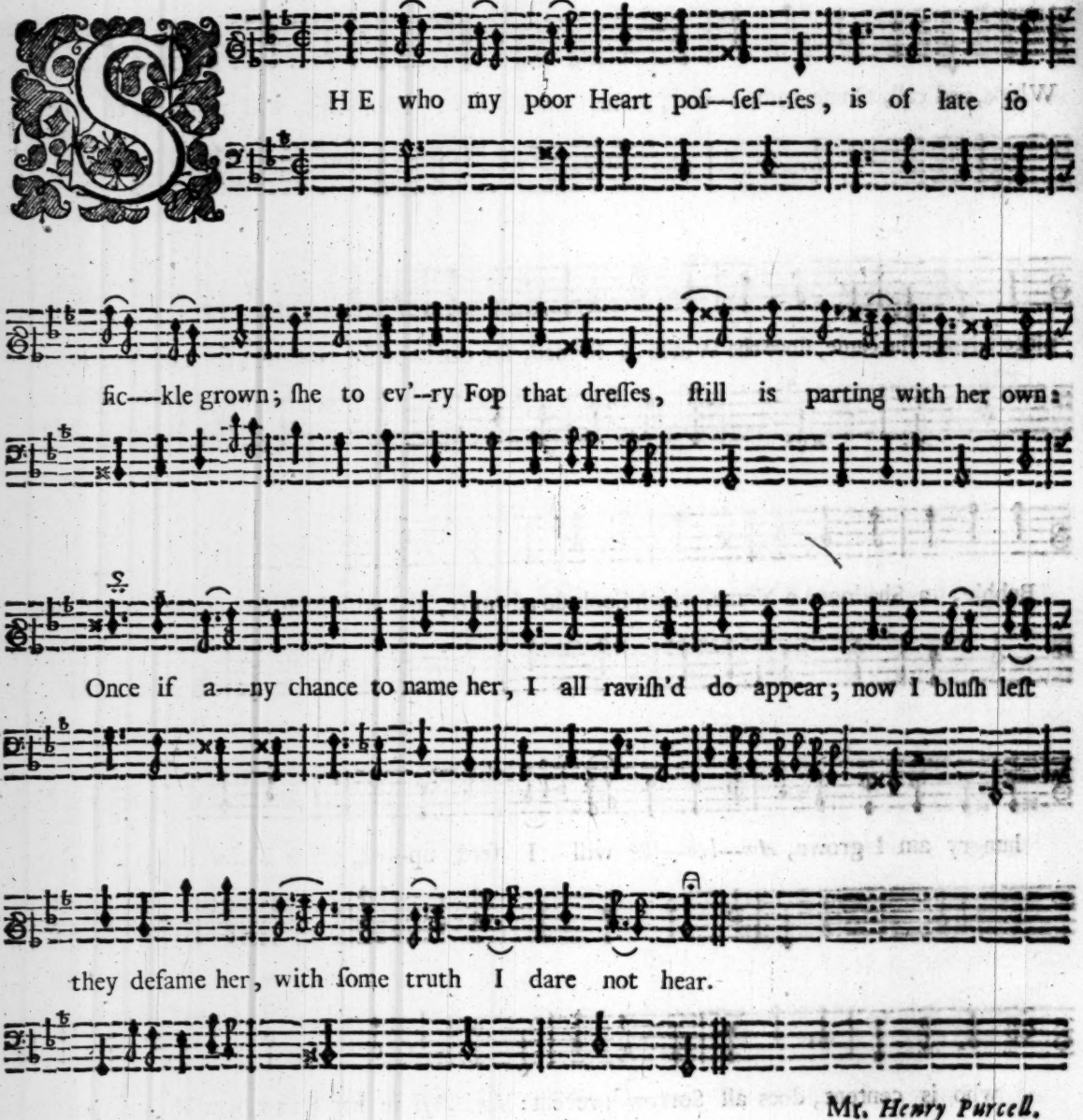
II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At firſt his Priſon how to brook,
With difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender uſage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.


From ſilent Shades, and the E--li--zium Groves, where ſad de--par--ted
Spi--rits mourn; there Loves, from Chryſtal Streams, and from that Coun---try,
where Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor ſenceleſs Beſs, cloath'd in her Rags and
Fol--ly, is come to cure her Love---ſick Me--lan--cho--ly: Bright Cyn--thia kept her
Re---vels late, while Mab the Fairy-Queen did dance; and O---be---ron did ſit in
State, when Mars at Ve---nus ran his Lance. In yon--der Cow--ſlip lies my Dear, en-
tomb'd in li---quid Gems of Dew; each day I'le wa--ter it with a Tear, its fa--ding


Bloſſom to re---new: For ſince my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor
Beſs for his ſake a Gar--land will make, my Mu--ſick ſhall be a Groan. I'le
lay me down and dye; with-in ſome hollow Tree, the Rav'n and Cat, the Owl and Bat, ſhall
war------ble forth my E---le-----gy. Did you not ſee my Love as he paſt
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will ſcorch up your Hearts.
Ladies, be--ware ye, leſt he ſhould dart a glance that may en-----ſnare ye. Hark!
hark! I hear old Cha--ron bawl, his Boat he will no lon--ger ſtay; the Fu--ries laſh their

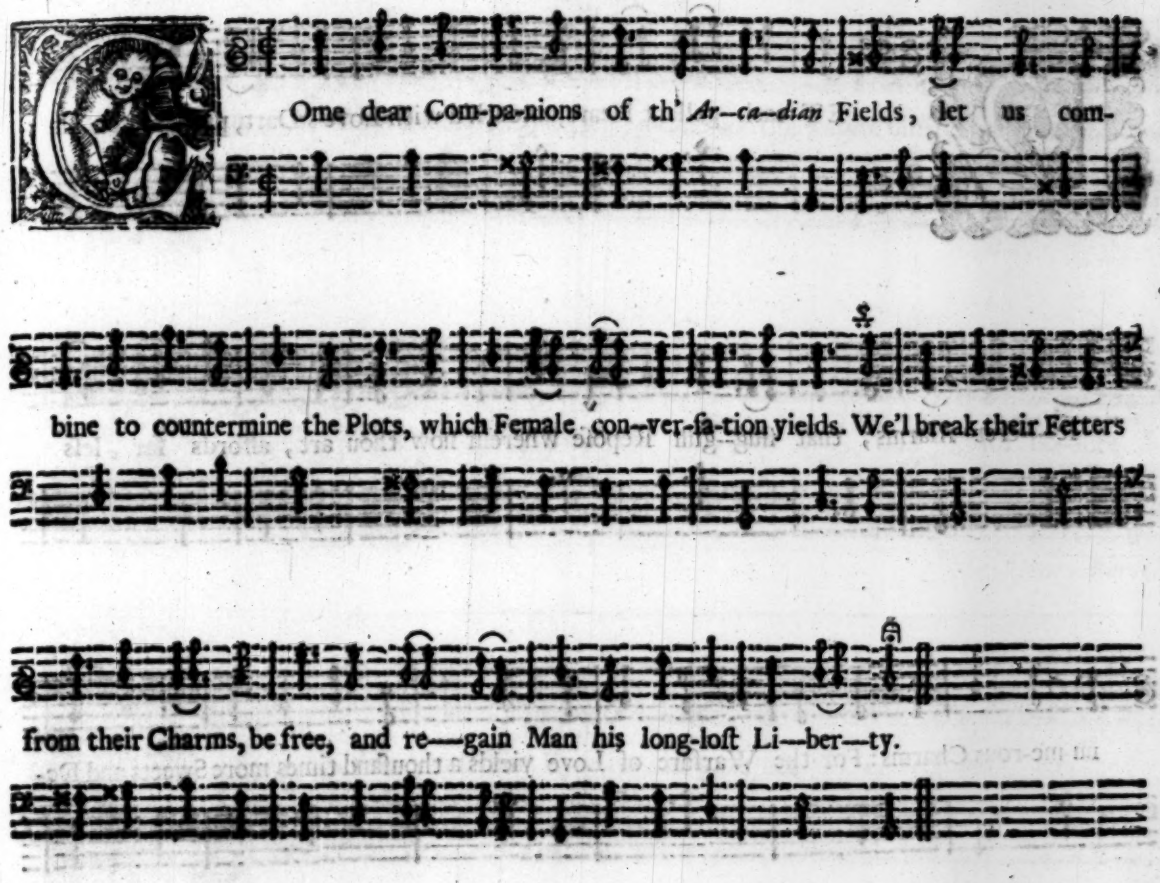

Whips, and call, Come, come a--way, come, come a--way: Poor Beſs will re--turn to the
place whence ſhe came, ſince the World is ſo mad, ſhe can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wiſe Men en---dure. Cold and
hungry am I grown, Am---bro---ſia will I feed up---on, drink Nectar ſtill, and ſing;
who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And Beſs in her Straw, whil'ſt free from the
Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If ſhe but the thing deny;
Soon ſhe makes me leave my Railing,
And I give my Tongue the lye:
You whoſe skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charms compells my Fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom I fear I ought to hate.



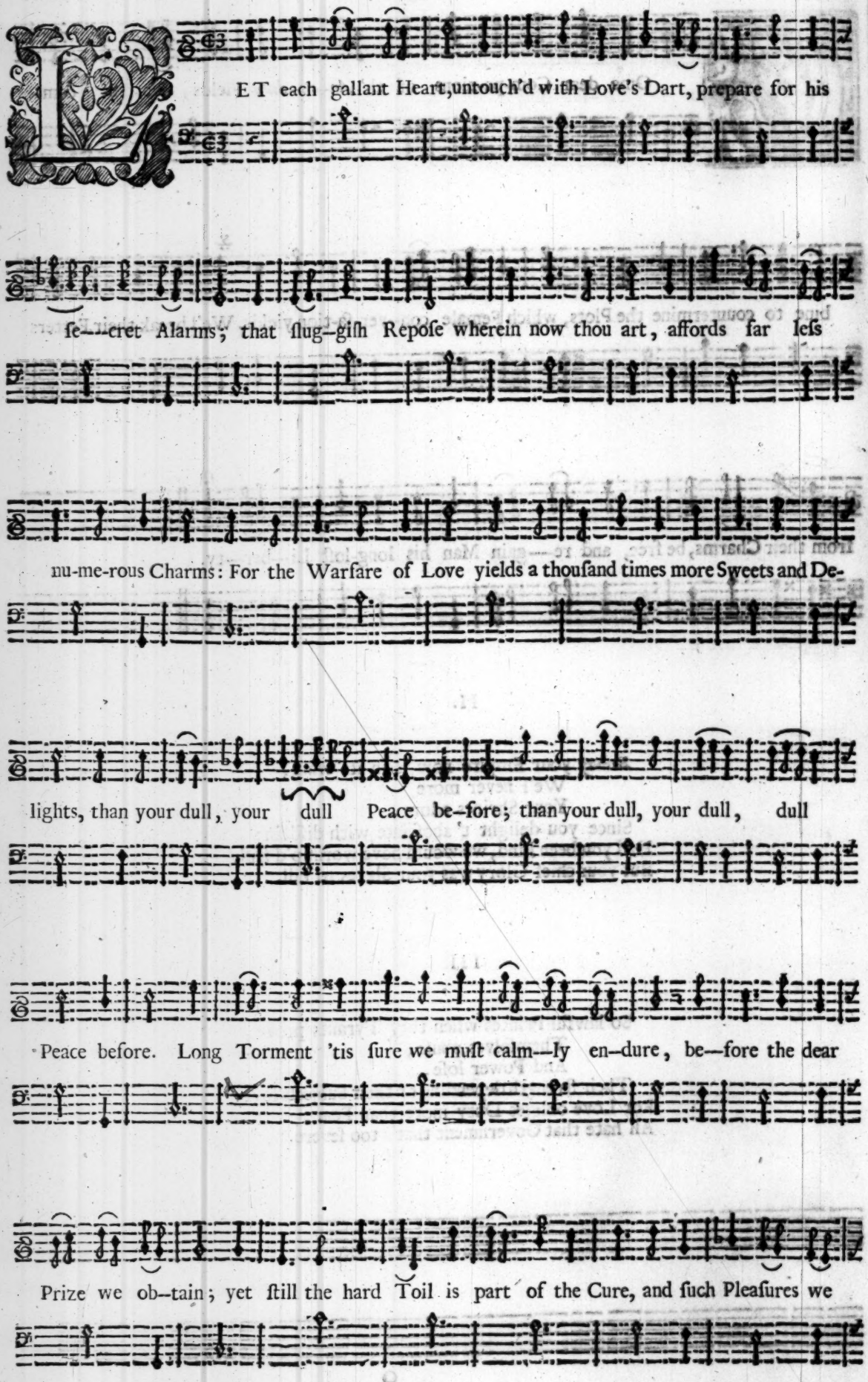
II.

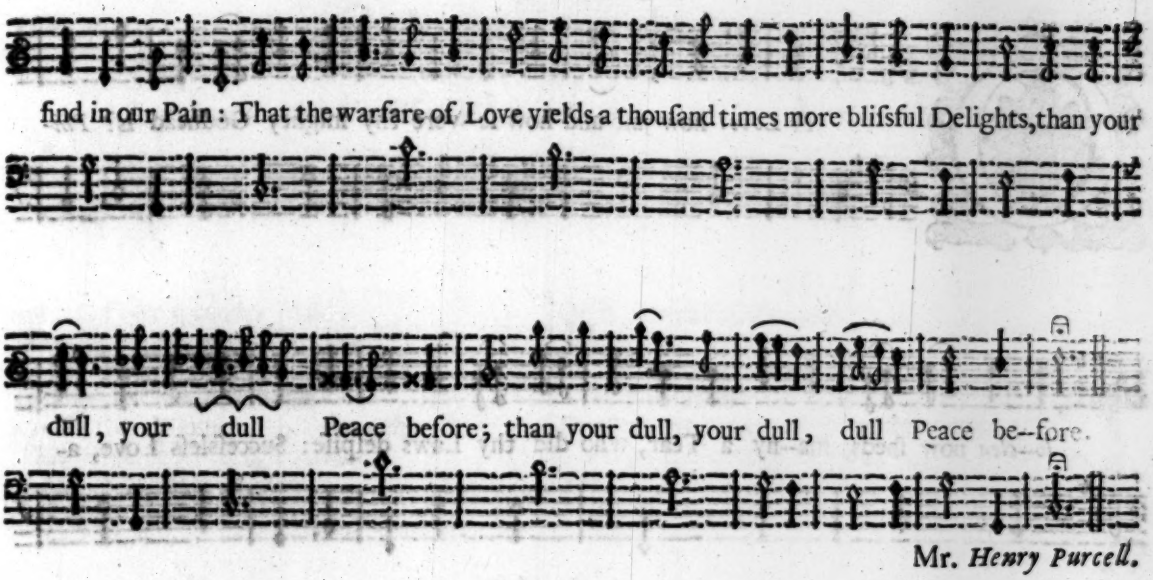
Beauty your Empire now is in its wain,
We'l never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight t' aboſciate with diſdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worſhip'd ſtill,
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themſelves abuſe,
And Power loſe,
Their ſtrength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Government that's too ſevere.

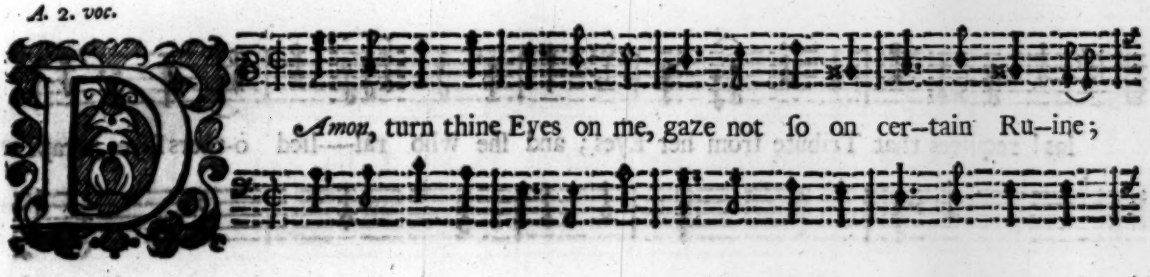
A Song to a Ground. *The words by* John Turner *Esq;*

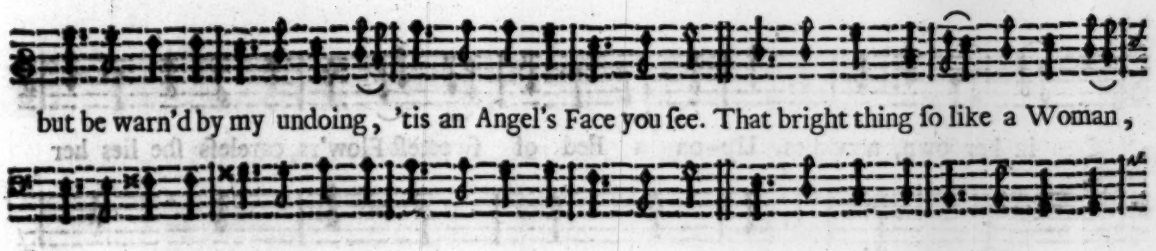


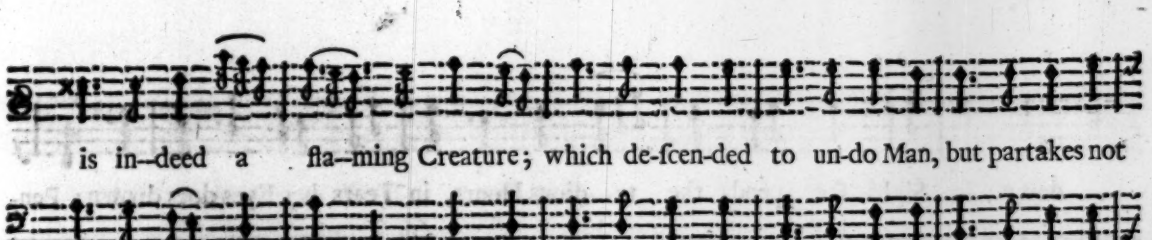


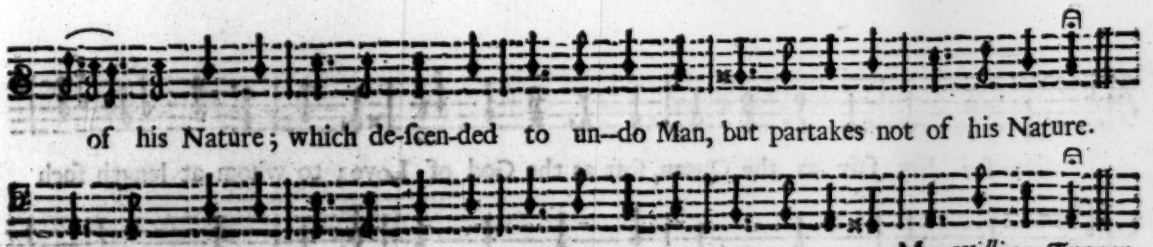
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A. 2. voc.

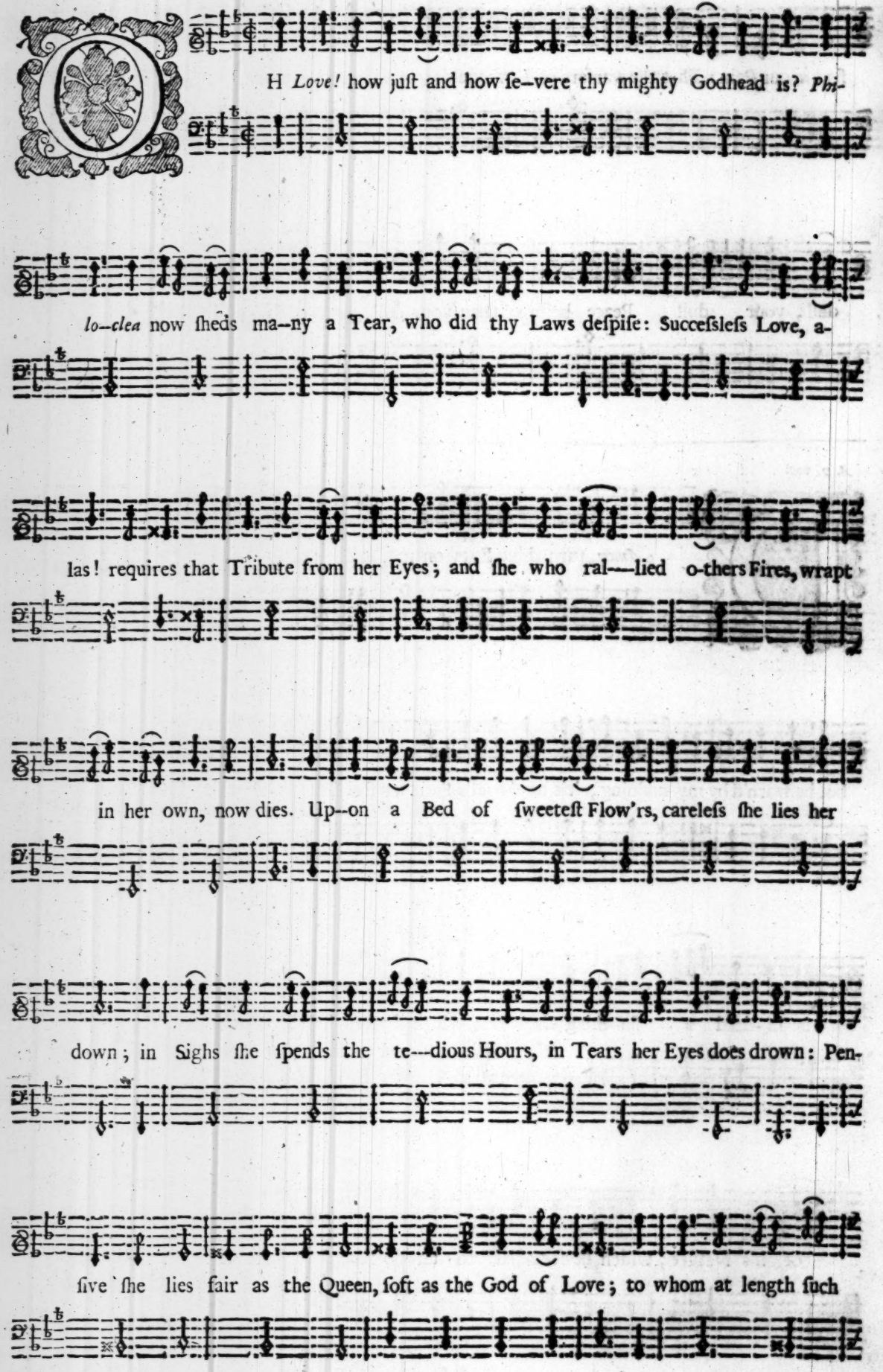


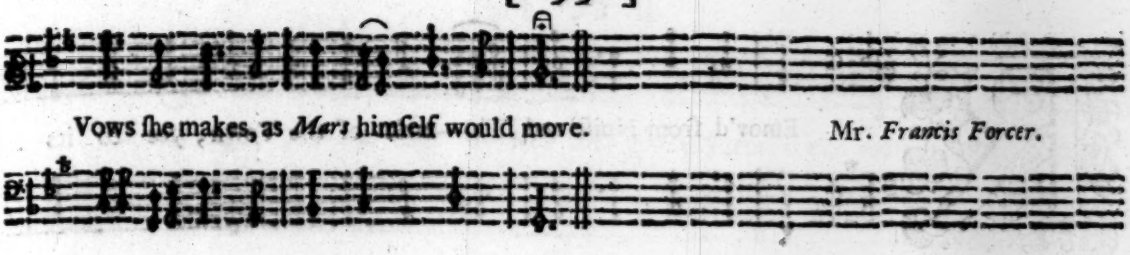






Mr. *William Turner.*


H *Love!* how juſt and how ſe--vere thy mighty Godhead is? *Phi-*
lo--clea now ſheds ma--ny a Tear, who did thy Laws deſpiſe: Succeſsleſs Love, a-
las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and ſhe who ral---lied o-thers Fires, wrapt
in her own, now dies. Up--on a Bed of ſweeteſt Flow'rs, careleſs ſhe lies her
down; in Sighs ſhe ſpends the te---dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown: Pen-
ſive ſhe lies fair as the Queen, ſoft as the God of Love; to whom at length ſuch



Vows ſhe makes, as *Mars* himſelf would move. Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

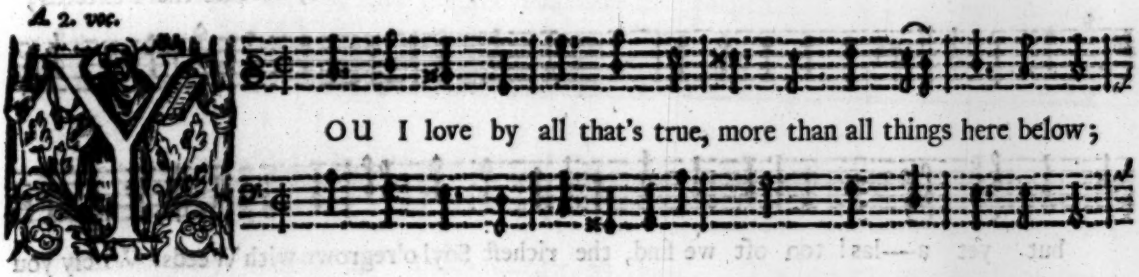
II.

Spare, O ſpare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
'Till by a faithleſs Swain betray'd,
In vain ſhe did Adore:
Encreaſe theſe Flames, that ſoon they may
This wretched Frame conſume;
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly ſeal my Doom.

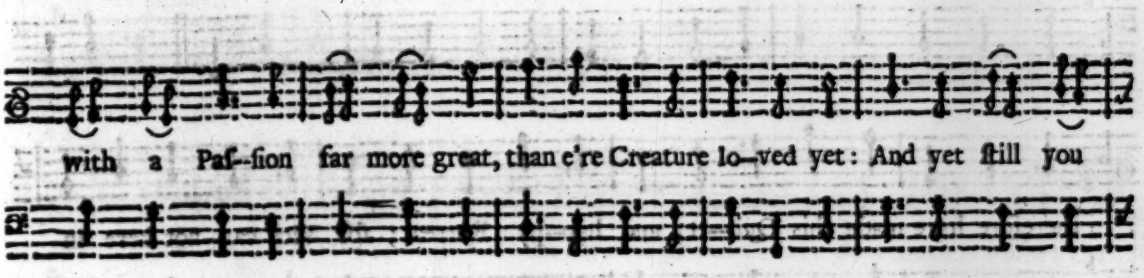
III.

Or if for paſt Offences,
Muſt linger out my days
In Torments conſtant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'le praiſe:
Deaf to my Vows, falſe to his own,
Perjur'd although he be;
Yet patiently I ſtill ſubmit,
To ſuffer Heaven and thee.

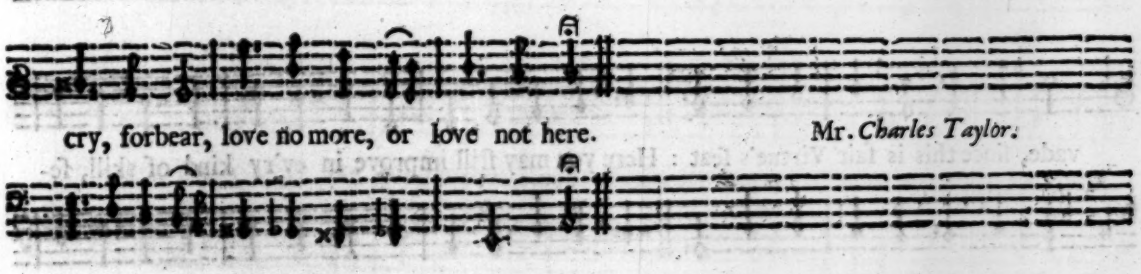
A 2. voc.



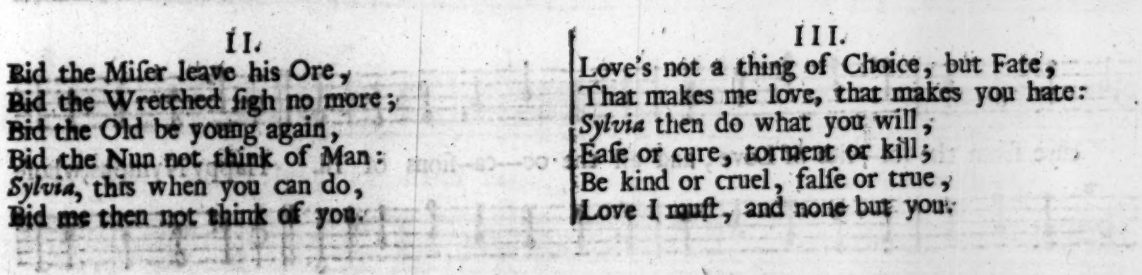
OU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below;



with a Paſ-ſion far more great, than e're Creature lo-ved yet: And yet ſtill you



cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here. Mr. *Charles Taylor.*

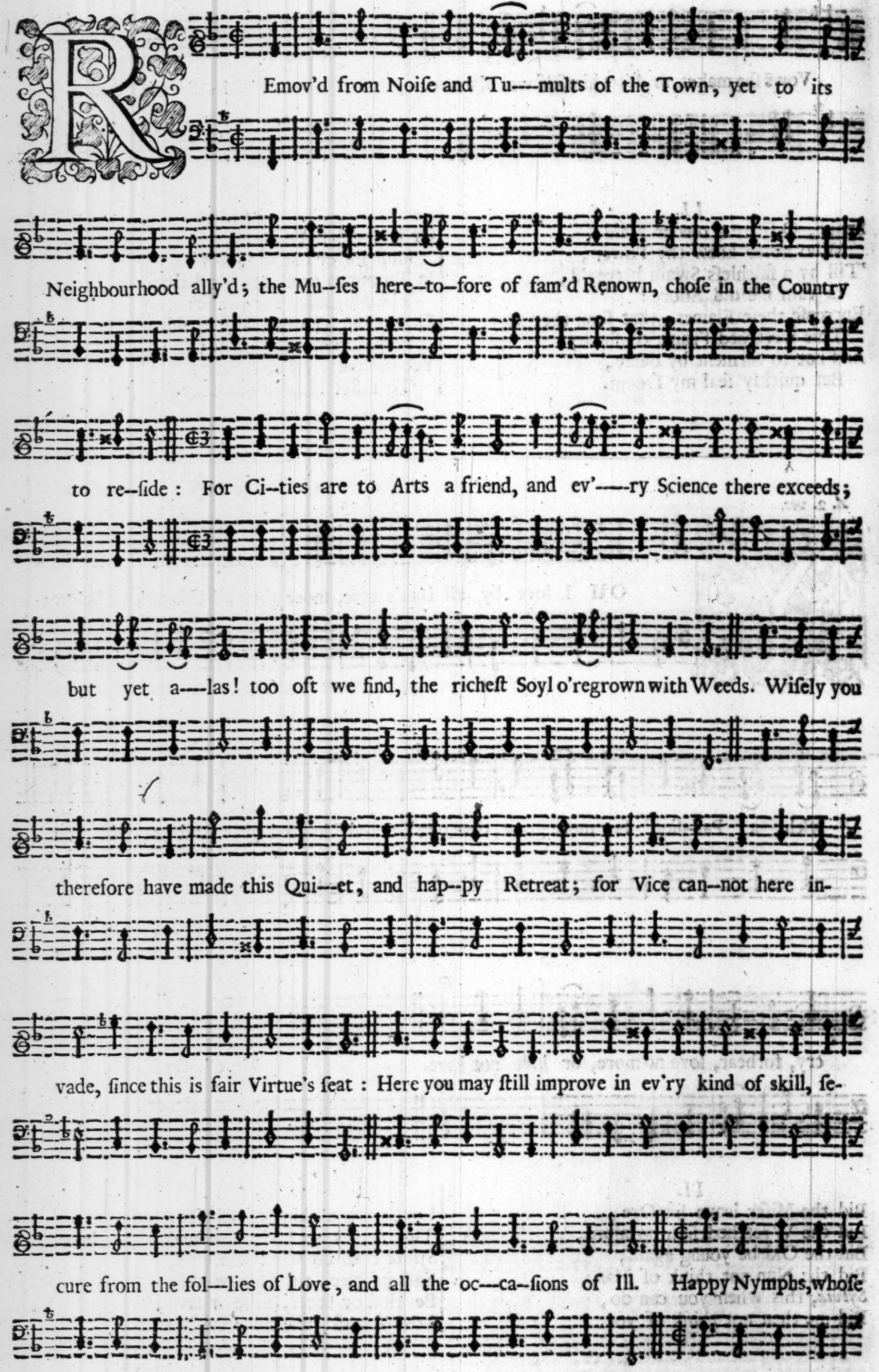


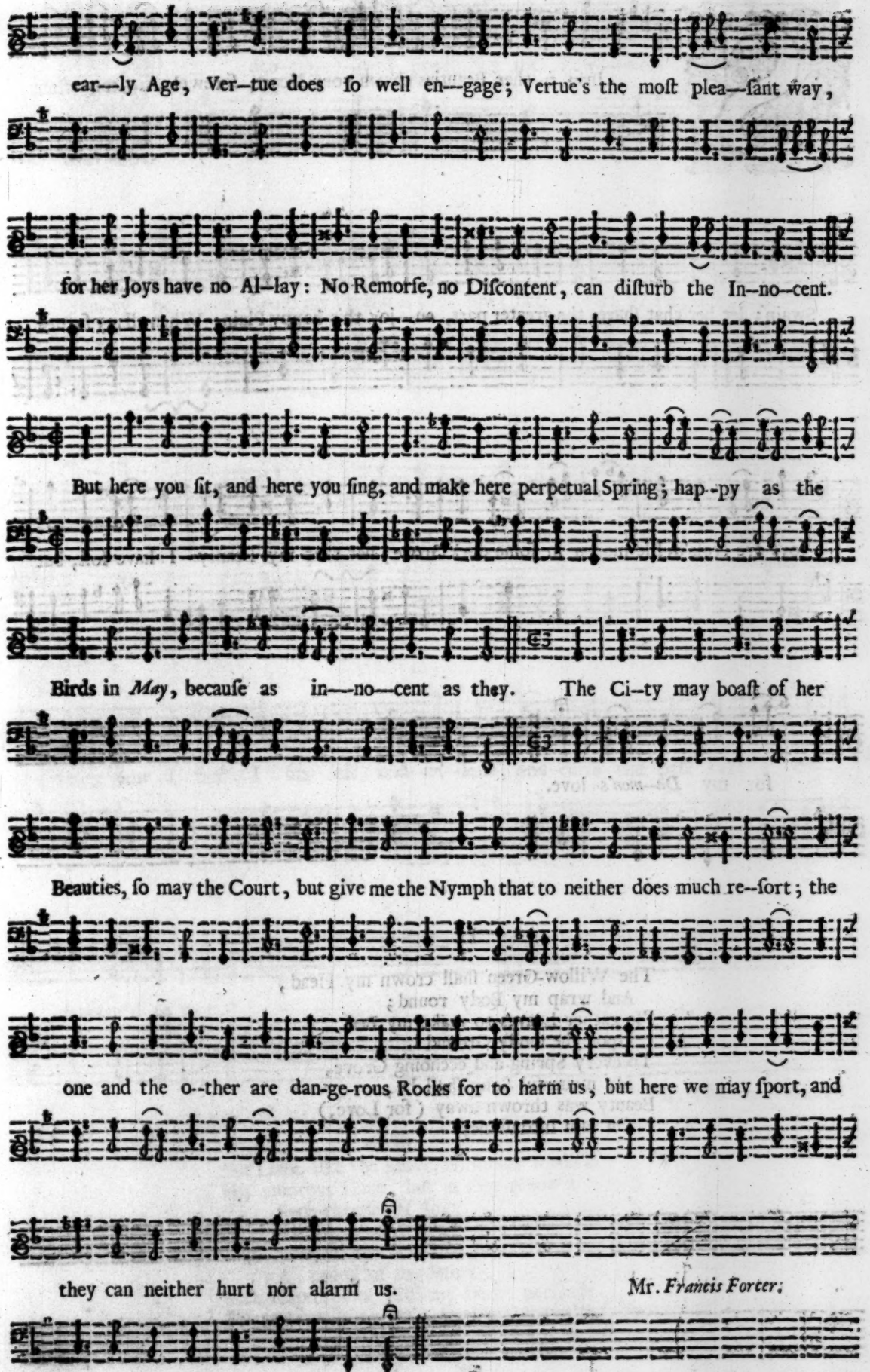
II.

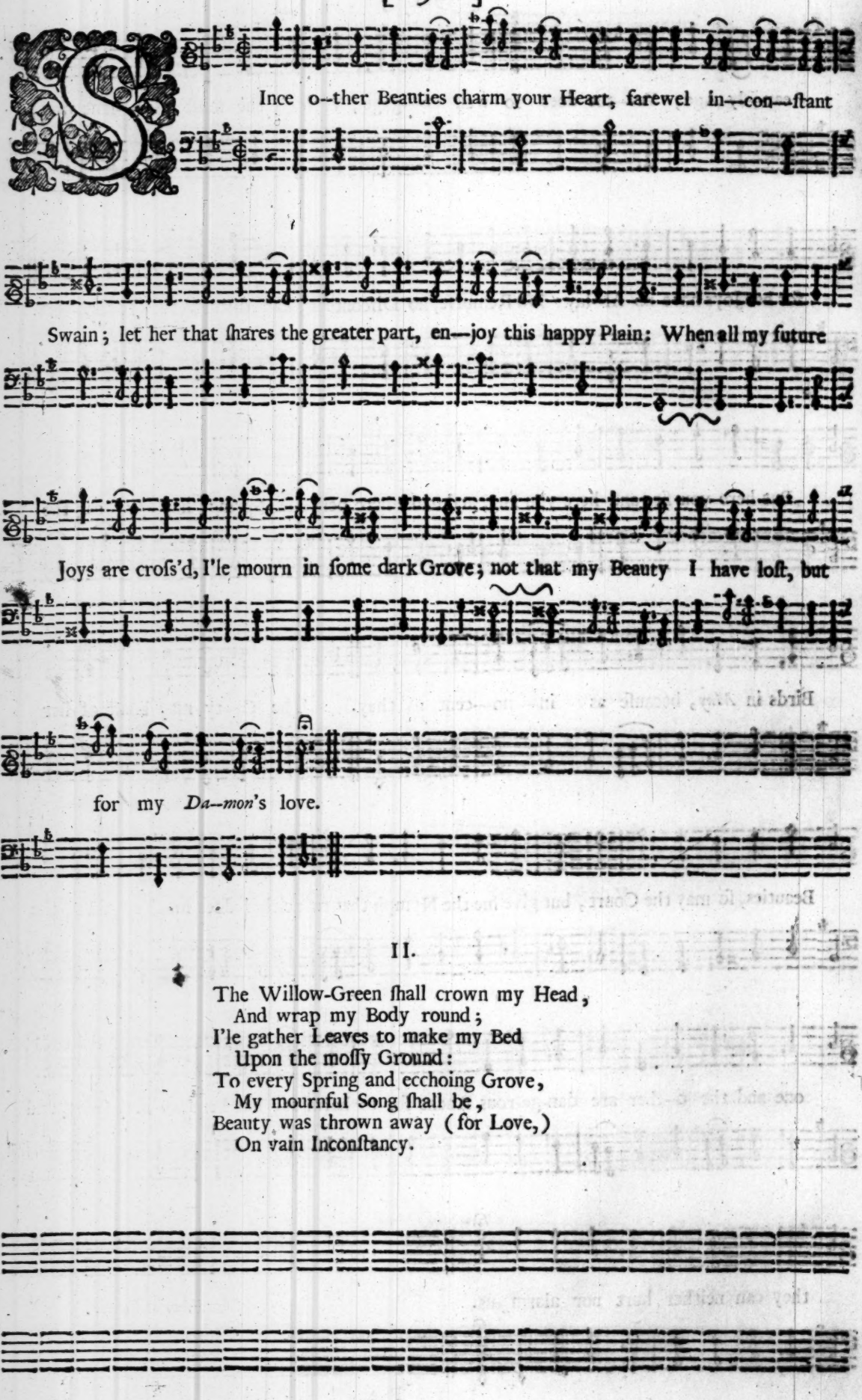
Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.


Remov'd from Noiſe and Tu---mults of the Town, yet to its
Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu--ſes here--to--fore of fam'd Renown, choſe in the Country
to re--ſide: For Ci--ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'----ry Science there exceeds;
but yet a---las! too oft we find, the richeſt Soyl o'regrown with Weeds. Wiſely you
therefore have made this Qui---et, and hap--py Retreat; for Vice can--not here in-
vade, ſince this is fair Virtue's ſeat: Here you may ſtill improve in ev'ry kind of skill, ſe-
cure from the fol---lies of Love, and all the oc---ca--ſions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whoſe

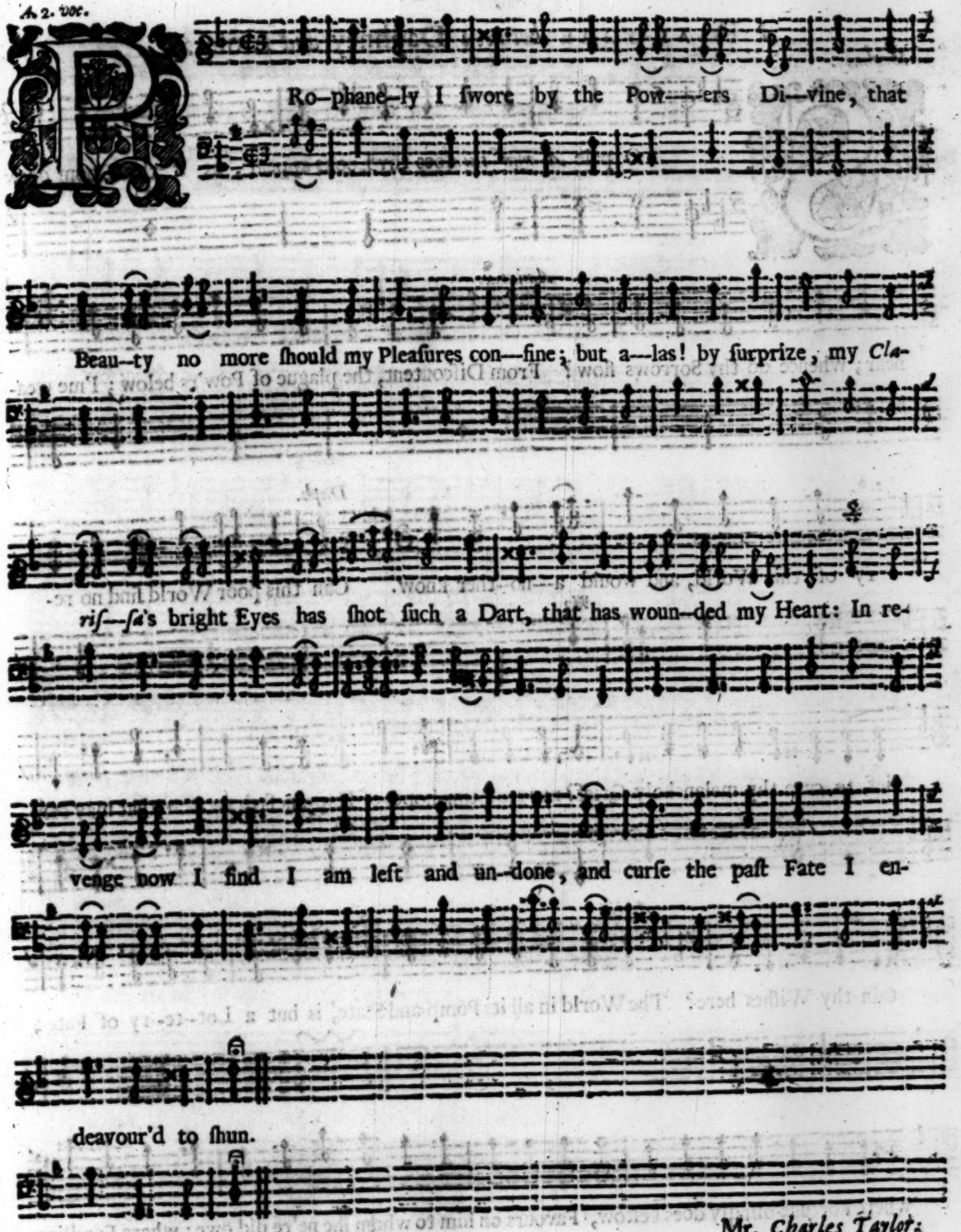

ear--ly Age, Ver--tue does ſo well en--gage; Vertue's the moſt plea--ſant way,
for her Joys have no Al--lay: No Remorſe, no Diſcontent, can diſturb the In--no--cent.
But here you ſit, and here you ſing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap--py as the
Birds in *May*, becauſe as in--no--cent as they. The Ci--ty may boaſt of her
Beauties, ſo may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re--ſort; the
one and the o--ther are dan-ge-rous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may ſport, and
they can neither hurt nor alarm us.
Mr. *Francis Forcer.*



II.

The Willow-Green ſhall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'le gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the moſſy Ground:
To every Spring and ecchoing Grove,
My mournful Song ſhall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)
On vain Inconſtancy.

A 2. voc.



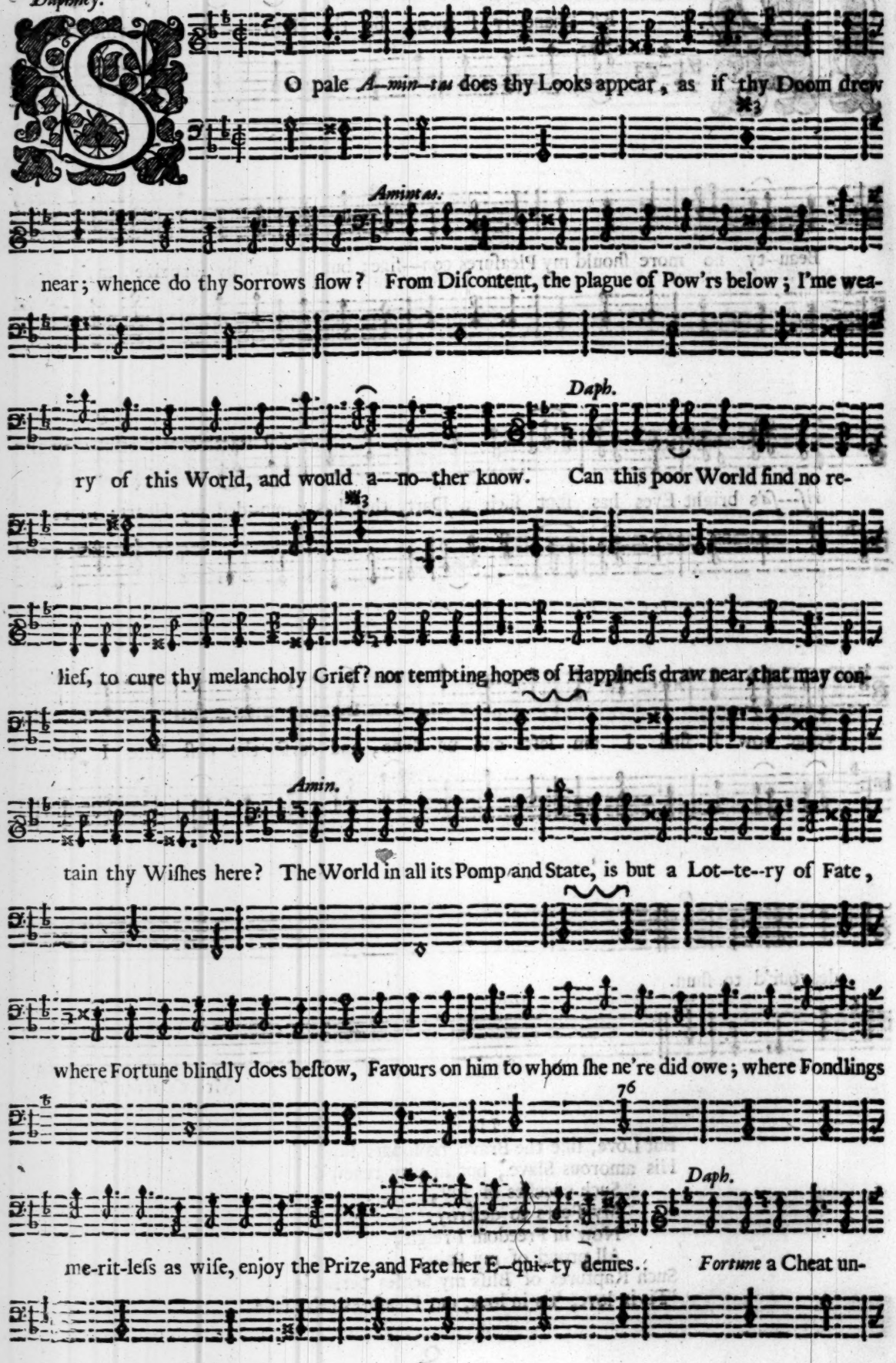
Mr. *Charles Taylor.*

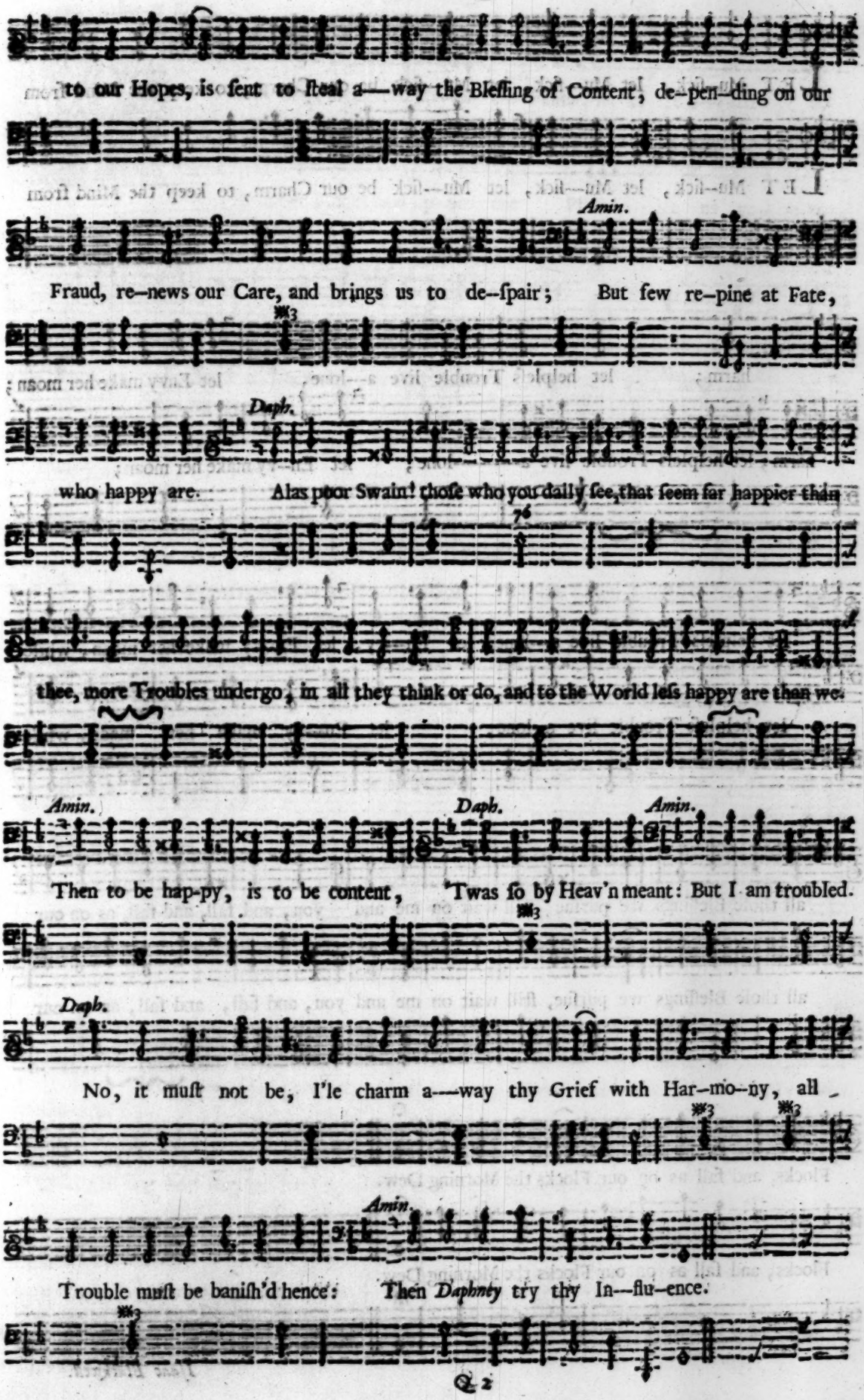
II.

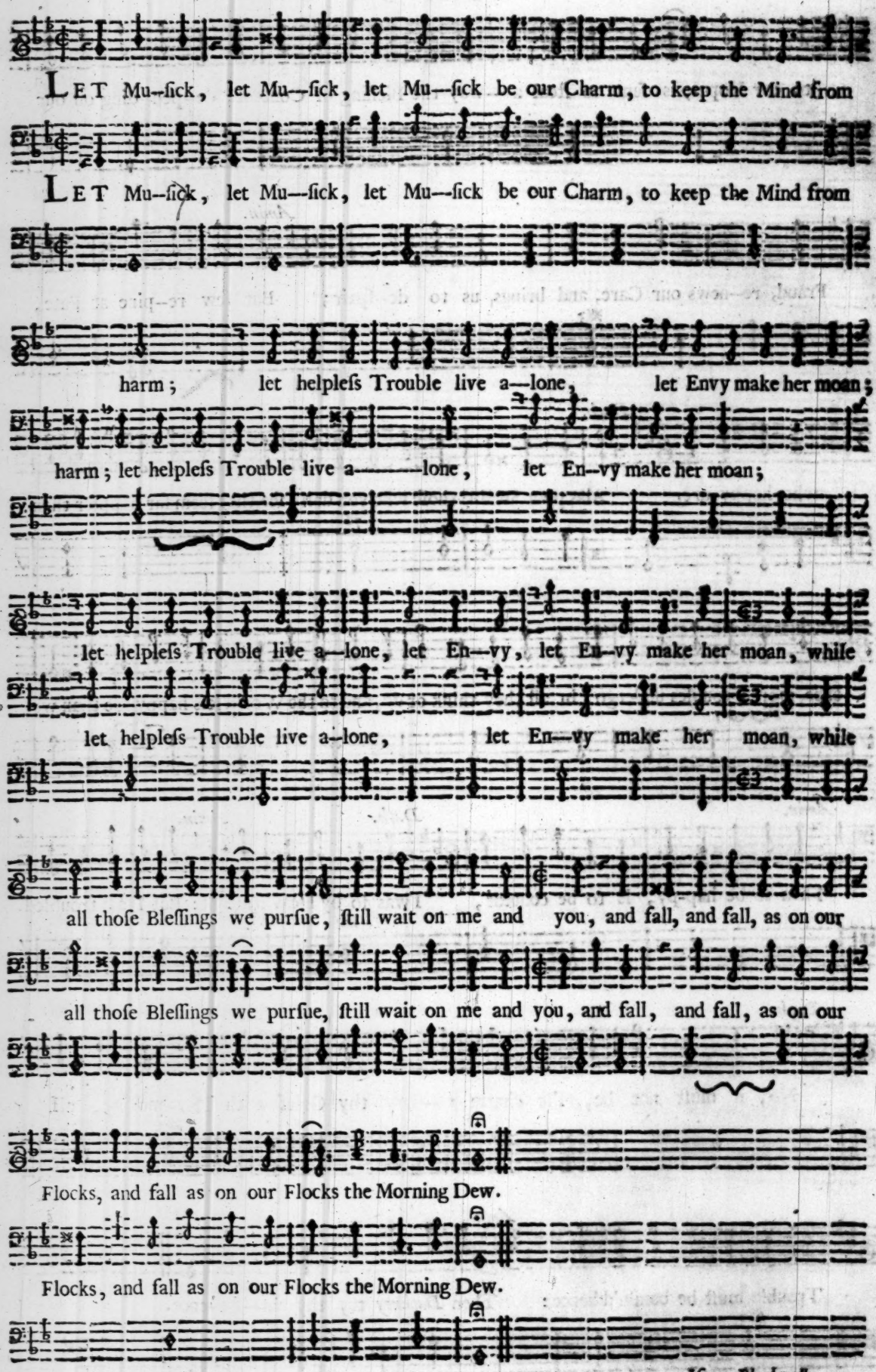
But Love, like the Brave, no ſooner ſubdu'd
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
Such exceſſes of Joy,
My Fears to deſtroy:
Now in Freedom I reign,
All proud of my Pain;
Such Raptures of Bliſs my Senſes perſuade,
'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleaſures ne're fade.

A DIALOGUE *between* Daphney *and* Amintas.

Daphney.

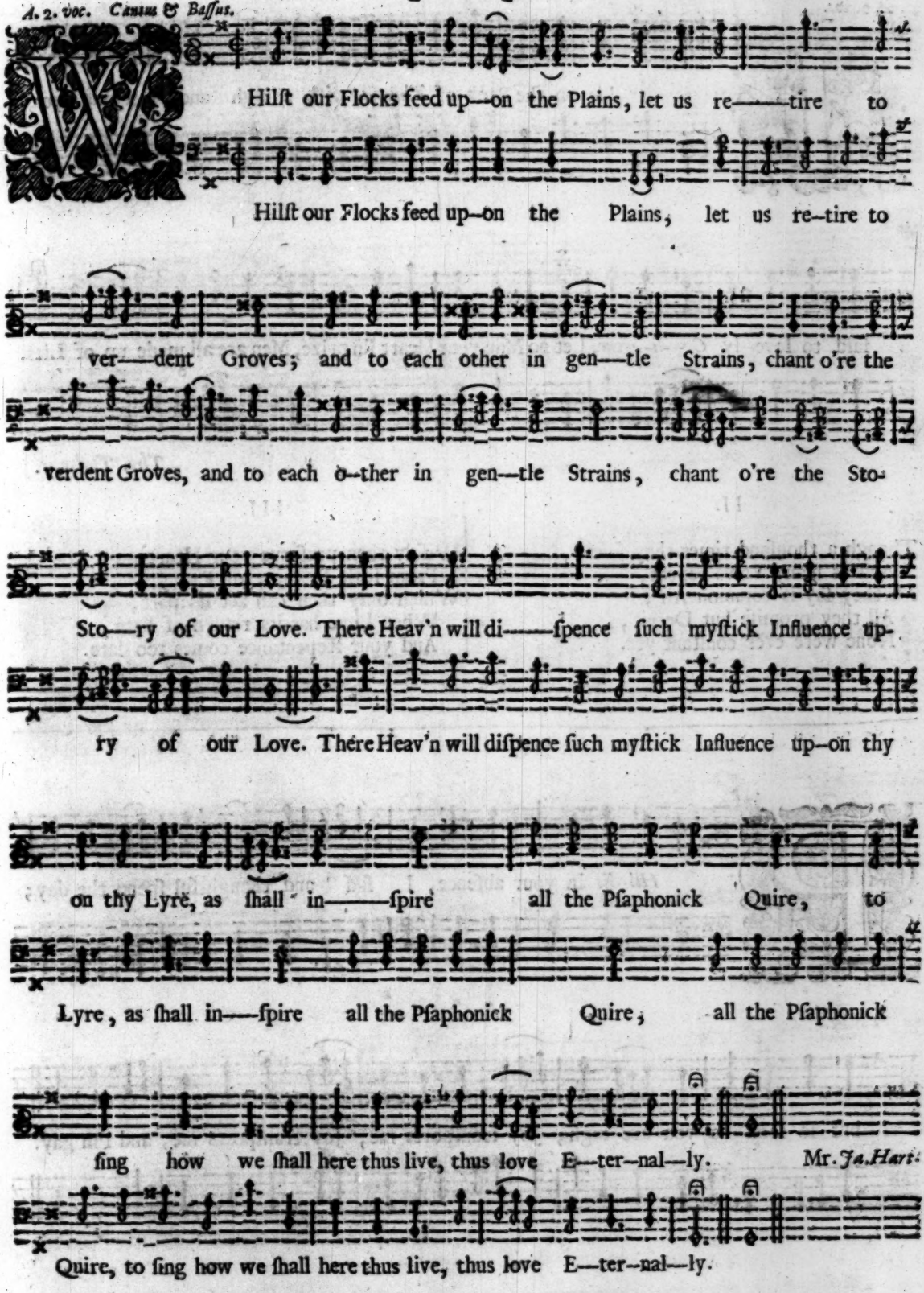



to our Hopes, is ſent to ſteal a---way the Bleſſing of Content, de-pen-ding on our
Amin.
Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de-ſpair; But few re-pine at Fate,
Daph.
who happy are. Alas poor Swain! thoſe who you daily ſee, that ſeem far happier than
thee, more Troubles undergo, in all they think or do, and to the World leſs happy are than we.
Amin.
Daph.
Amin.
Then to be hap-py, is to be content, 'Twas ſo by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled.
Daph.
No, it muſt not be, I'le charm a---way thy Grief with Har-mo-ny, all
Amin.
Trouble muſt be baniſh'd hence: Then Daphne try thy In---flu-ence.



Iſaac Blackwell.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

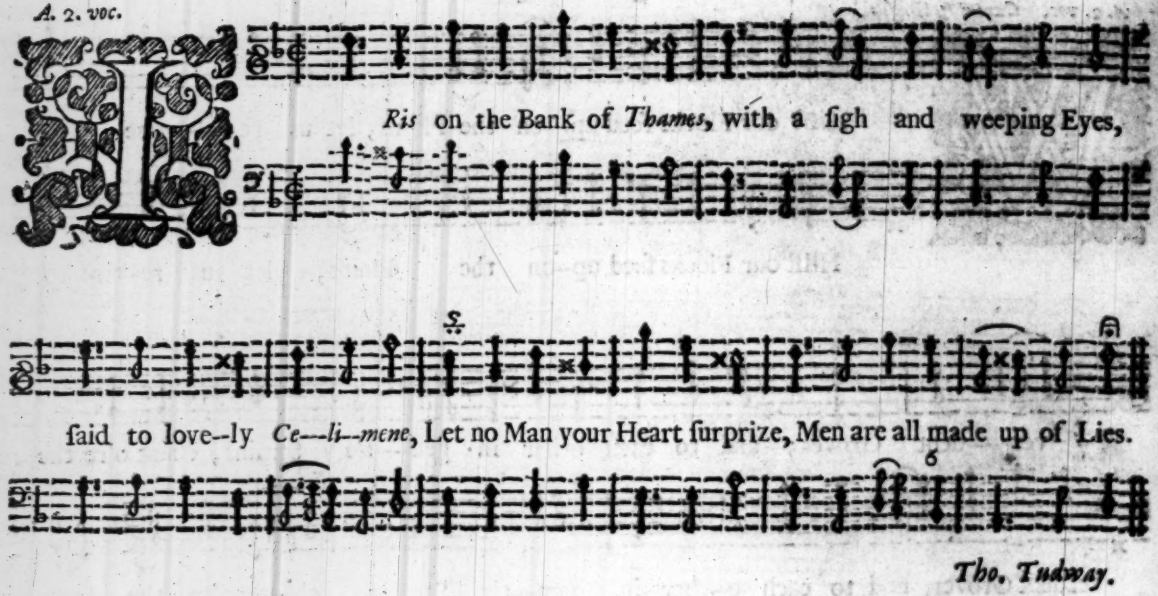


Mr. *Ja. Hart.*

II.

There the Winds ſhall in Conſort blow,
And murmer on the Leaves a Baſs,
Whilſt the glad *Druids* in Dance below,
Singing ſhall ſanctifie the place:
There each hollow Tree
An Organ-Pipe ſhall be,
And from their Womb
Such ſounds ſhall come,
As to perſuade the World, that Oaks may be
Enchanted with our ſofter Harmony.

A. 2. voc.



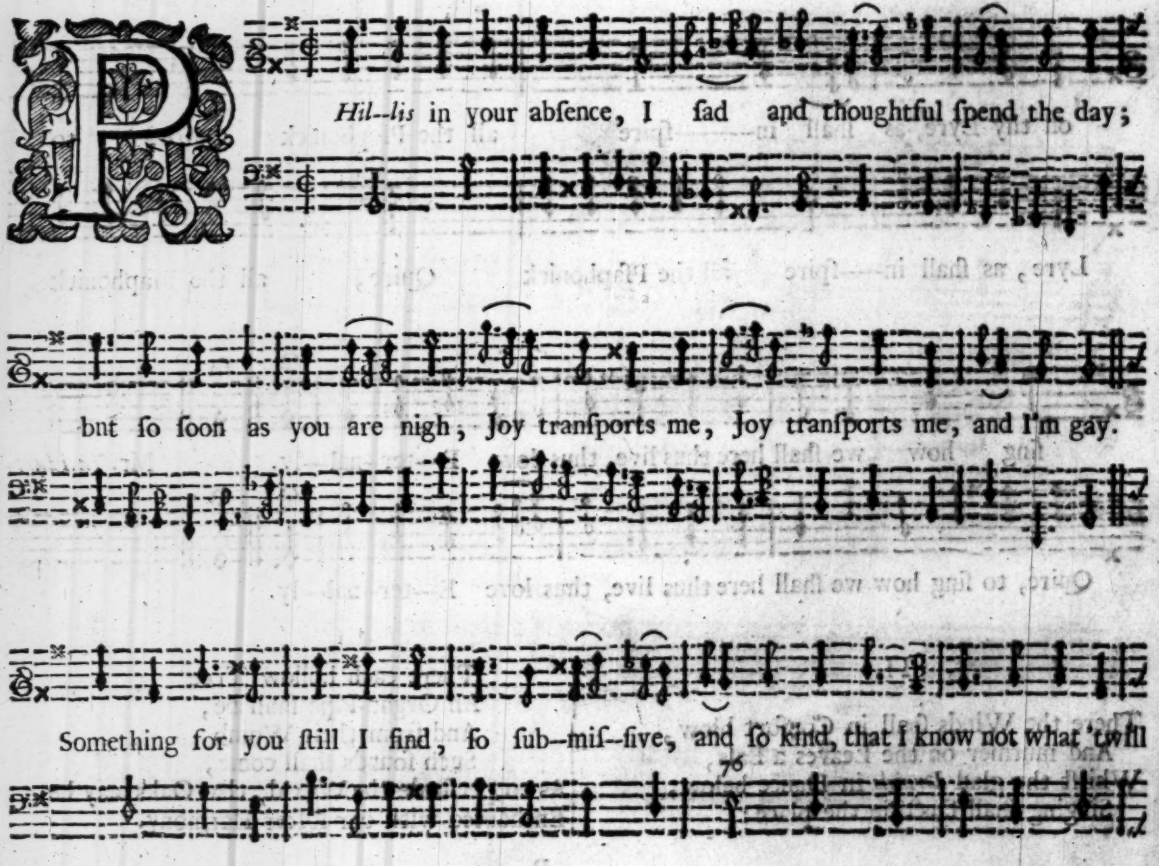
Tho. Tudway.

II.

Though a thouſand times they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they ſay is common Air,
All they promiſe but Deceit,
None were ever conſtant yet.

III.

Wiſely then preſerve your Heart
From ſuch Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.



prove; but a raſh a-ſpi-ring Swain, whom re-ſpect did not re-ſtrain, would al-

rea-dy call it Love.

Tho. Tudway.

A. 2. voc.

SEE what a Con-queſt Love has made! beneath the Myrtle's

a-mo-rous Shade the char-ming fair *Co-rin-na* lies, all mel-ting in De-

ſire, quenching in Tears thoſe ſha-ming Eyes that ſet the World on fire.

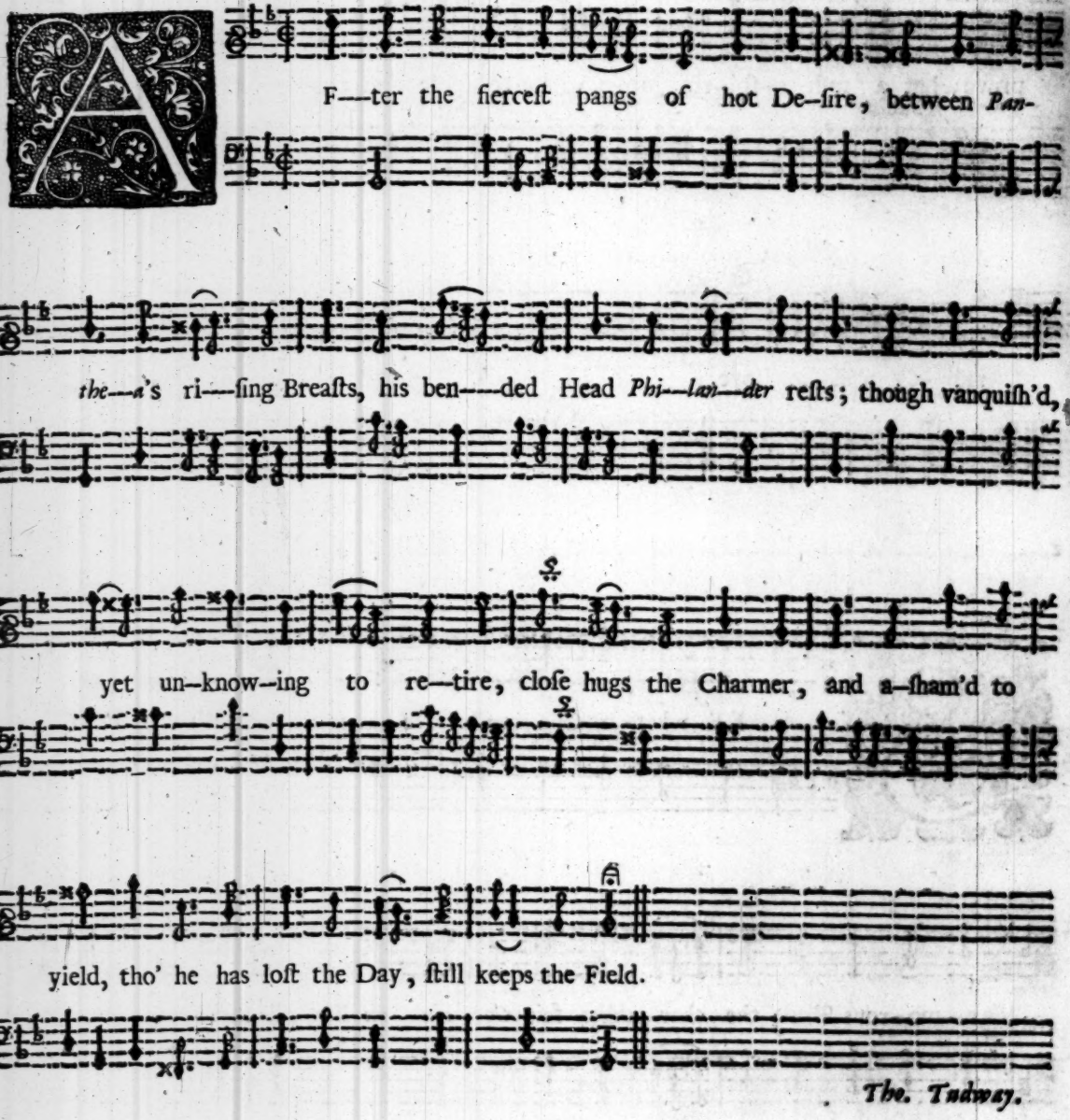
Tho. Tudway.

II.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe Chryſtal Streams did flow;
And though he ne're before
To her Eyes brighteſt Rays did bow,
Weeps to, and does Adore.

III.

So when the Heav'ns ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gawdy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep,
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.



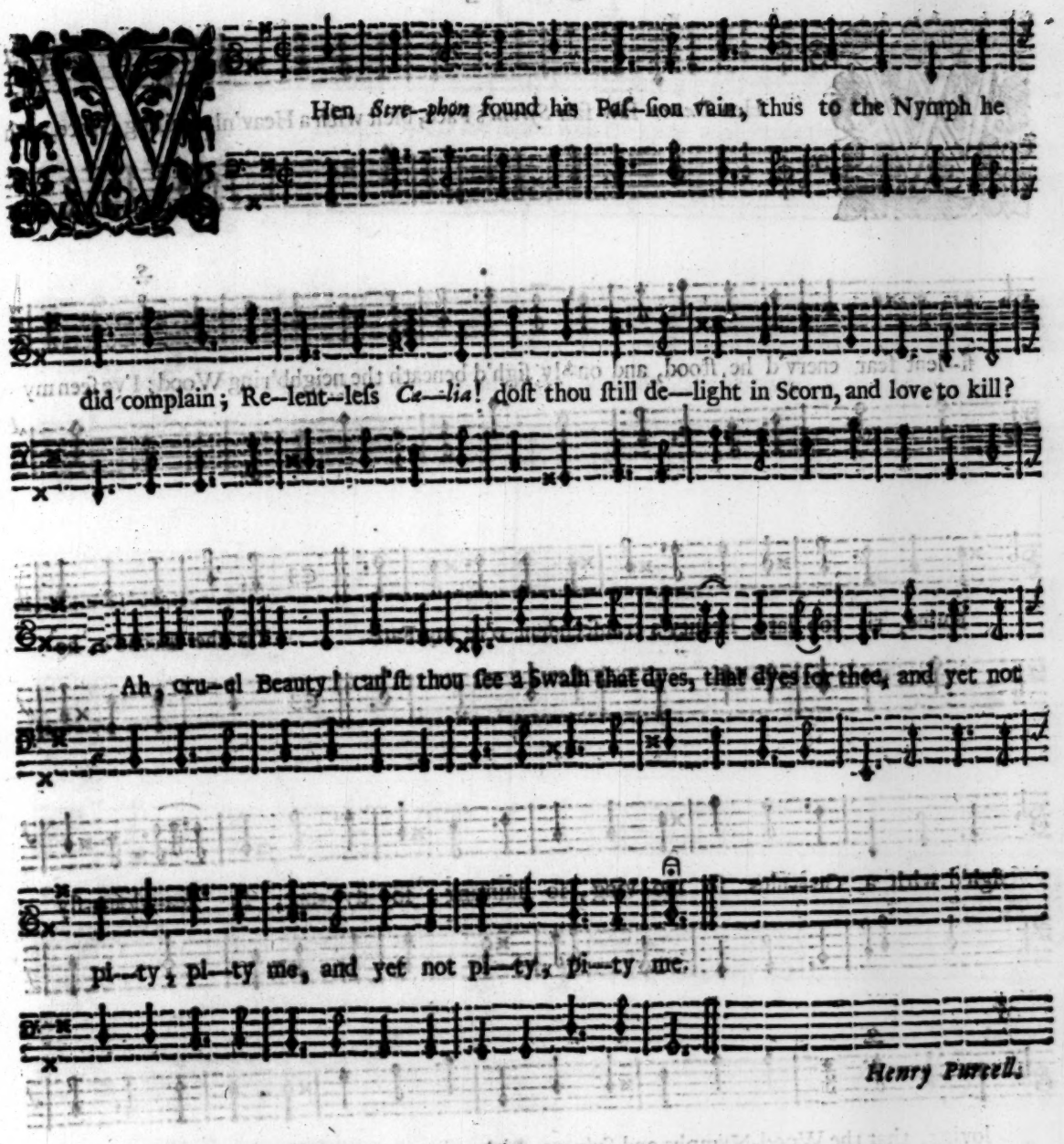
The. Tudway.

II.

When with a ſigh the fair *Panthea* ſaid,
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The braveſt Warriours ſooneſt fall!
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly ſhe
More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

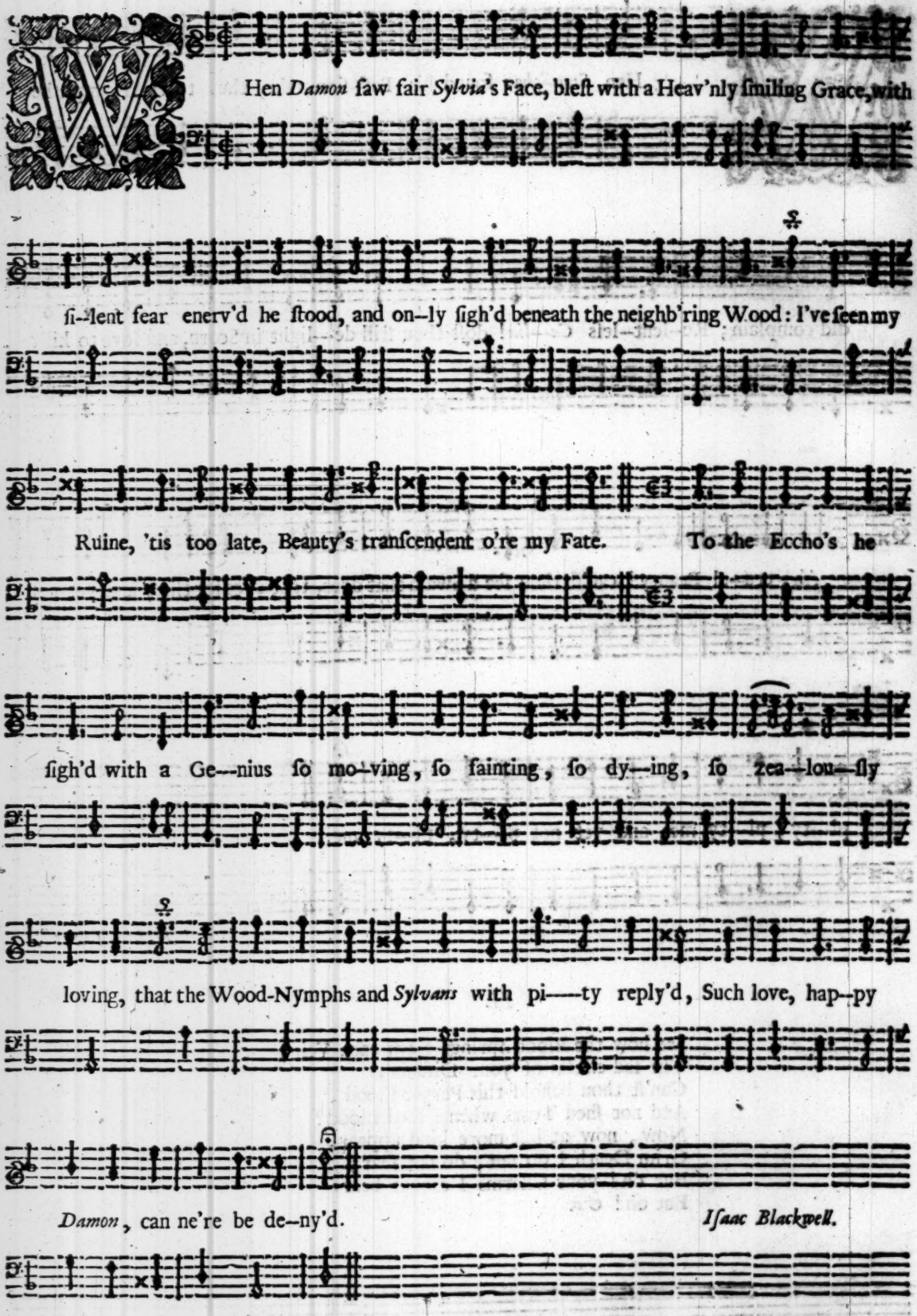
III.

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War,
Nor ceaſes 'till the noble Prize he bore;
Ev'n her ſuch wond'rous Courage did ſurpriſe,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.



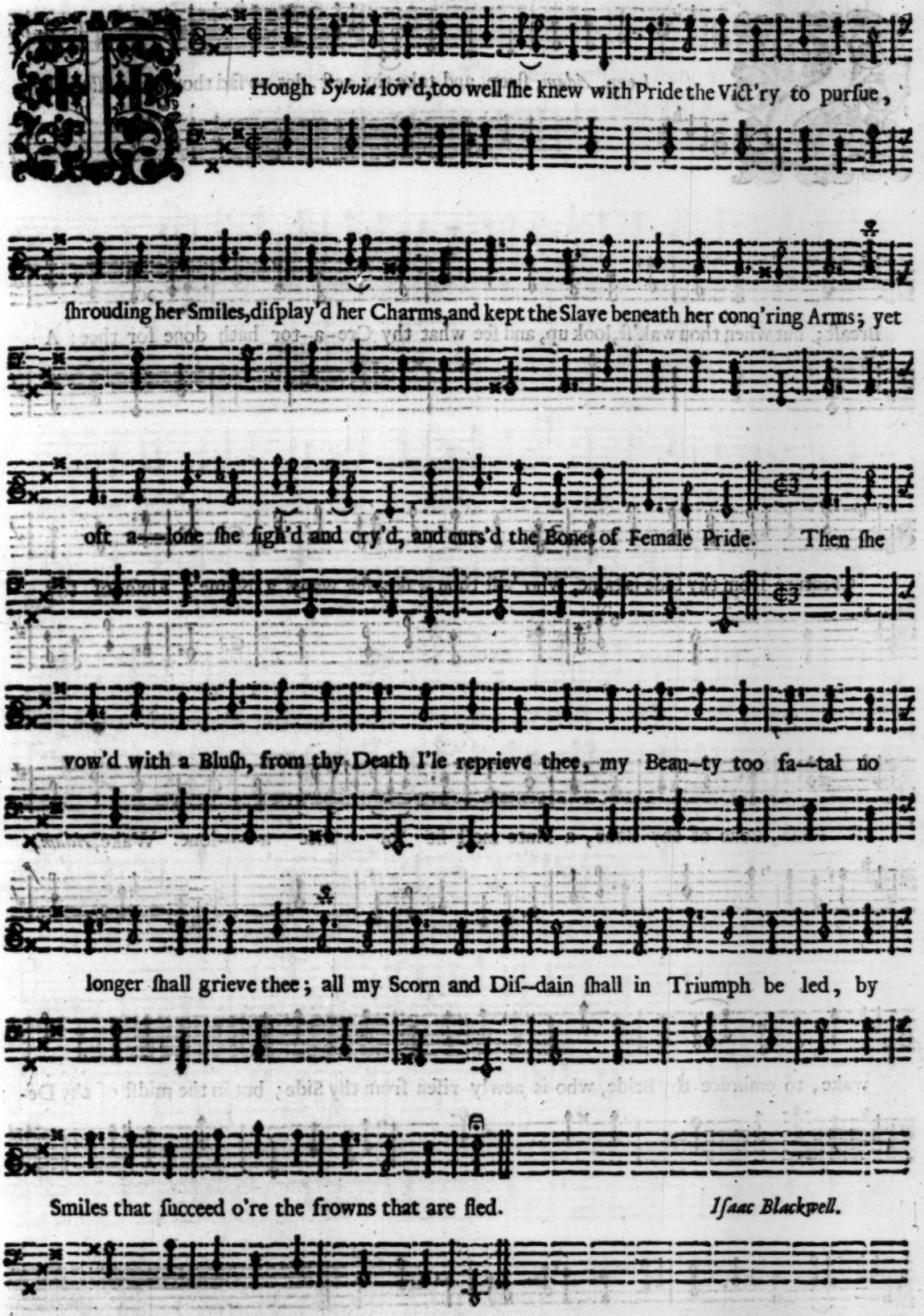
II.

See how the Blood ſprings from each Vein;
The ſad effects of your Diſdain;
Can'ſt thou behold this Purple Flood,
And not ſhed Tears when I ſhed Blood?
Now, now at laſt more kind appear,
Grim Death I do not, do not fear;
But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
But oh! &c.



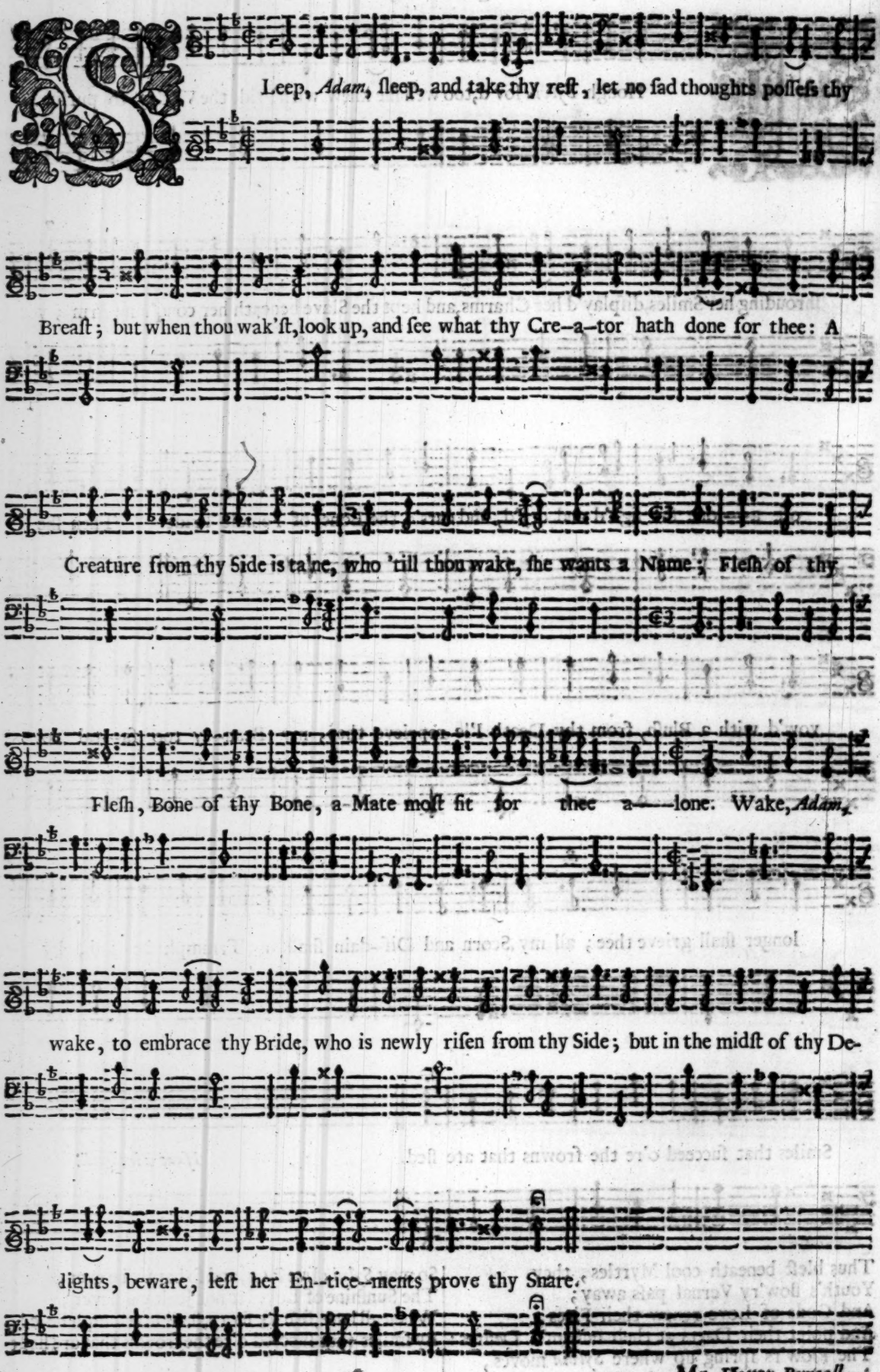
Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores;
His fearful Tongue ſcarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Bluſh do ſhow
What he would, would not have her know.

When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the ſigh-giving Mountains,
All the *Wood-Nymphs* and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.

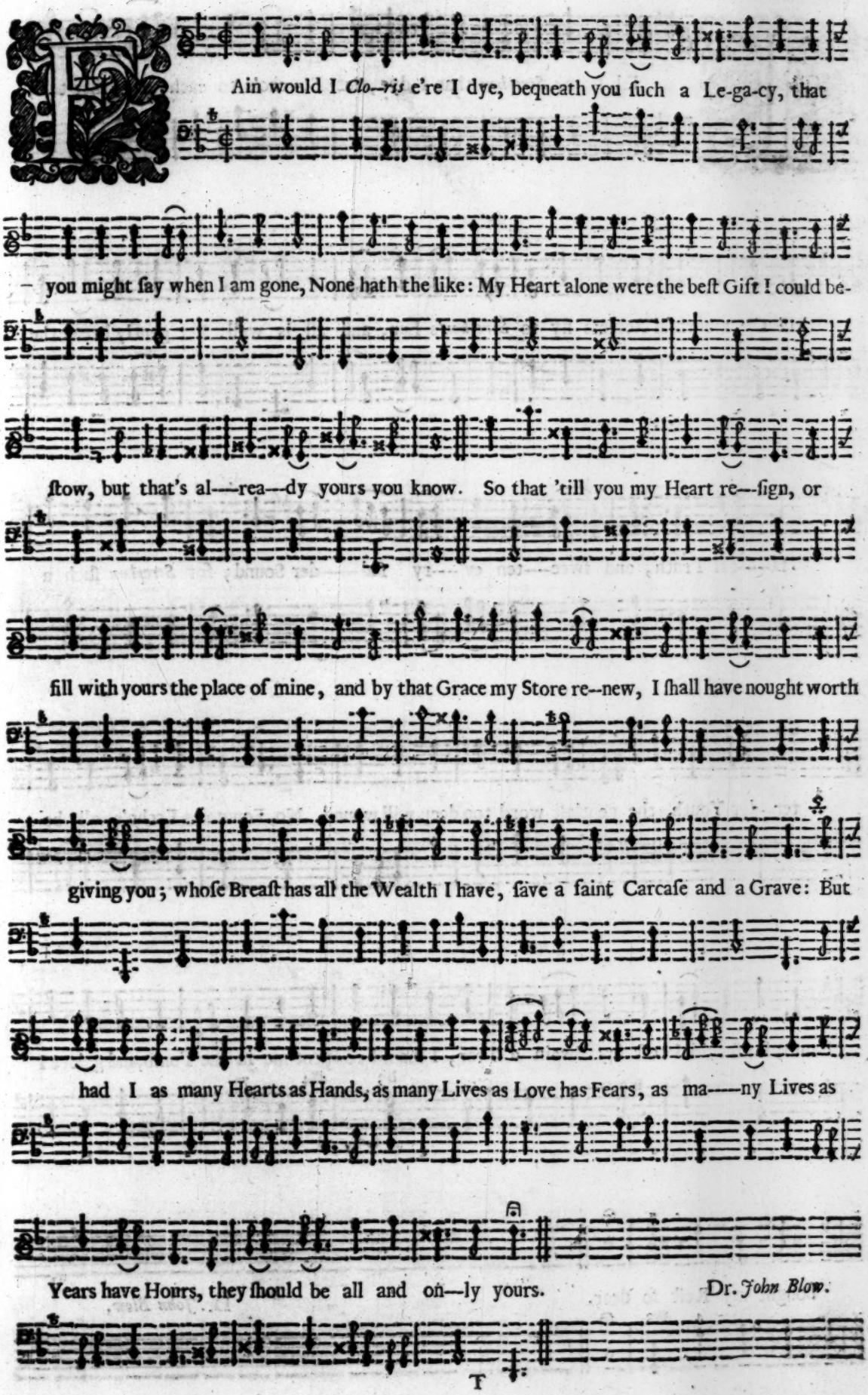


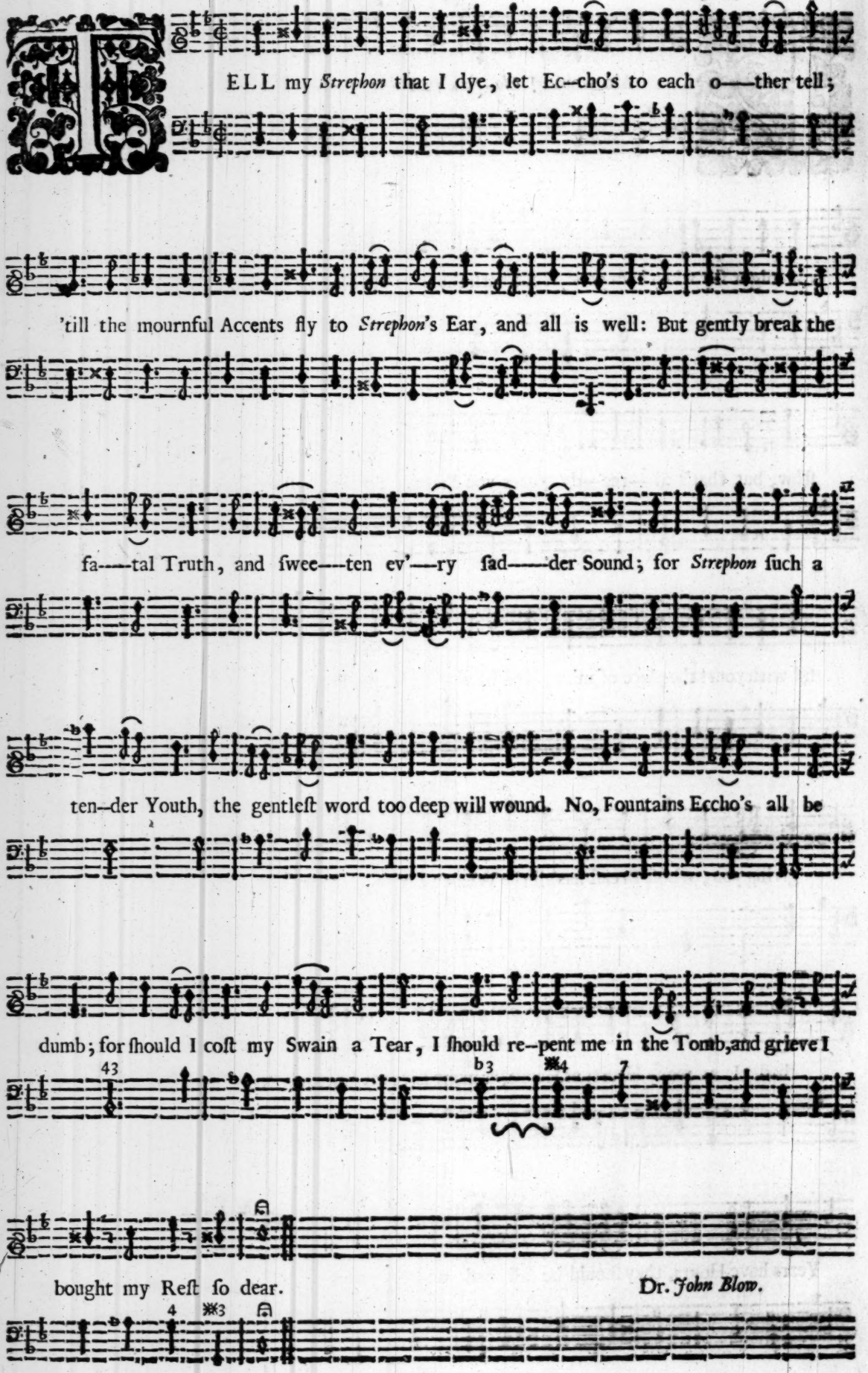
Thus bleſt beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal paſs away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And point their Darts at their enflam'd Deſires:
The Flow'rs ſpring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And Birds ſtill ſerenade the Groves.

So may *Sylvia* live long, and ſo happy be ever,
The Sunſhine of Love let not Jealouſie ſever;
When all hate, fear, & ſcorn, ſhall in triumph be led,
By ſmiles that ſucceed o're the frowns that are fled.

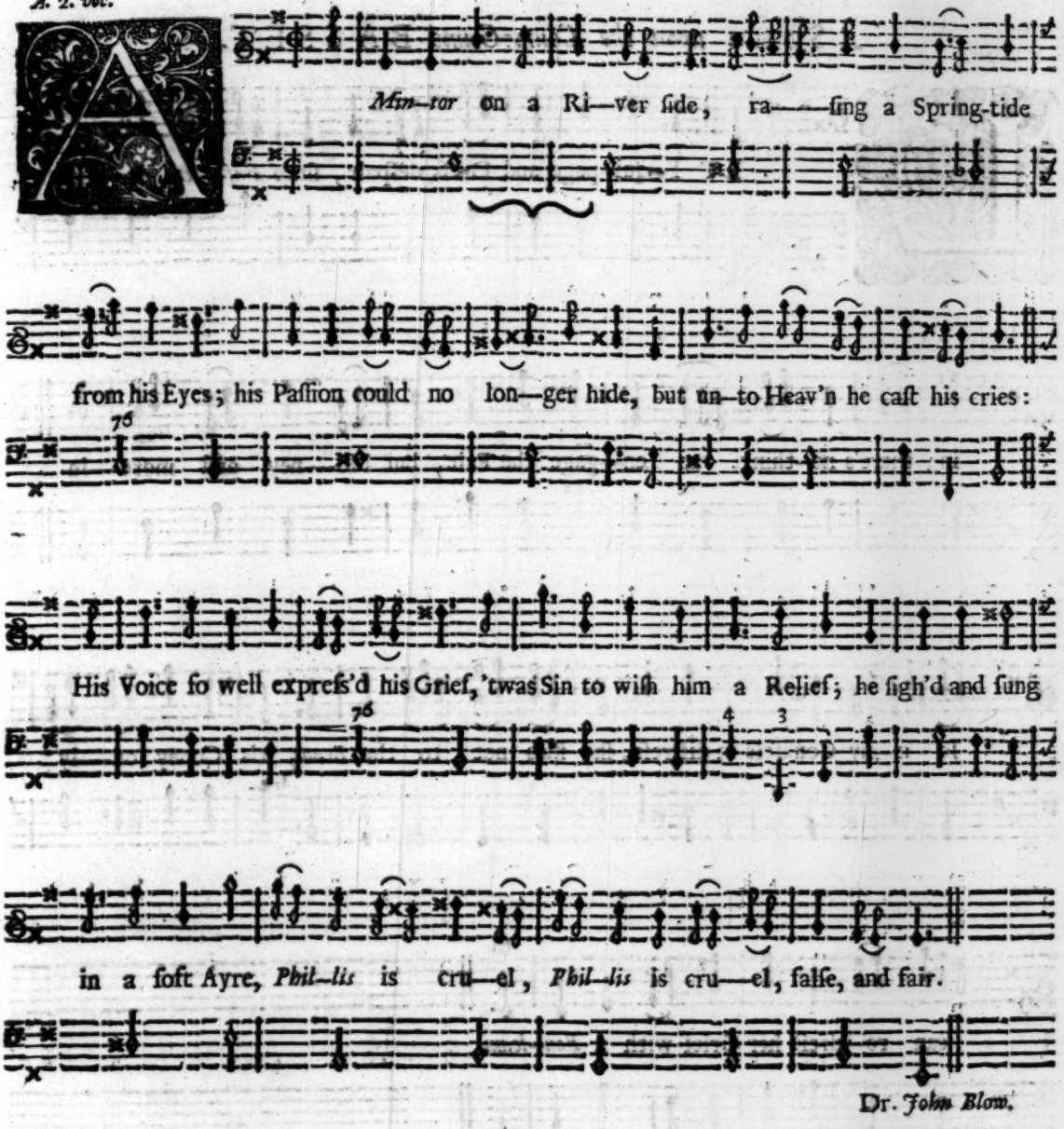


Mr. Henry Purcell.


Fain would I Clo-ris e're I dye, bequeath you ſuch a Le-ga-cy, that
– you might ſay when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the beſt Gift I could be-
ſtow, but that's al---rea--dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re--ſign, or
fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re--new, I ſhall have nought worth
giving you; whoſe Breaſt has all the Wealth I have, ſave a faint Carcaſe and a Grave: But
had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ma----ny Lives as
Years have Hours, they ſhould be all and on--ly yours.
Dr. John Blow.


TELL my Strephon that I dye, let Ec--cho's to each o---ther tell;
'till the mournful Accents fly to Strephon's Ear, and all is well: But gently break the
fa---tal Truth, and ſwee---ten ev'---ry ſad---der Sound; for Strephon ſuch a
ten--der Youth, the gentleſt word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Eccho's all be
dumb; for ſhould I coſt my Swain a Tear, I ſhould re--pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I
bought my Reſt ſo dear.
Dr. John Blow.

A. 2. voc.



Dr. *John Blow.*

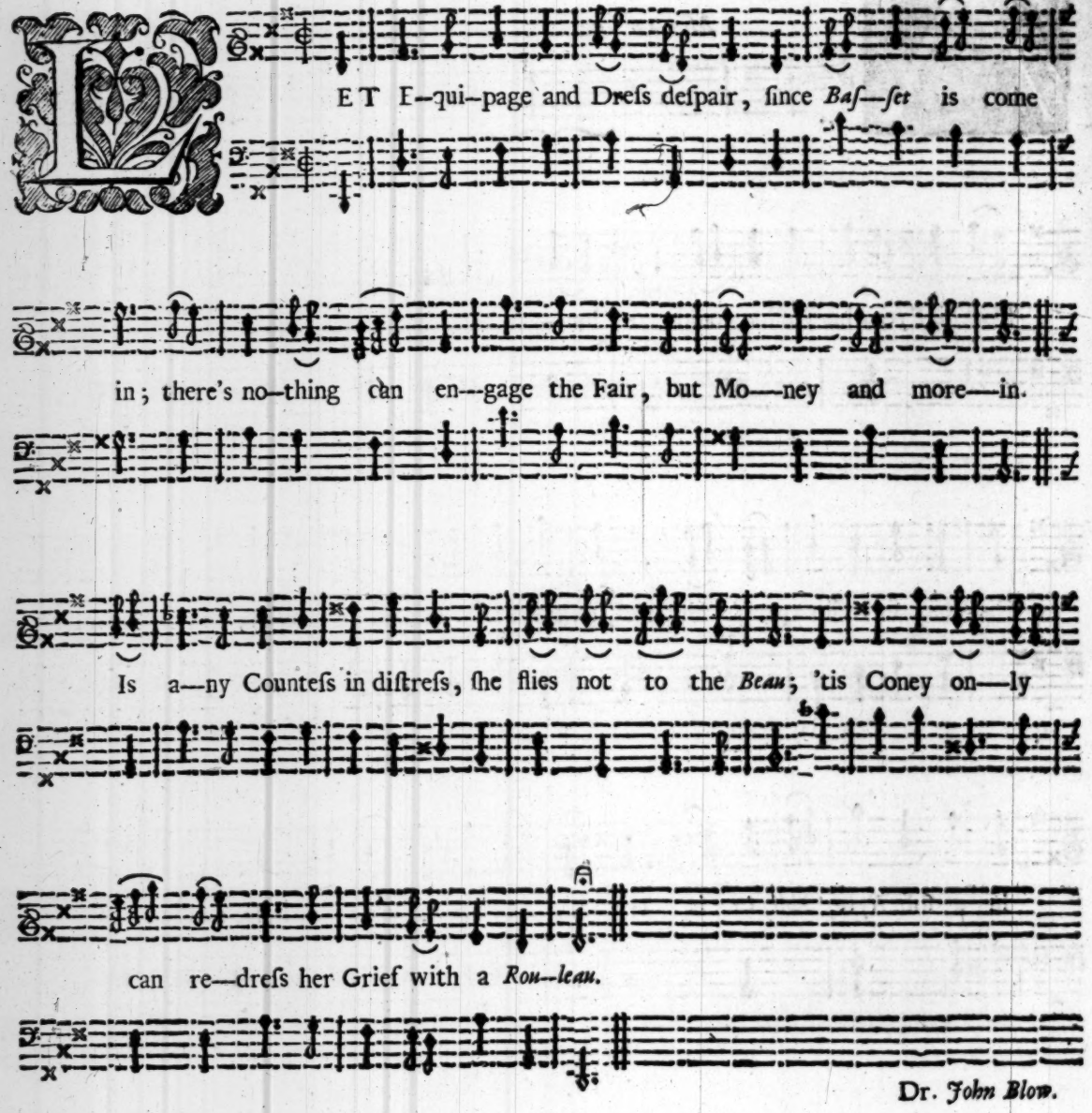
II.

Eccho confined to a Grove,
Being unable to return,
Theſe fatal words, in hopeleſs Love,
I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part,
Whilſt Sighs kept ſoft Time in his Heart;
He mourning, ſung in a ſoft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, falſe, and fair.

III.

Whilſt in this Agony he lay,
A Tear did ſteal from either Eye,
Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
Aminor waited but to dye.
Whilſt Death ſate heavy on his Eyes,
And he look'd like Love's ſacrifice;
He dying, ſung in a ſoft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, falſe, and fair.

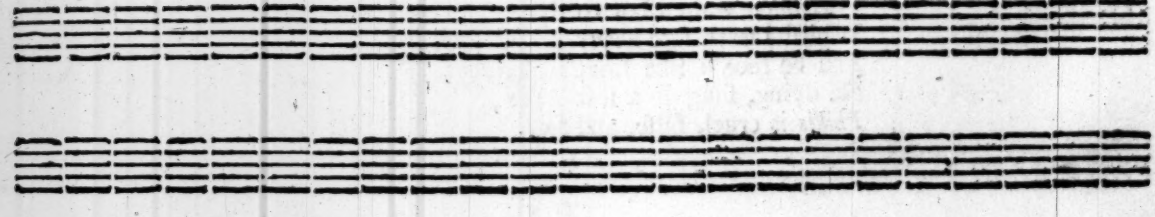
A SONG *upon the Court-Game* BASSET.

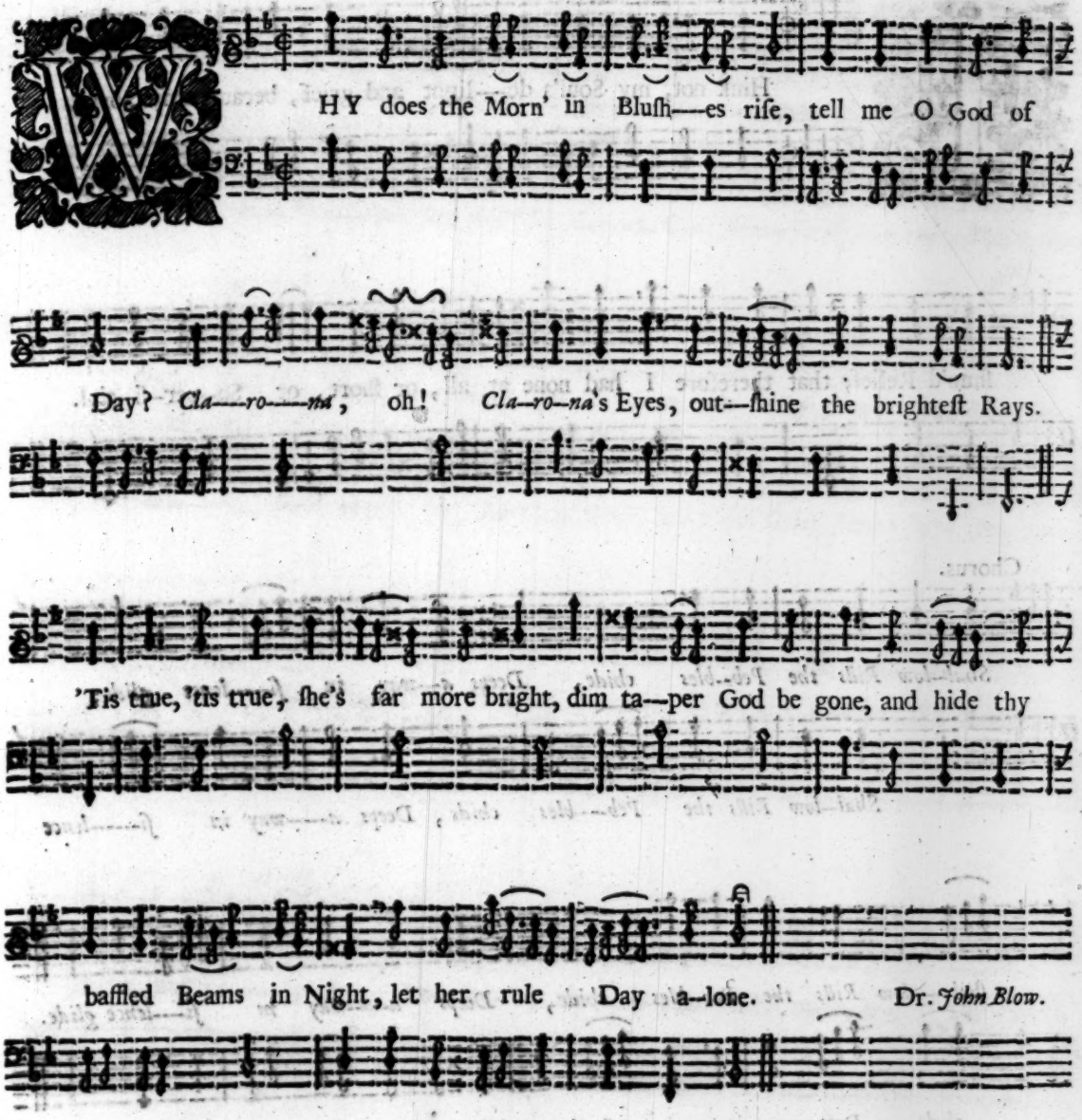


Dr. *John Blow.*

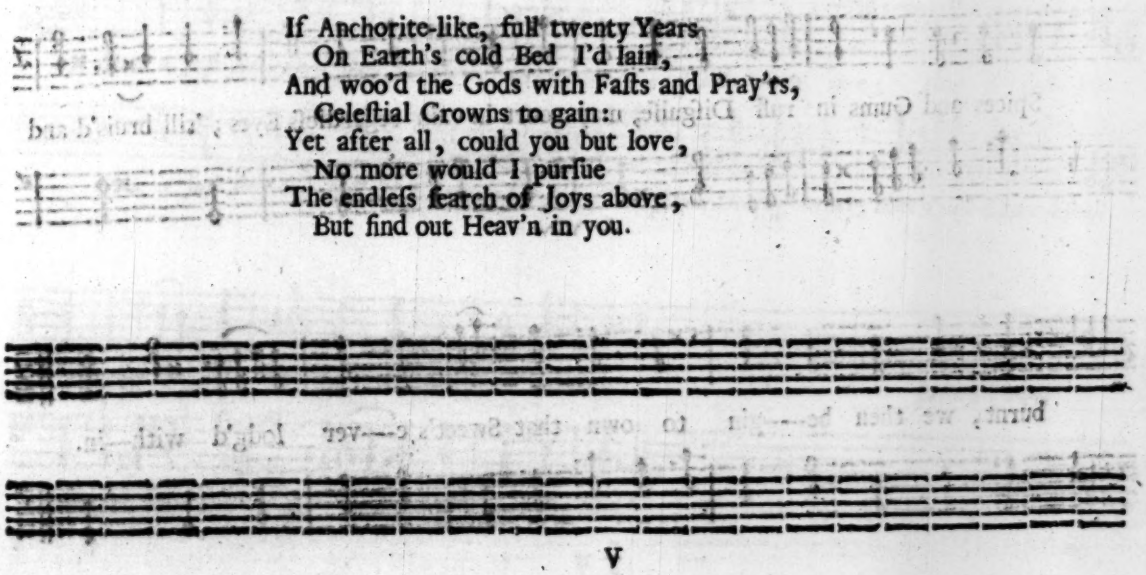
II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and ſold;
And that which ſhould be a free Trade,
Is all engroſs'd by Gold:
Ev'n Sence is brought into diſgrace,
Where Company is met;
It ſilent ſtands, or leaves the place,
While all the Talk's *Baſſet.*

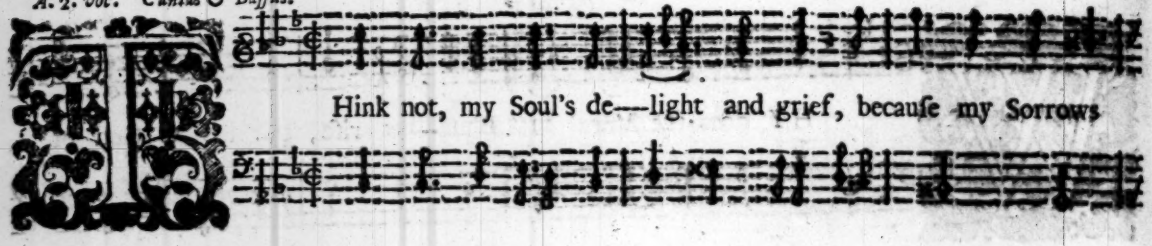


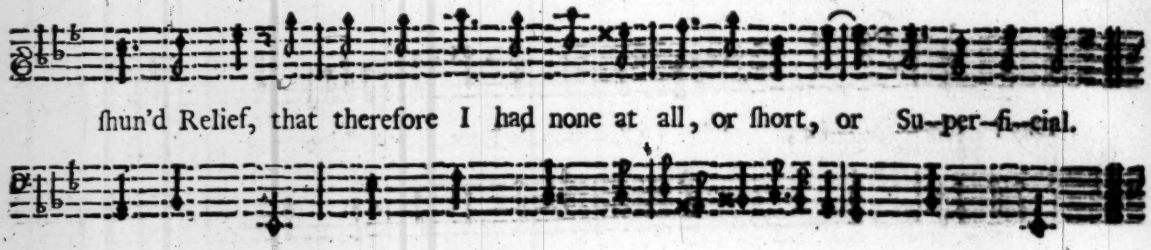

WHY does the Morn' in Bluſh—es riſe, tell me O God of
Day? Cla—ro—na, oh! Cla—ro—na's Eyes, out—ſhine the brighteſt Rays.
'Tis true, 'tis true, ſhe's far more bright, dim ta—per God be gone, and hide thy
baffled Beams in Night, let her rule Day a—lone.
Dr. John Blow.

II.

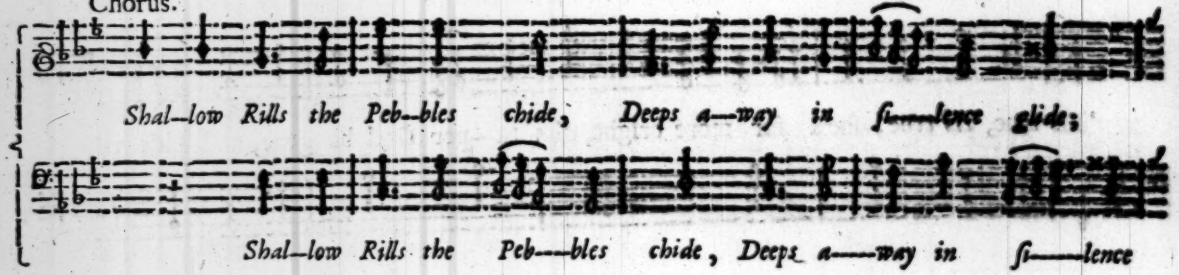

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the Gods with Faſts and Pray'rs,
Celeſtial Crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I purſue
The endleſs ſearch of Joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.

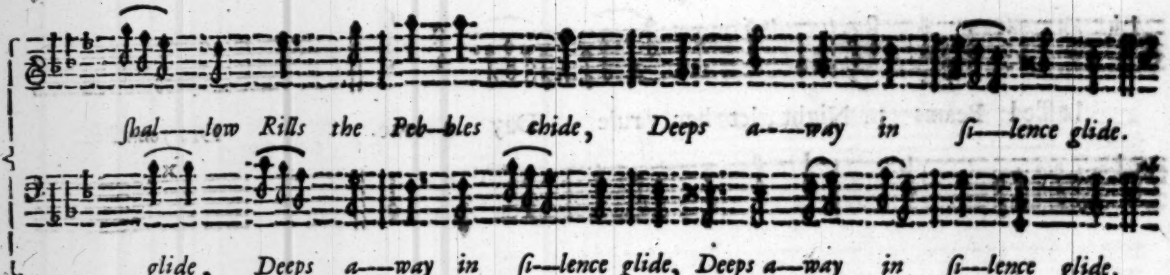
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

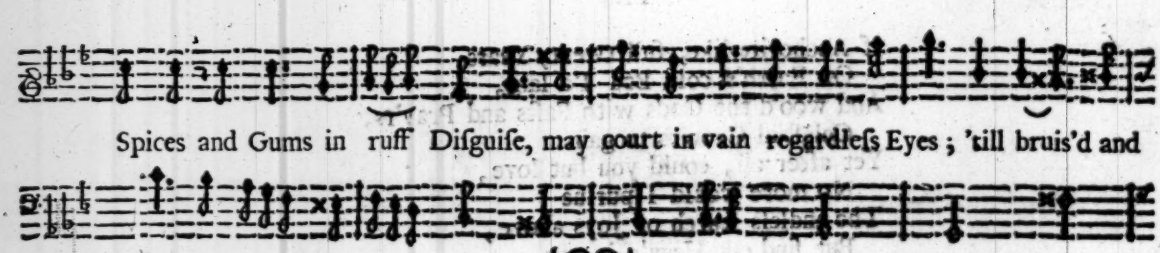


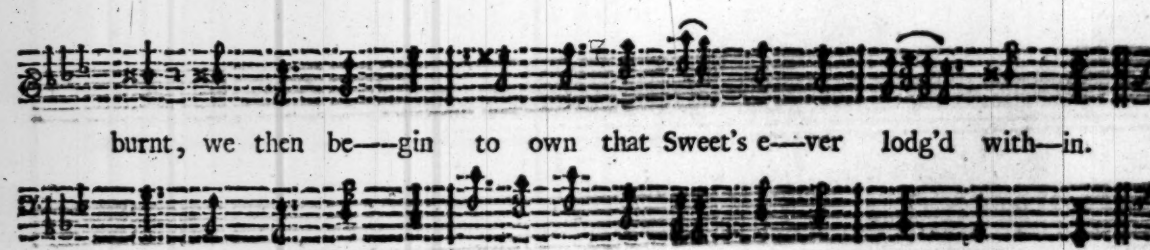


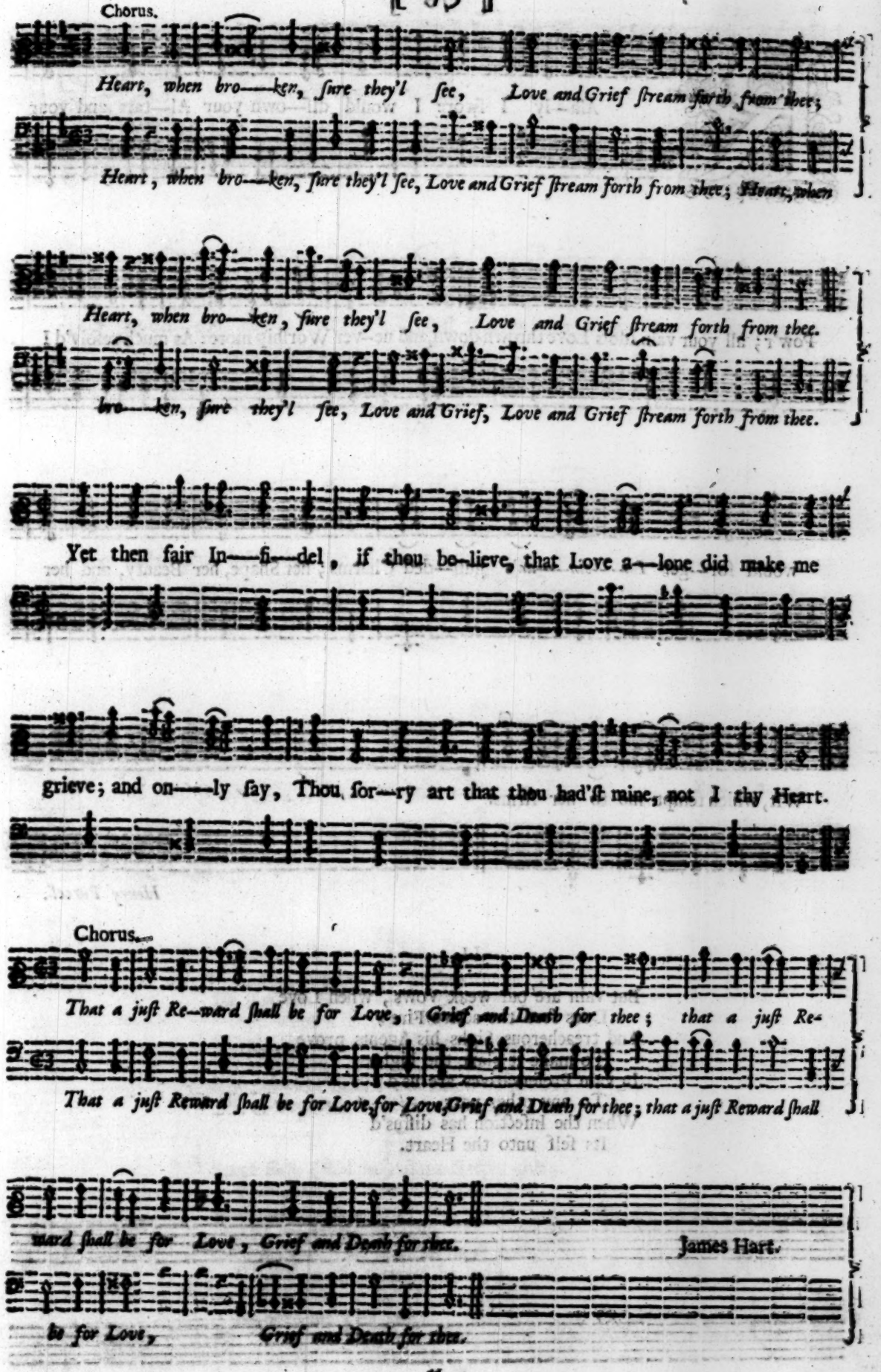
Chorus.

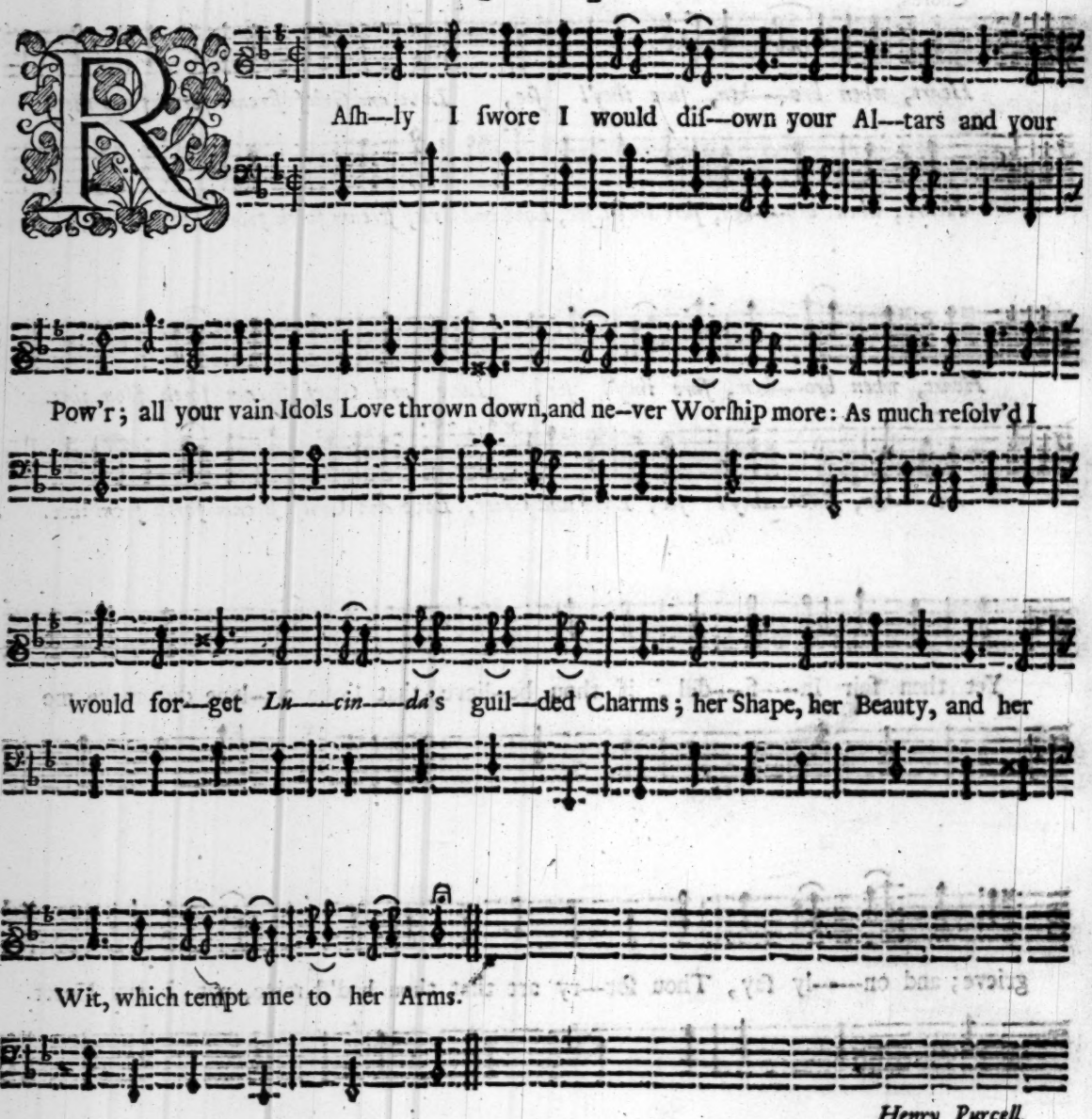








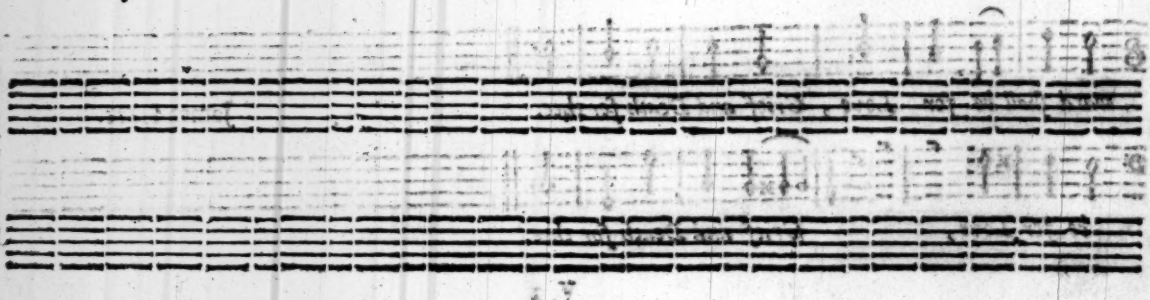

Chorus.
Heart, when bro——ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee;
Heart, when bro——ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee; Heart, when
Heart, when bro——ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee.
bro——ken, ſure they'l ſee, Love and Grief, Love and Grief ſtream forth from thee.
Yet then fair In——fi——del, if thou be-lieve, that Love a——lone did make me
grieve; and on——ly ſay, Thou for——ry art that thou had'ſt mine, not I thy Heart.
Chorus.
That a juſt Re-ward ſhall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a juſt Re-
That a juſt Reward ſhall be for Love, for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a juſt Reward ſhall
ward ſhall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee.
James Hart.
be for Love, Grief and Death for thee.

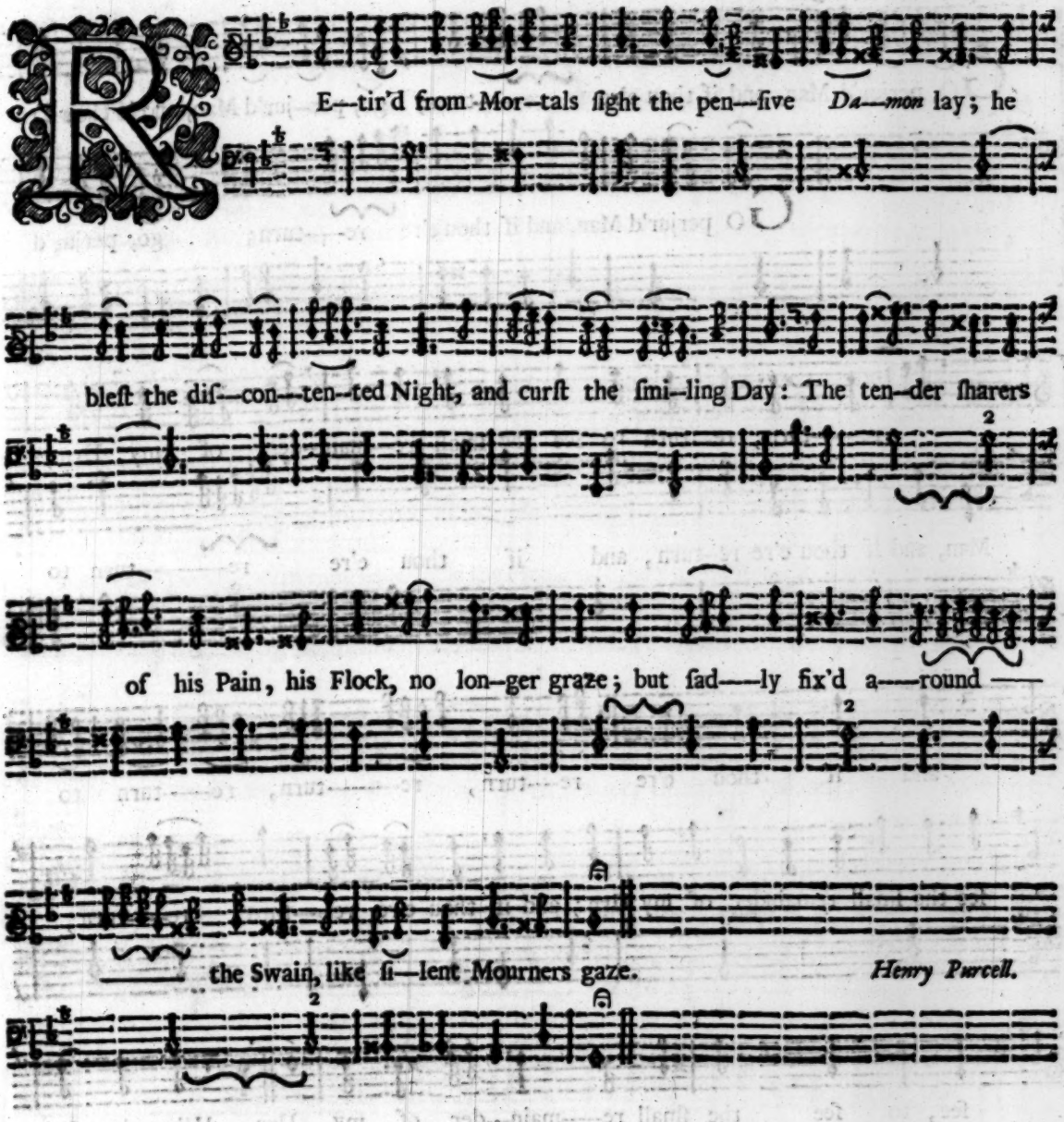


Henry Purcell.

II.

But vain are our weak Vows, when Love
Does feed the active Fire;
And treacherous Sighs his Agents prove,
To make it blaze the higher:
In vain Preſervatives are us'd
To any other part,
When the Infection has diffus'd
Its ſelf unto the Heart.





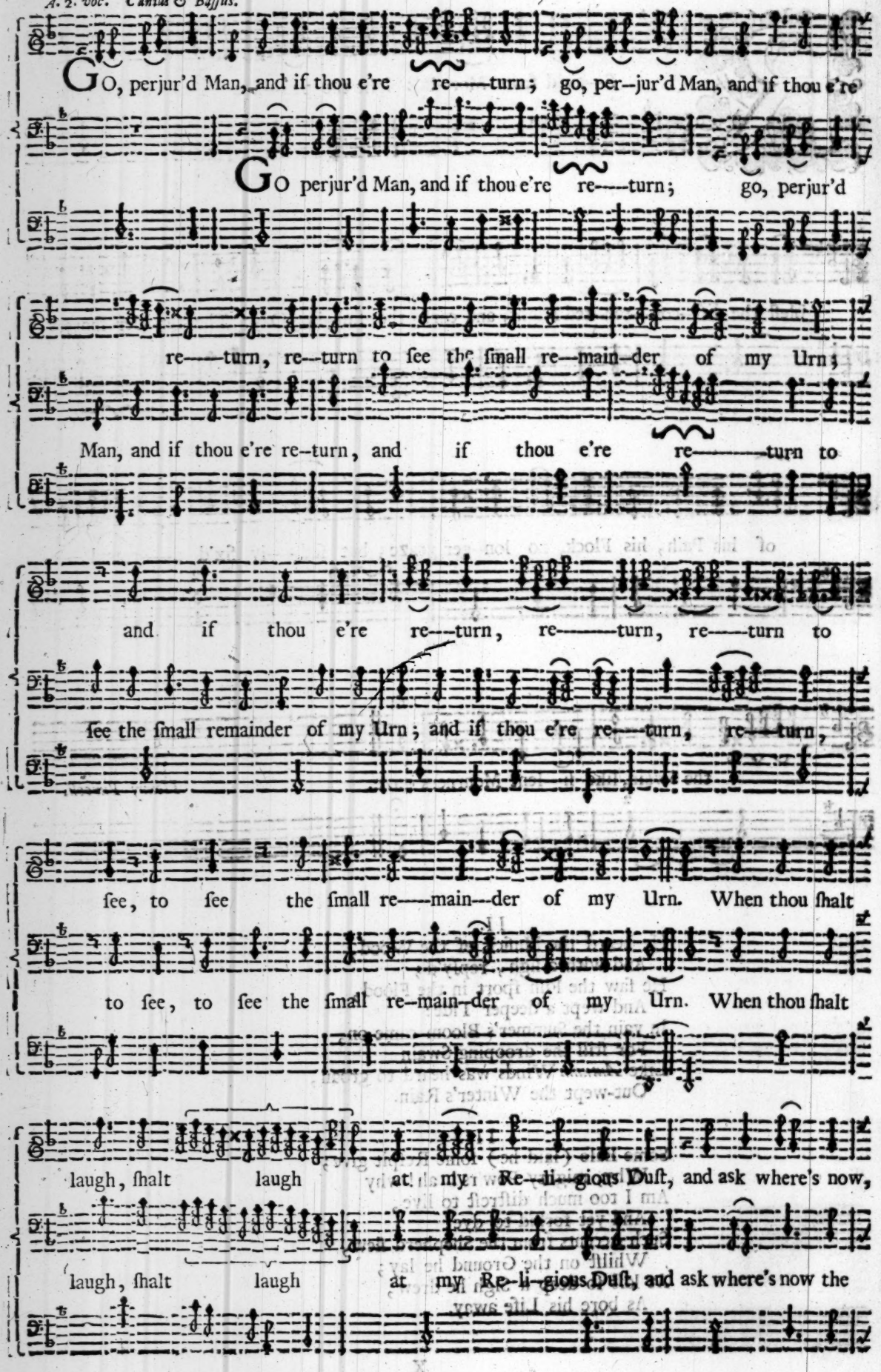
II.

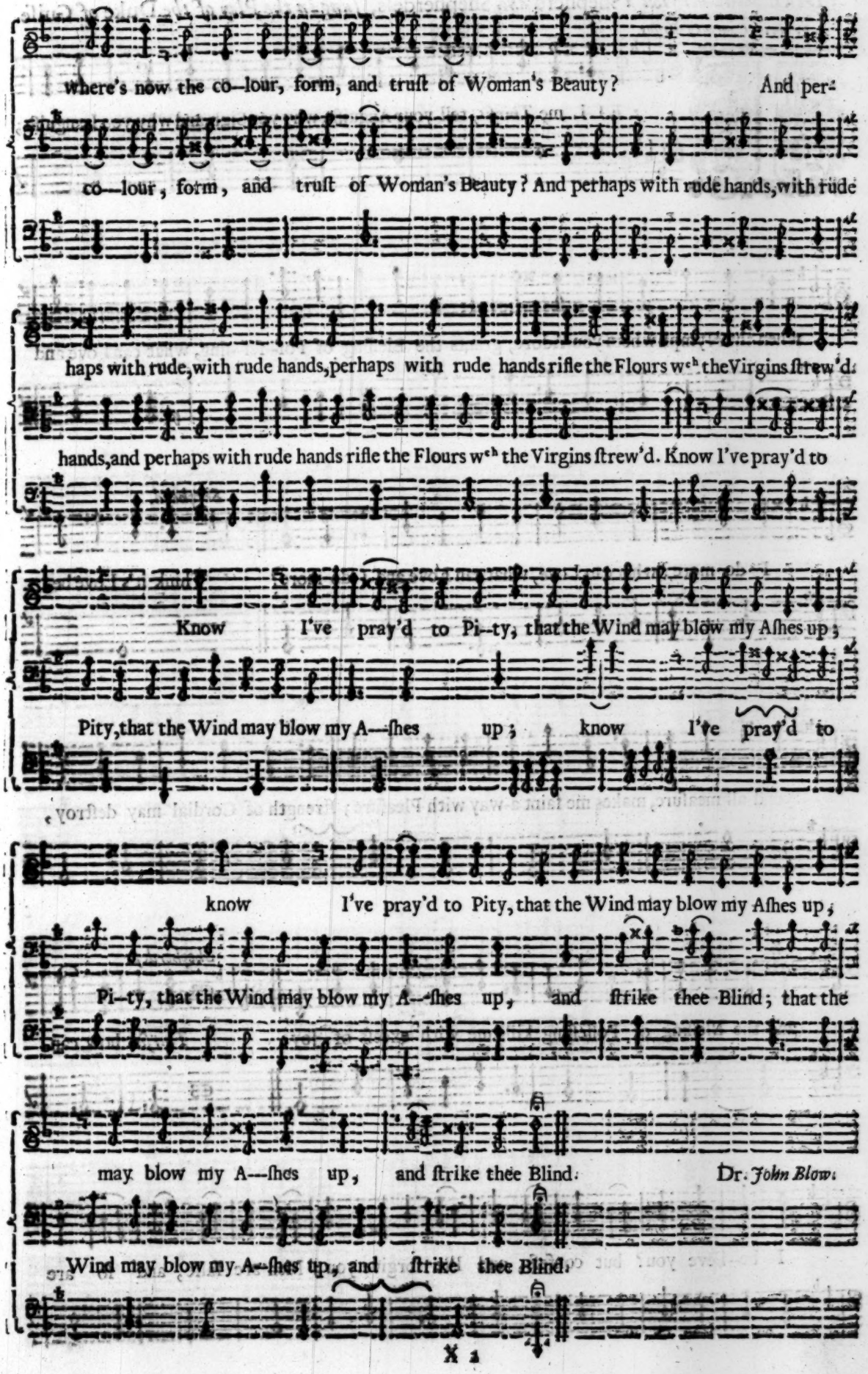
He heard the Muſick of the Wood,
And with a ſigh, reply'd;
He ſaw the Fiſh ſport in the Flood,
And wept a deeper Tide:
In vain the Summer's Bloom came on,
For ſtill the drooping Swain
Like *Autumn* Winds was heard to groan,
Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

III.

Some Eaſe (ſaid he) ſome Reſpit give;
Why, mighty Pow'rs! ah! why
Am I too much diſtreſt to live,
And yet forbid to dye!
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,
Whilſt on the Ground he lay;
At laſt ſo deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.

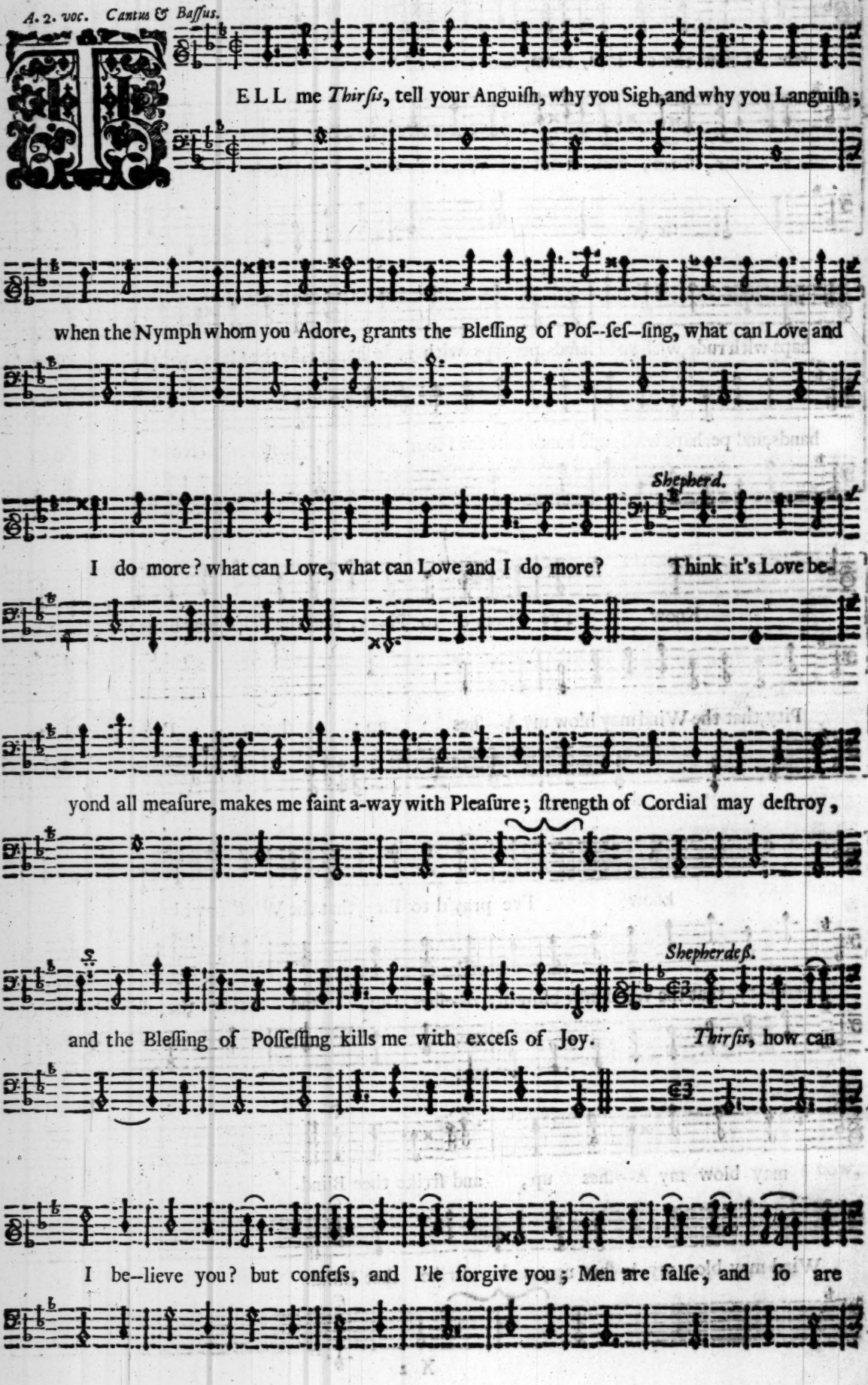
A. 2. voc. Canius & Baſſus.

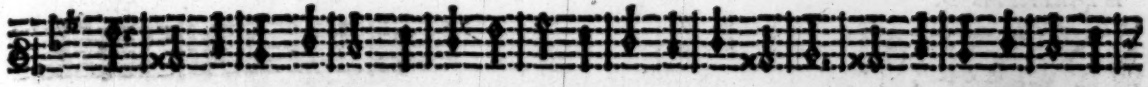



where's now the co--lour, form, and truſt of Woman's Beauty? And per-
co--lour, form, and truſt of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude
haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours wch the Virgins ſtrew'd
hands, and perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours wch the Virgins ſtrew'd. Know I've pray'd to
Know I've pray'd to Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up;
Pity, that the Wind may blow my A--ſhes up; know I've pray'd to
know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Aſhes up;
Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my A--ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind; that the
may blow my A--ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind. Dr. John Blow.
Wind may blow my A--ſhes up, and ſtrike thee Blind.

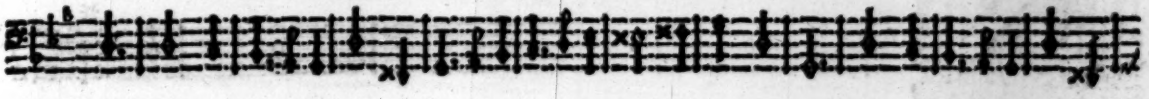
A DIALOGUE *betwixt a* Shepherd *and* Shepherdeſs, *ſung in the Play of the* Duke *of* Guiſe.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus.





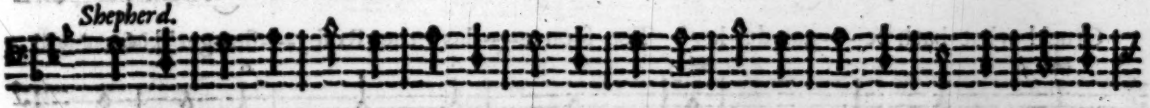
you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a



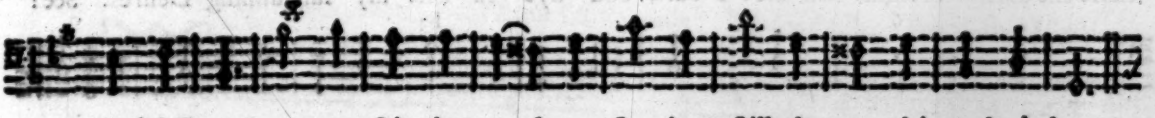
Soft.

Creature to en--joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.

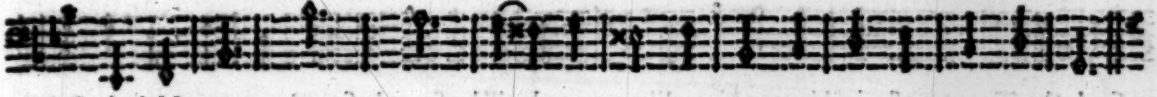
Shepherd.



Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de—ſi—ers, fit for Love's Im-

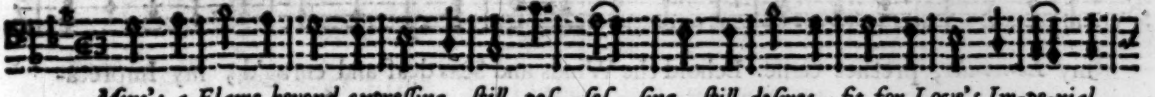


perial Crown; e—ver ſhi--ning, and re—fi—ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

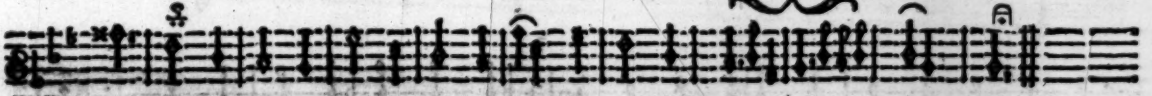


Chorus together.

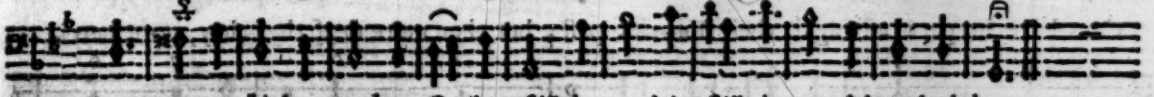
Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de--ſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial



Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ---ſeſ---ſing, ſtill deſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial



Crown; e--ver ſhining, and re--fi--ning, ſtill the more 'tis mel———ted down.



Crown; e--ver ſhining, and re--fi--ning, ſtill the more 'tis, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

In Recitative Muſick.

OR com'ſt thou yet, my ſlothful Love! nor yet *Le-an-der!* Oh my *Le-*

an-der! can'ſt thou for-get thy He-ro? *Le-an-der*, why doſt thou ſtay, who holds thee?

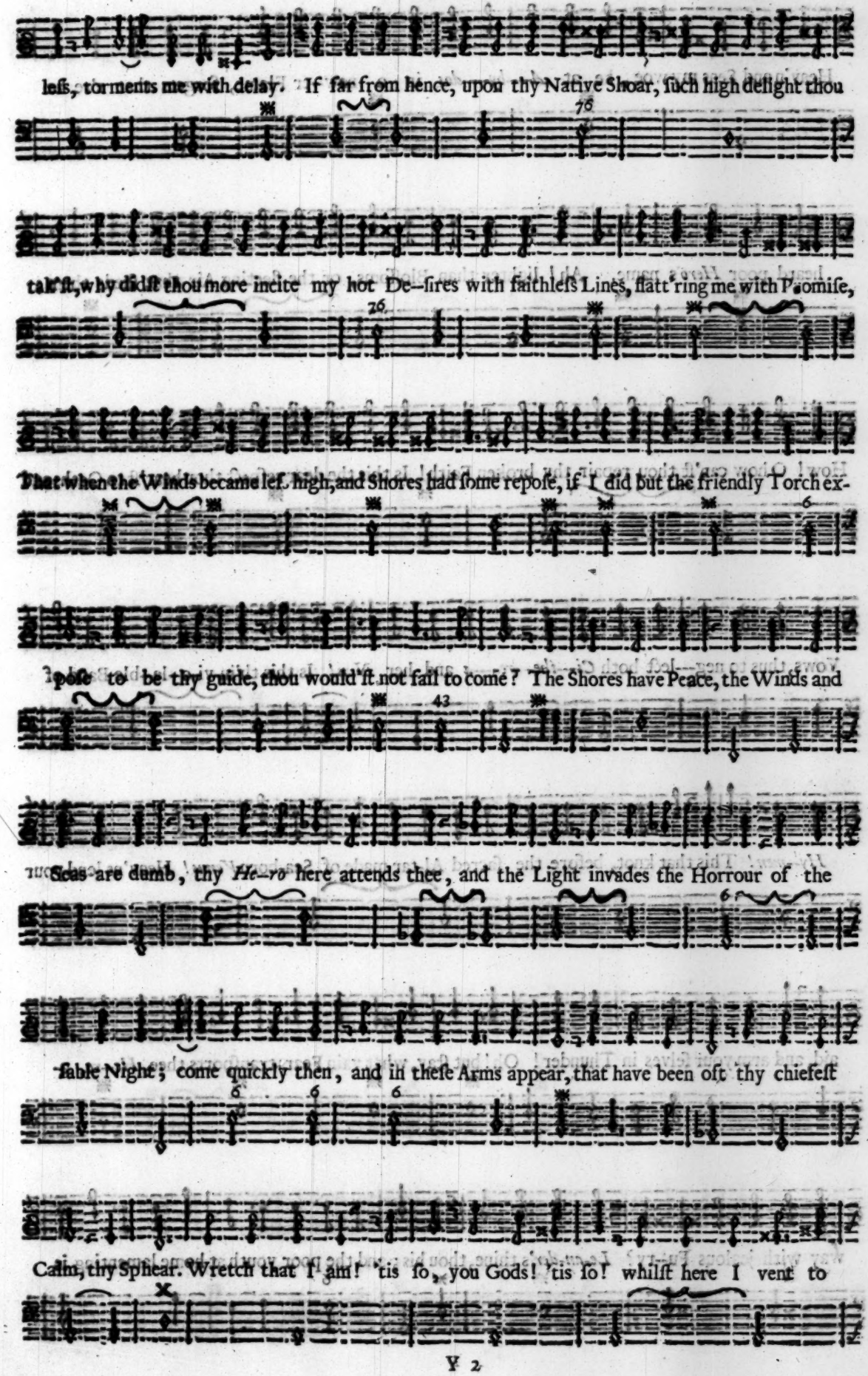
Cruel! what hath be-got de-lay? Too ſoon a-las! the Roſey-fin-ger'd Morn' will

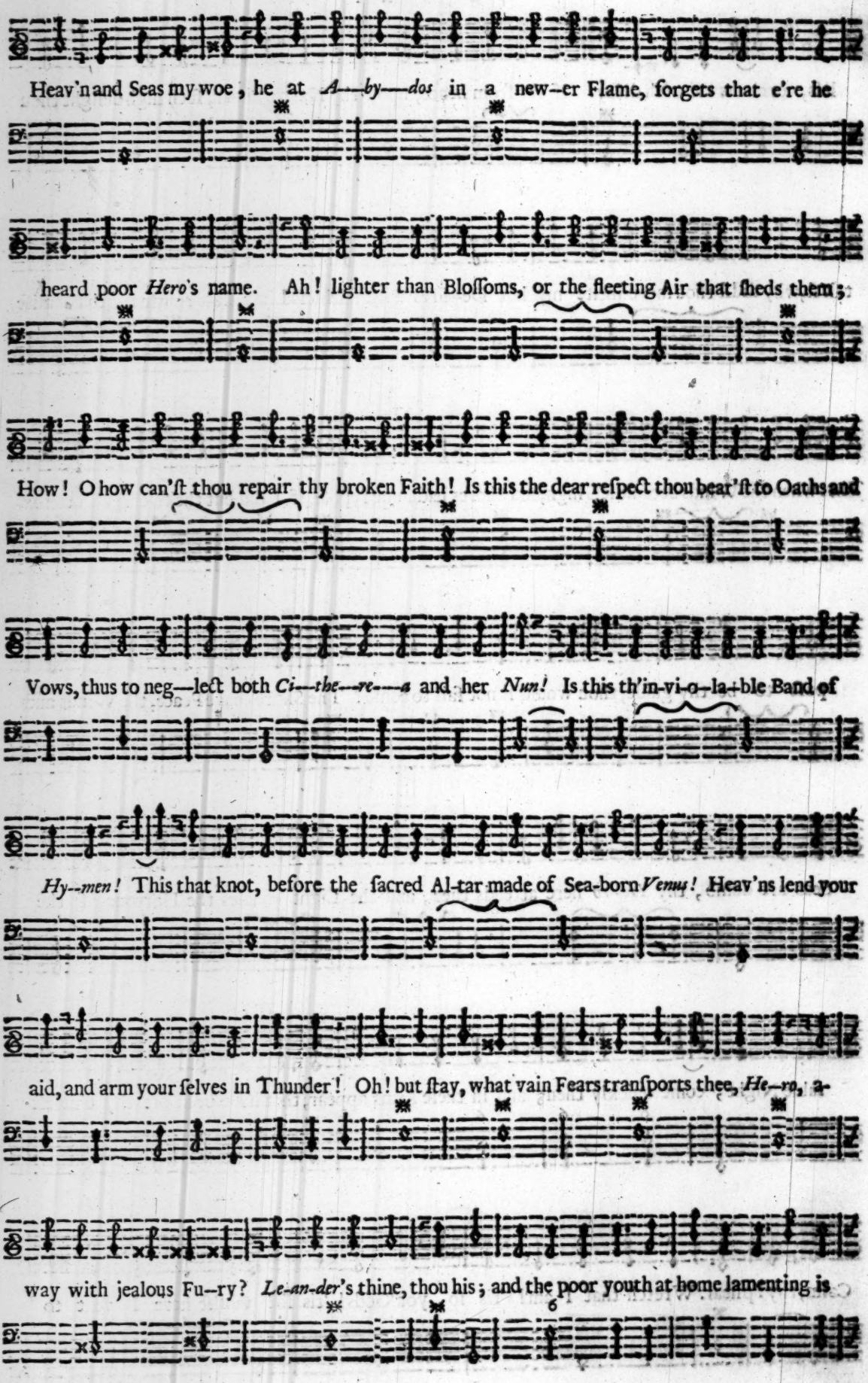
chaſe the darkſom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye in this my languiſhing Deſires. See!

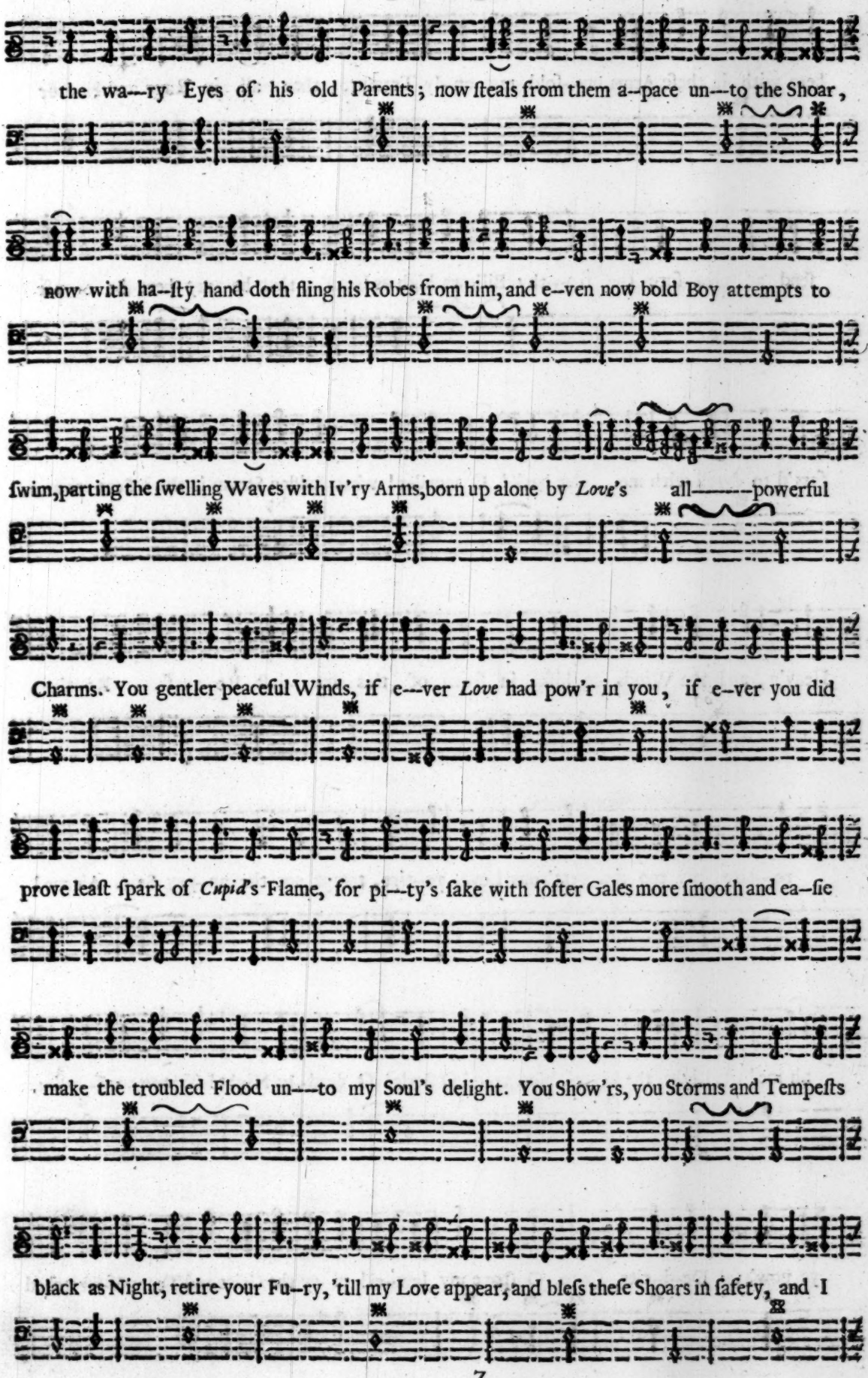
ſee! the Taper waſts in his own Fires, like me; and will be ſpent before thou come. Make haſt then

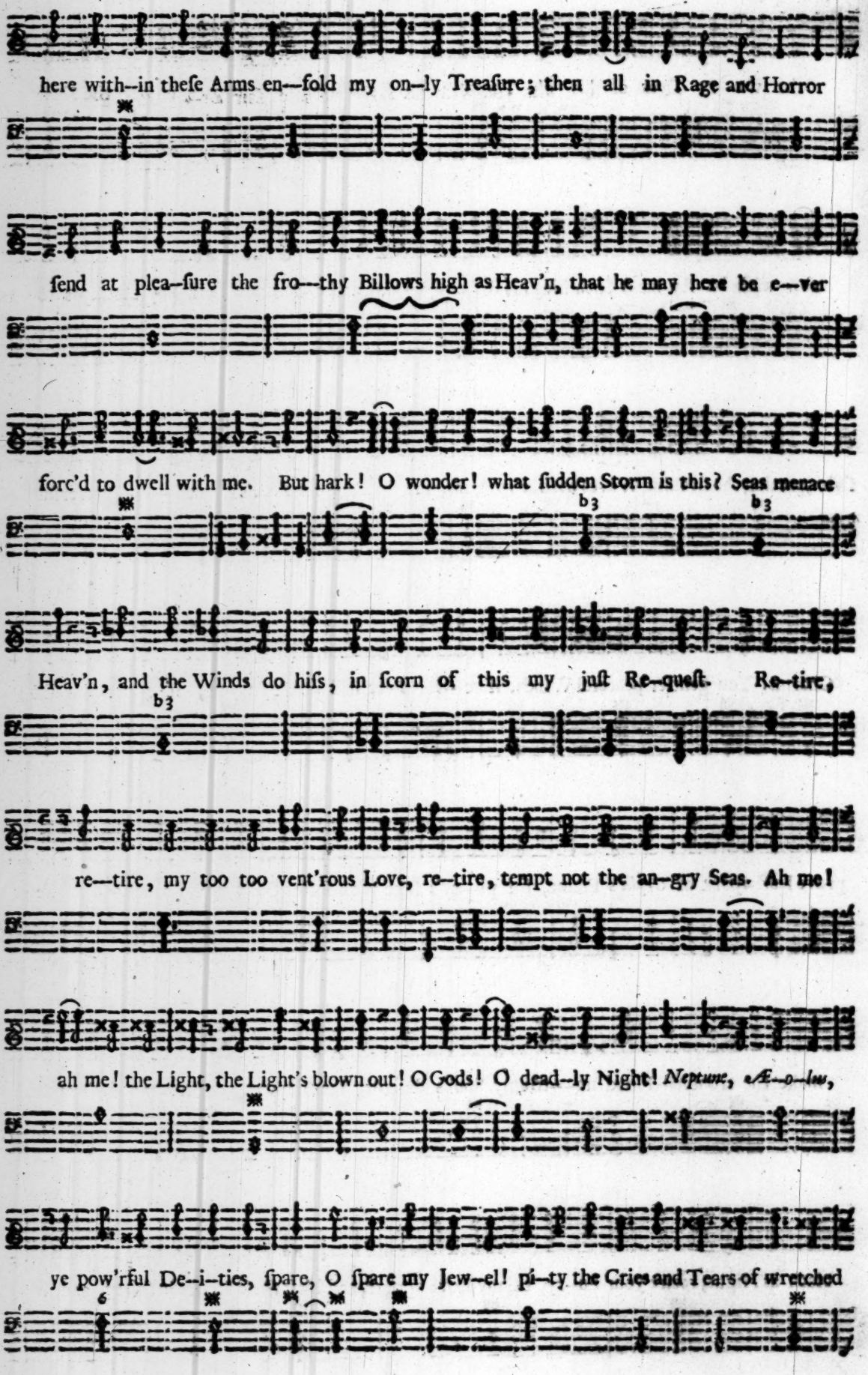
my *Le-an-der*, prethee come. Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Impreca-

tions have in part aſſwag'd their Fu-ries paſt; but thou more deaf than they, more merci-


lesse, torments me with delay. If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar, such high delight thou
take st, why didst thou more incite my hot De-sires with faithless Lines, flatt'ring me with Promise,
That when the Winds became lest high, and Shores had some repose, if I did but the friendly Torch ex-
pose to be thy guide, thou would'st not fail to come? The Shores have Peace, the Winds and
Seas are dumb, thy He-ro here attends thee, and the Light invades the Horrour of the
sable Night; come quickly then, and in these Arms appear, that have been oft thy chiefest
Calm, thy Sphear. Wretch that I am! 'tis so, you Gods! 'tis so! whilst here I vent to


Heav'n and Seas my woe, he at A--by--dos in a new--er Flame, forgets that e're he
heard poor Hero's name. Ah! lighter than Bloſſoms, or the fleeting Air that ſheds them;
How! O how can'ſt thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear reſpect thou bear'ſt to Oaths and
Vows, thus to neg--lect both Ci--the--re--a and her Nun! Is this th'in-vi-o-la-ble Band of
Hy--men! This that knot, before the ſacred Al-tar made of Sea-born Venus! Heav'ns lend your
aid, and arm your ſelves in Thunder! Oh! but ſtay, what vain Fears tranſports thee, He--ro, a-
way with jealous Fu--ry? Le-an-der's thine, thou his; and the poor youth at home lamenting is


the wa--ry Eyes of his old Parents; now ſteals from them a--pace un--to the Shoar,
now with ha--ſty hand doth fling his Robes from him, and e--ven now bold Boy attempts to
ſwim, parting the ſwelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms, born up alone by *Love*'s all------powerful
Charms. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e--ver *Love* had pow'r in you, if e--ver you did
prove leaſt ſpark of *Cupid*'s Flame, for pi--ty's ſake with ſofter Gales more ſmooth and ea--ſie
make the troubled Flood un--to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempeſts
black as Night, retire your Fu--ry, 'till my Love appear, and bleſs theſe Shoars in ſafety, and I


here with--in theſe Arms en--fold my on--ly Treaſure; then all in Rage and Horror
ſend at plea--ſure the fro--thy Billows high as Heav'n, that he may here be e--ver
forc'd to dwell with me. But hark! O wonder! what ſudden Storm is this? Seas menace
Heav'n, and the Winds do hiſs, in ſcorn of this my juſt Re--queſt. Re--tire,
re--tire, my too too vent'rous Love, re--tire, tempt not the an--gry Seas. Ah me!
ah me! the Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O dead--ly Night! Neptune, Æ--o--lus,
ye pow'rful De--i--ties, ſpare, O ſpare my Jew--el! pi--ty the Cries and Tears of wretched

Ho--ro! 'Tis *Le--an--der* truſts you with his Love and Life, fair *Le--an--der*, Beau--ty
of theſe Shoars: See! ſee the baſh--ful Morn, for ſor--row of my ſad Laments, hath
torn through cloudy Night a paſſage to my Aid, and here beneath amidſt the horrid
Shade, by her faint Light, ſomething methinks I ſee re--ſem--bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!
'tis he! drown'd by th'im--pe--tuous Flood. O diſmal Hour! curſt be theſe Seas, theſe
Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! In ſpite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, *Le--an--der's*
Bo--ſom ſhall be *Hero's* Tomb.
Mr. *Nic. Lanier.*

FINIS.

MUSICK *Books printed for* John Playford, *at his Shop near the* Temple-Church.

Canticum Sacra, Hymns in Latin for two and three Voices to the *Organ*, compoſed by Mr. *R. Dearing*, in four Books in Folio. Price ſtitcht 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

Canticum Sacra, the ſecond Set of Divine Hymns and Anthems, ſome in Latin and ſome in Engliſh for two Voices to the *Organ*, compoſed by ſeveral eminent *Engliſh* Maſters in three Books in Folio. Price ſtitcht 4 *s.*

Hymns or *Mottets* for two Voices to the *Organ*; compoſed by Mr. *Walter Porter*, ſome time one of the Gentlemen of His Majeſties Chappel. The price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The Pſalms of *David*, and other *Sacred Hymns*, according to the Common Tunes ſung in Pariſh Churches, compoſed in four Parts: Printed in Folio. Price 3 *s.*

The *Pſalms* in Metre, as they are ſung in all Pariſh Churches, with the proper Tune to every Pſalm; compoſed in three Parts, *viz. Cantus*, *Medius*, and *Baſſus*, and printed in a ſmall Volume convenient for all ſuch as ſing thoſe Tunes muſically, to carry in their Pockets to Church. The price bound 3 *s.*

A brief *Introduction* to the Skill of *Muſick*, both Vocal and Inſtrumental, by *J. Playford*: Printed in Octavo. The price bound 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Muſical Companion*, containing variety of *Catches* and *Rounds* of three and four Parts; and alſo ſeveral choice *Songs*, *Ayres*, and *Dialogues*, of two, three, and four Parts, in one Volume in Quarto. The price bound 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Treaſury* of *Muſick*, containing three ſeveral Volumes of Select *Songs*, *Ayres*, and *Dialogues* for one Voice to the *Theorbo-Lute* or *Baſs-Viol*; compoſed by Mr. *Henry Laws*, and other eminent Maſters: In Folio. The price bound 10 *s.*

New Choice *Ayres*, *Songs*, and *Dialogues*, to ſing to the *Theorbo-Lute* or *Baſs-Viol*.

Muſicks Recreation on the *Lyra-Viol*, containing variety of new *Ayres*, *Tunes*, and *Leſſons*. The price ſtitcht 2 *s.*

The *Dancing-Maſter*, or plain and eaſie Rules to dance Country Dances, with the proper Tunes to each Dance to play on the *Treble-Violin*. The price bound 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Muſicks Handmaid, containing new choice Leſſons for the *Virginals* and *Harpſichord*, newly Reprinted with Additions of plain and eaſie Rules for Beginners to play from the Book, all engraven on Copper Plates. The price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Pleaſant Companion*, containing new and pleaſant *Ayres* and *Tunes* for the *Flagelet*, with plain Inſtructions for Learners. The price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Apollo's Banquet, a Book for the *Treble-Violin*, containing variety of new *Ayres*, and *Theater-Tunes* and *Jiggs*; to which is added, the proper Tunes to the *French* Dances, as they are in uſe at Court and Dancing-Schools: All which Tunes may be performed upon the *Recorder* or *Flute*. The price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Delightful Companion*, a new Book of Leſſons and Inſtructions for the *Recorder* or *Flute*. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

A Sheet of plain *Rules* and *Directions* for Compoſing *Muſick* in Parts, by Mr. *John Birchenſhaw*. Price 6 *d.*

The beſt *Rul'd Paper* for MUSICK, and Books ready Bound of all ſizes.

Melotheſia, containing Leſſons for the *Harpſichord* and *Organ*, with Rules and Directions for playing upon a continued Baſs on the *Organ*; by Mr. *Matthew Lock*: And ſold by *J. Carr* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Other BOOKS *ſold at the ſame place.*

THE Hiſtory of the moſt unfortunate Prince King *Edward* the Second, with Political Obſervations on Him and his unhappy Favourites *Gaveſton* and *Spencer*; written by the Right Honourable *Henry* Lord Viſcount *Faulkland*. Price bound 1 *s.*

England's Black Tribunal, ſet forth in the Tryal of King *Charles* the Firſt, by a pretended High-Court of Juſtice, *Jan.* 30. 1648. with his Speech on the Scaffold; together with the Dying-Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry who were Inhumanly murder'd for their Loyalty, *viz.* The Earl of *Strafford*, Dr. *Laud* Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, Duke *Hamilton*, Earl of *Holland*, Lord *Capel*, Earl of *Darby*, Marqueſs of *Montroſs*, Sir *Henry Hide*, Sir *H. Slingsby*, Collonel *Penruddock*, Collonel *Gerrard*, Collonel *Andrews*, Dr. *Hewet*, and others. The price bound 2 *s.*

Wit and *Mirth*, an Antidote againſt *Melancholy*, compounded of new ingenious *Poems*, witty *Ballads*, and new and pleaſant *Songs* and *Catches*; newly Reprinted with ſeveral Additions. Price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

A Second Part to the *Antidote* againſt *Melancholy*, containing merry *Tales*, witty *Jeſts* and Bulls. Price bound 1 *s.*